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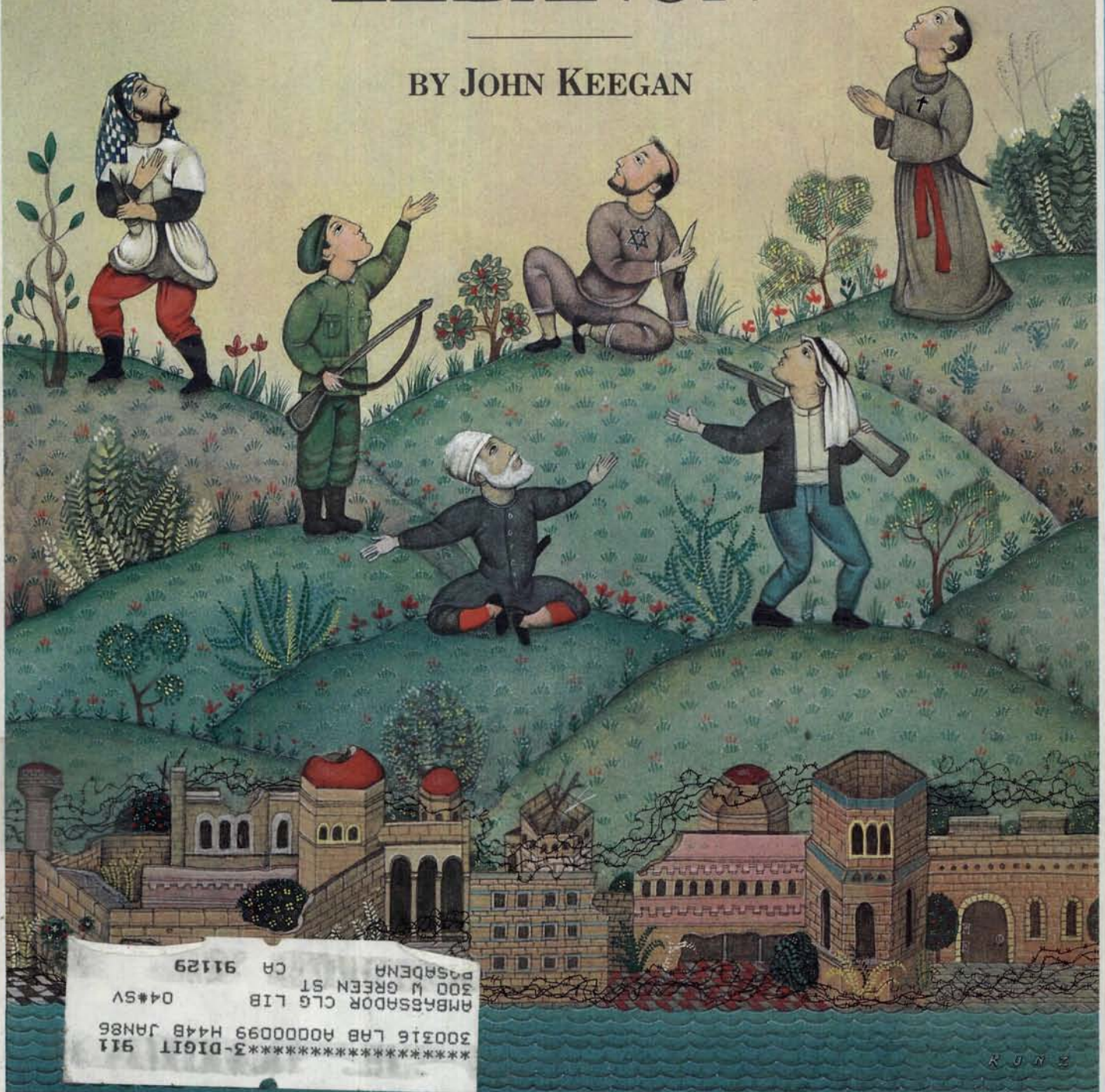
THE Atlantic

MAR 20 1984

JANE JACOBS ON THE WORLD ECONOMY / DR. SPOCK ON AMERICAN EDUCATION

SHEDDING LIGHT ON LEBANON

BY JOHN KEEGAN





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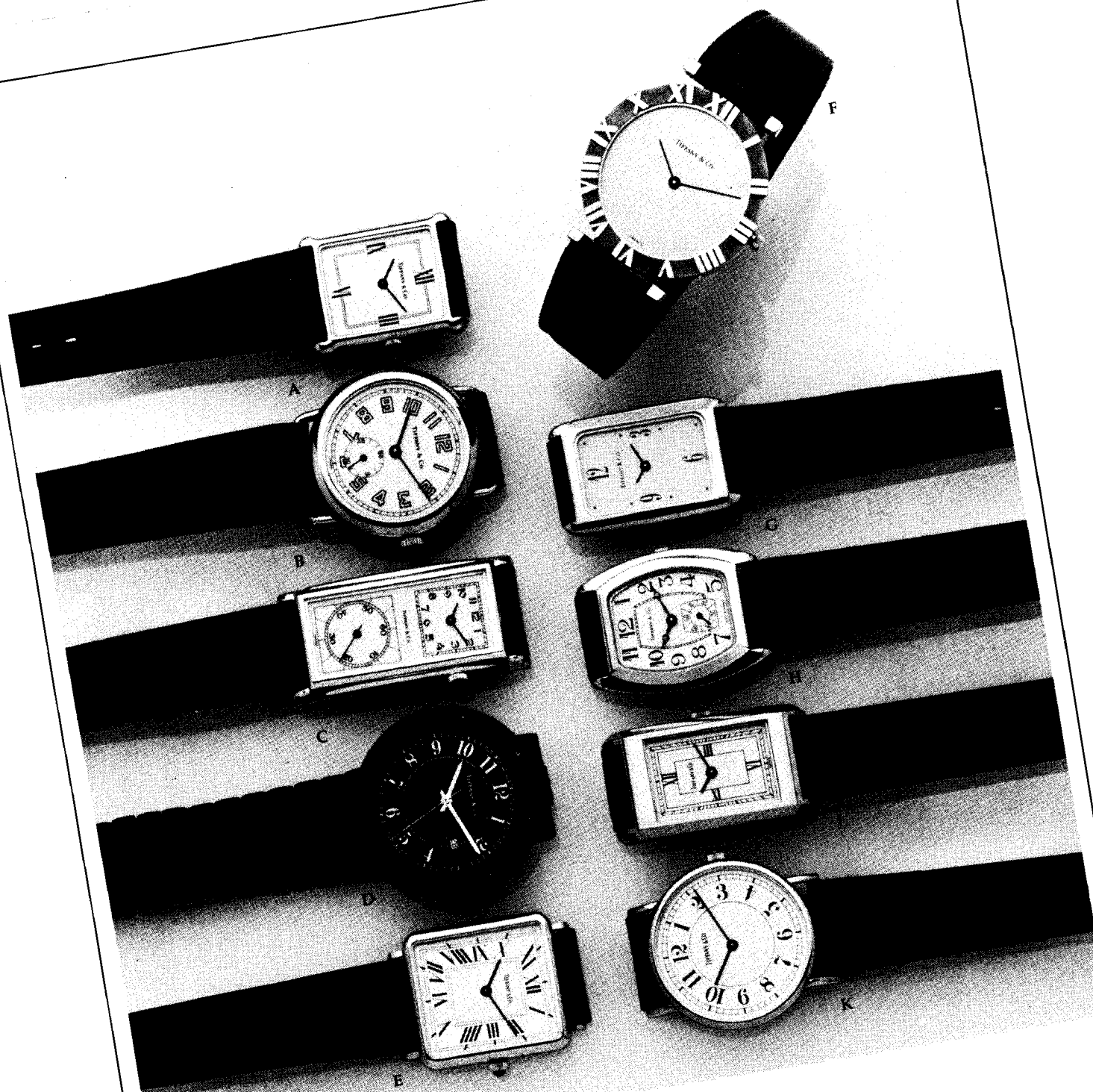
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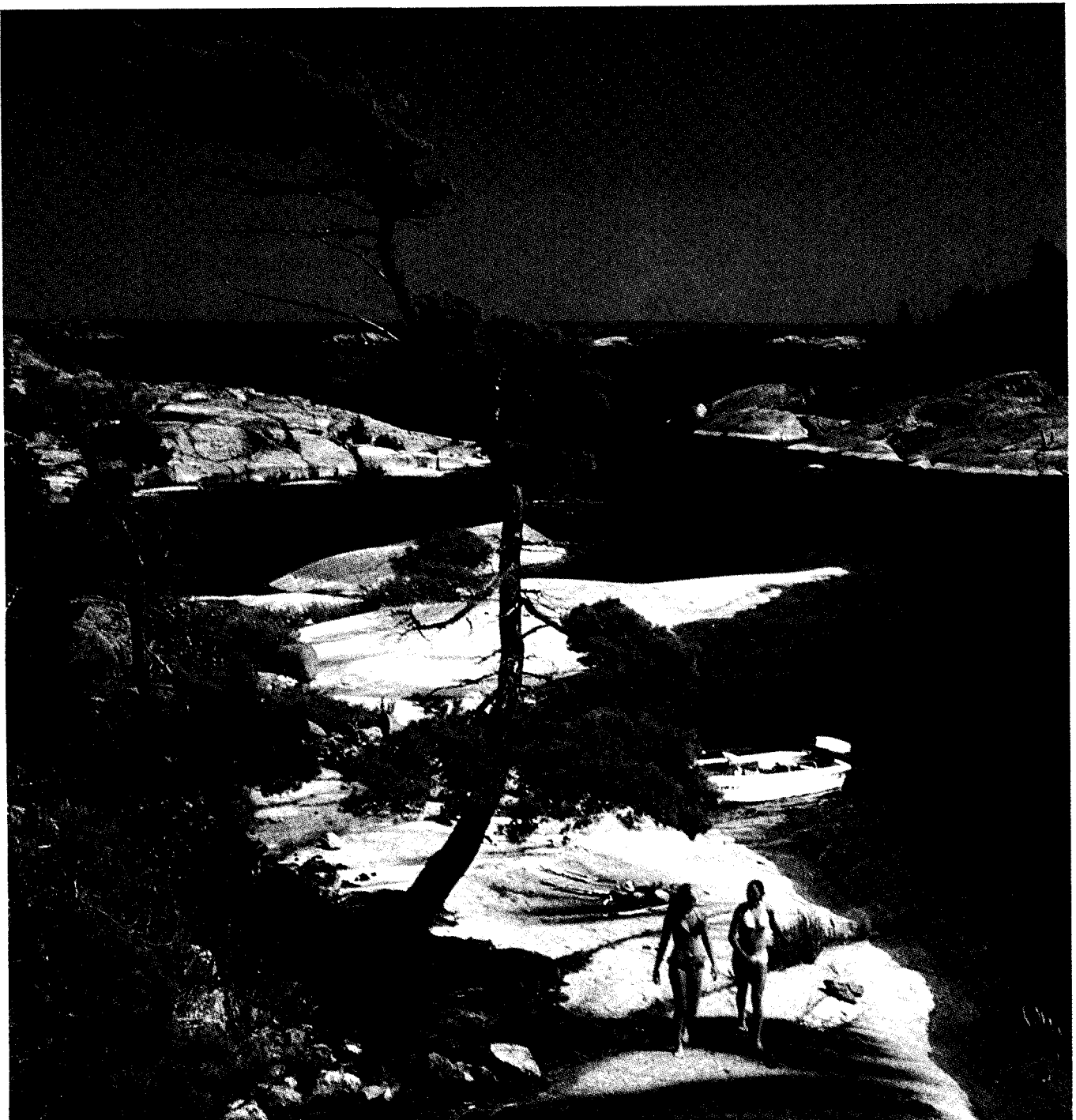
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MASSON ON FREUD

Jeffrey M. Masson's "challenge to the foundations of psychoanalysis" ("Freud and the Seduction Theory," February *Atlantic*) makes fascinating reading—both for its historical perspective and for what it says about Masson's experiences with the protective reactions of Freud's direct ideological descendants.

Psychoanalytic psychiatrists compose a small minority of active psychotherapists, and "traditional" Freudian analysts are even more scarce. Perhaps in this select group such controversies as the seduction theory still rage. For the rest of us, who spend our days listening to the painful revelations of adults who were abused in childhood and bear the scars years later, the controversies that remain have to do with how we can best help them.

STEPHEN J. MELSON, M.D.
The Mason Clinic
Seattle, Wash.

Jeffrey Masson has given a seriously inaccurate account of Freud's early theory. Freud believed that neuroses are caused not by childhood sexual abuse but by the repression of the memories of the abuse, the repressed memories surfacing as neurotic, principally hysterical, symptoms when reawakened by experiences after sexual maturity. The foundation of Freud's theory of neurosis, before, during, and after its restriction to sexual abuse, was the action of repression, and in his papers from 1896 he again and again emphasized that it is not the childhood abuse but the repression of its memory that lays the ground for neurosis.

I searched Masson's article for any mention that Freud considered repression the real cause of neurosis, and I searched in vain. Now this is not a small point, for it is in fact fatal to Masson's interpretation of Freud's theories. In 1897, Freud began to realize that in many cases his patients were reporting events that followed such similar patterns that they appeared to be universal manifestations of childhood sexuality rather than individual experiences of

abuse. But so long as they were repressions of childhood sexuality, *real or imagined*, they could cause neuroses, because the unconscious does not distinguish between the real and the imaginary. Masson would evidently have psychoanalysis confine its attention to real abuses, without regard to repression. This seems unwise.

Masson's article is dubious in other respects. His use of the Eckstein case to argue that Freud changed his views for personal rather than scientific reasons relies more on shock value than on a reasoned evaluation of the historical evidence. During 1896, at the same time that Freud was deciding that Emma Eckstein's hemorrhaging was hysterical, he was also presenting his strongest claims for the reality of childhood abuse. Whether childhood abuses were real or imagined could have no effect on whether his patient's very real bleeding as an adult was hysterical or due to Fliess's incompetence, and it is absurd to believe that Freud did not fully realize this. He could hardly expect to absolve himself and Fliess by changing his views about childhood. Masson's reasoning on this point is very weak, and in his undoubtedly erroneous account of Freud's early theory he has written not so much a challenge to the foundations of psychoanalysis as just plain factually incorrect history.

NOEL M. SWERDLOW
Professor of the History of Science
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Professor Masson is to be thanked for overcoming the secretiveness and protectiveness that has obscured some of these materials, but he has not shown that Freud ignored the sexual abuse of children. That would be hard to do, since Freud had seen such abuses with his own eyes, and he pointed them out in most of his later case histories.

Someone should have told your artist that Freud's eyes were a particularly piercing blue.

NORMAN N. HOLLAND
Milbauer Professor of English
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

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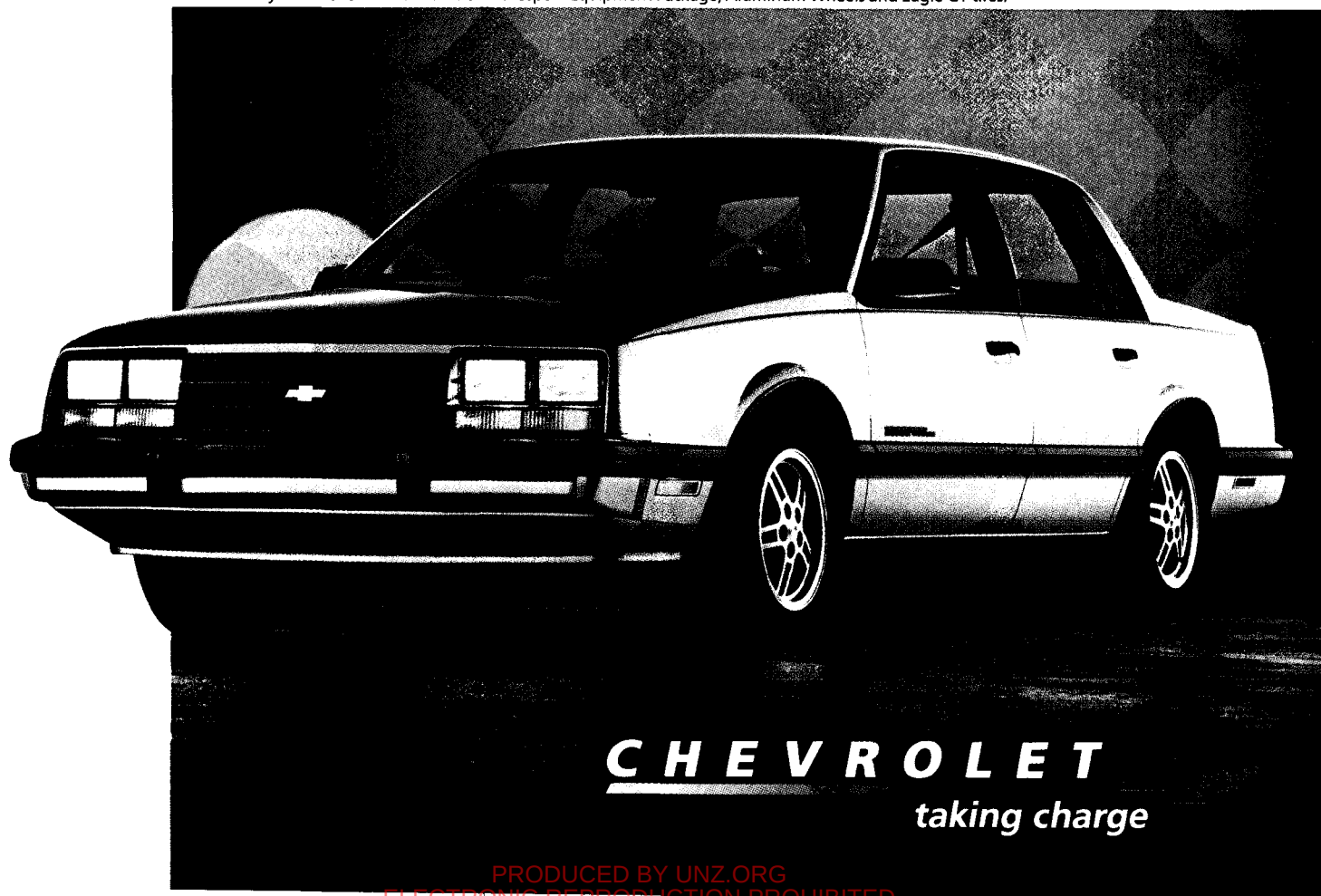
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I found J. M. Masson's essay generally convincing, but it would be much more plausible, as would Freud's original thesis have been, if so much had not been made of "seduction" ("often an actual rape"), and if the question had been discussed in terms of paternal *Missbrauch*, witting or unwitting. Rape and seduction of children by fathers doubtless occurs in real life, as in mythology, but these are experiences, overtly or covertly sexual, with which the child cannot psychologically cope and which are therefore traumatic. The most nodding acquaintance with psychoanalytic literature reveals how strange events and things, which are not to the outsider blatantly sexual, manage to inflict lasting psychic wounds. Foot-kissing was an example cited by Masson.

If the rape-seduction theory is expanded to include unconscious as well as conscious sexual behavior, covering inadvertent or deliberate self-exposure, rough, excessive, and intimate horseplay, and so forth, the theory itself becomes more plausible and the figure of the 25 percent of fathers involved seems more understandable.

J. P. SULLIVAN
Professor of Classics
University of California
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Freud and the Seduction Theory" completely captivated me; I not only agreed with Masson's arguments but also found myself fully trusting even the translations from German (a language I do not know). Well written and obviously well researched, the article is worth the price of an entire year's subscription to *The Atlantic*.

SUSAN H. M. STERN
Richmond, Calif.

I enjoyed reading Jeffrey Masson's article on the seduction theory and was convinced by the evidence he reviewed. One thing, however, puzzled me. As a psychologist and psychotherapist in the San Francisco Bay area, I know few if any therapists who would dismiss a report of sexual abuse in childhood from an adult (or child) patient as a fantasy. Most of us take these issues very seriously. Even the analytic institutes are offering workshops on the sequelae of childhood sexual abuse and incest. These facts left me puzzled about the "therapeutic community" that Masson urged to "address this serious issue." My guess is that out-

side of a hard core of orthodox Freudian purists, most of the therapeutic community has been seriously addressing these issues for some time now.

STEWART A. KIRITZ
Palo Alto, Calif.

I found what seems to be an obvious error on the part of Jeffrey Masson in the interpretation of dates. I quote the relevant paragraph, from page 40:

The next reference to Emma Eckstein is from an unpublished letter dated March 13, 1895:

Things are finally going well with Eckstein, as they could have gone without the detour three weeks ago. It does speak well for her that she did not change her attitude toward either one of us; she honors your memory beyond the unwelcome accident. . . .

The detour (*Umweg*) that Freud referred to as having taken place three weeks before March 13 must be Emma Eckstein's hemorrhages.

The conclusion in the last sentence made little sense to me, and so I turned back to the original Freud letter about Emma's hemorrhage, which is quoted on pages 37 and 38. This letter is dated March 8, and in the third paragraph, Freud said: "Nothing further happened that evening. The following day, that is, yesterday, Thursday, the operation was repeated with the assistance of Gersuny. . . ." In other words, on March 8, Freud was referring to the initial hemorrhage as having occurred day before yesterday, on March 6.

So, the initial hemorrhage occurred on March 6, only one week before Freud's letter of March 13, and so could not be the "detour" that Freud referred to in that letter as having occurred three weeks earlier. What was this detour? In the fourth paragraph of the March 8 letter, Freud mentioned that the gauze Fliess had failed to remove stayed in for fourteen days. This would indicate that the detour, the "unwelcome accident," that Freud referred to was not the hemorrhaging itself but Fliess's oversight in failing to remove the gauze.

CALLIE ANGELL
New York, N.Y.

Jeffrey M. Masson replies:

To Stephen J. Melson, I would point out that psychiatrists have eagerly embraced the notion that many sexual se-

ductions are sheer invention. Any number of articles along these lines appear in psychiatric journals every year—sad testimony to the fact that many psychiatrists do not believe their patients—and mislead the more perceptive psychiatric social workers into doubting memories of real sexual violence in childhood.

Noel M. Swerdlow, who claims that Freud derived neurosis from repression, not from actual traumas, ascribes to Freud a more rigid position than Freud himself took in his 1896 papers. Actually, Freud's interest was directed toward the reality of the event, as is evident in several crucial passages in the papers. For example, in the "Etiology of Hysteria" (1896) Freud summarized his major thesis as follows: "I therefore put forward the thesis that at the bottom of every case of hysteria there are one or more occurrences of premature sexual experience, occurrences which belong to the earliest years of childhood. . . . I believe that this is an important finding [Strachey, in his translation, deprives Freud of the full force of what he is saying, for he actually wrote *Enthuellung*, that is, a disclosure, or revelation], the discovery of a *caput Nili* in neuropathology."

In 1924, Freud added to this brave passage a note stating that he had been, at the time of writing it, not free from an "overvaluation of reality" (*Ueberschaetzung der Realitaet*). Freud believed that sexual seductions giving rise to neurosis happened before a child was eight. A number of them, he stated ("Further Remarks on the Neuropsychoses of Defense"), took place at the age of three or four. Repression was inevitable then, and what interested Freud in his 1896 papers was not the repression per se but the reality of the assault. This becomes clear from Freud's own summary of his position in later accounts. For example, in his 1914 paper "On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement" Freud retells his "mistake" (the belief in seduction) as follows:

On the way, a mistaken idea had to be overcome that might have been almost fatal to the young science. Influenced by Charcot's views of the traumatic origin of hysteria, one was readily inclined to accept as true and etiologically significant the statements made by patients in which they ascribed their symptoms to passive sexual experiences in the first years of childhood—to put it

bluntly, to seduction. When this etiology broke down under the weight of its own improbability and contradiction in definitely ascertainable circumstances, the result at first was helpless bewilderment. Analysis had led back to these infantile sexual traumas by the right path, and yet they were not true.

Note that Freud is concerned here not with repression but with real versus imagined seductions. Moreover, he says, bluntly, "they were not true" (und doch waren diese unwahr). No ambiguity exists here, nor in his 1925 account "An Autobiographical Study": "These scenes of seduction had never taken place; they were only fantasies that my patients had made up." Freud himself, then, gave up his earlier theory; he did not enlarge it. The early theory, in my opinion, is a humane *cri de coeur* over the violence done to children, "the best-kept secret." The paper and the theory are finer than what Freud later substituted, the pathogenic power of fantasy.

I am intrigued by Norman N. Holland's statement that Freud had seen evidence of sexual abuse with his own

eyes, since this was not known until I presented the evidence, in my book *The Assault on Truth*. Freud never told us, nor did anyone else. It is simply not true that Freud pointed out these abuses in most of his later case histories. After 1905, Freud was little interested in real sexual (or physical) abuse. Its significance is not discussed once in Freud's later writings.

The therapeutic community has not, pace Stewart A. Kiritz, been seriously addressing these issues for some time now. The articles taking sexual abuse seriously are extremely infrequent and generally poor in quality, especially when written by psychotherapists. Most psychiatrists derive their theoretical underpinnings from classical Freudian theory. And analysts, in spite of recent protests to the contrary, by and large are not terribly interested in real abuse.

Callie Angell noticed a contradiction in my translation of Freud's letter to Fliess of March 13, 1895. What took place three weeks earlier was the operation itself, not the reaction (hemorrhages). Hence my translation could be rephrased: "Eckstein is finally doing

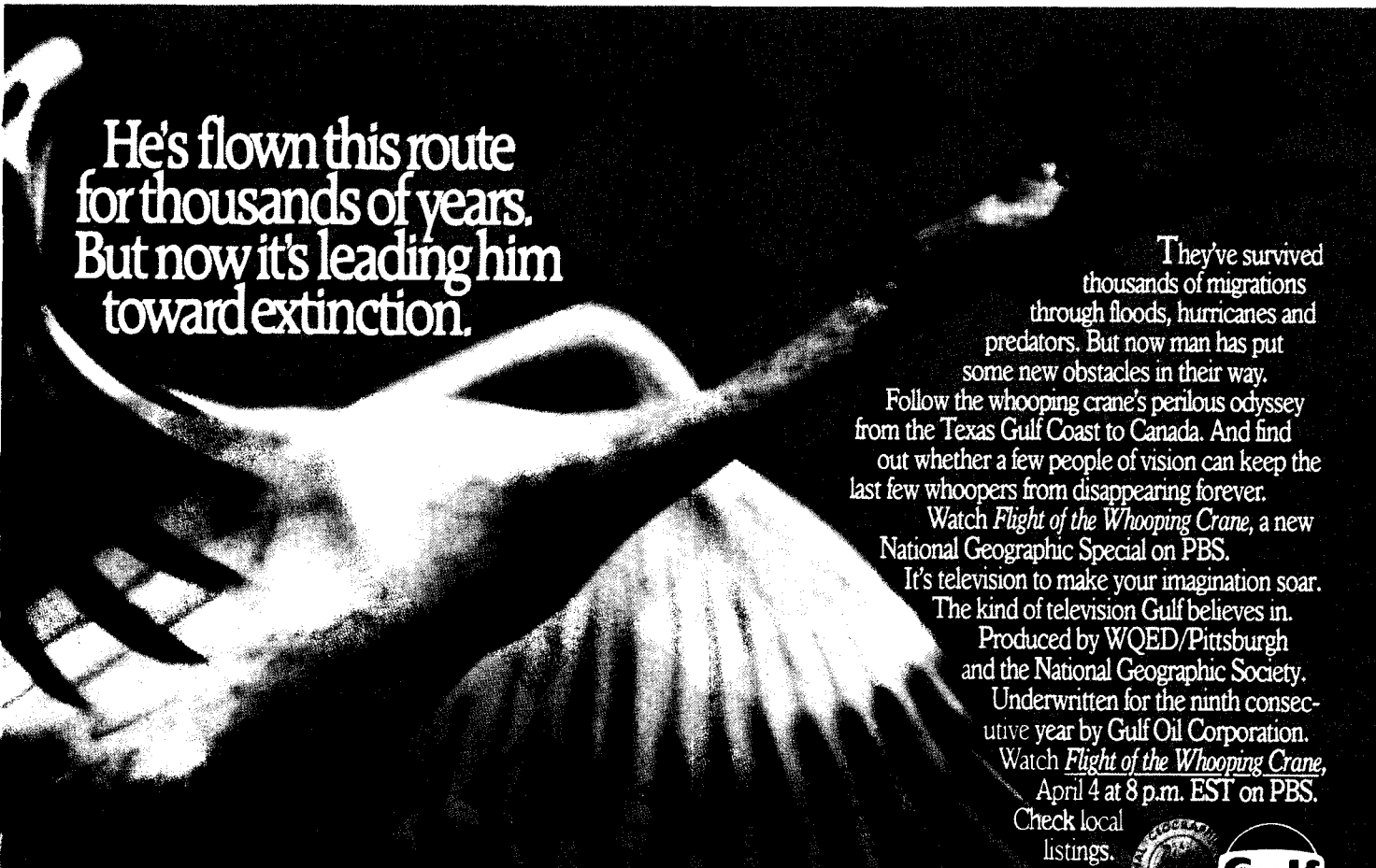
well, as she could have done three weeks earlier, if it had not been for the detour." It is not, as I state, the detour that took place three weeks earlier but the operation. My argument is not, however, affected by this change, since I maintain that the detour refers to Emma Eckstein's hemorrhages. What is important is that this represents Freud's first step in placing the blame on Eckstein and deflecting it from himself and from Fliess.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

It is depressing that Thomas Powers should have written, with so much effort and at such length, an article as uncomprehending as "What Is It About?" (January *Atlantic*).

This is what it is about.

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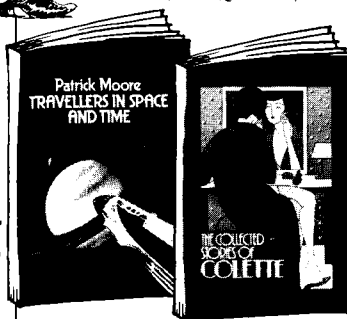


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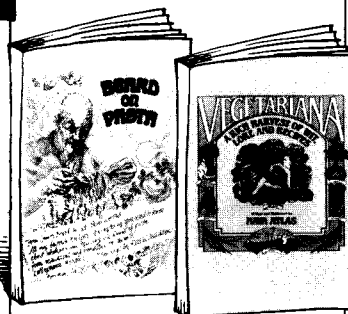
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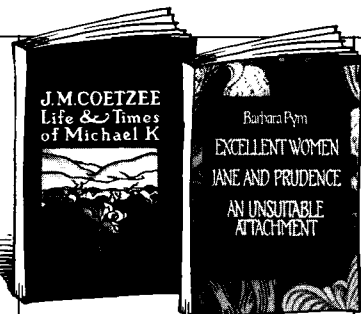
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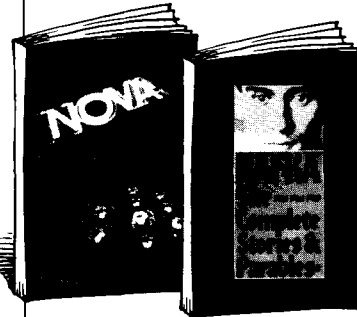
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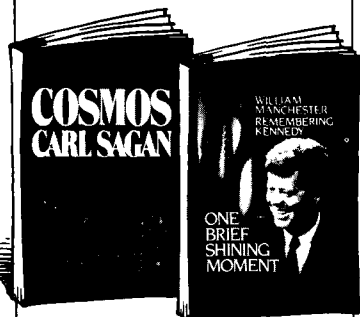


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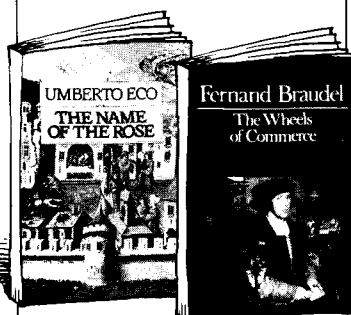
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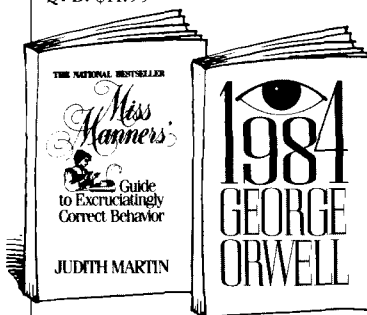
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Warts and all, the United States has stood at vast cost between much of the world and a Nazi victory, postwar hunger and chaos, and now Soviet "hegemonism" (in the apt Chinese term). It made no move to attack the Soviet Union during the brief life of the American nuclear monopoly, even though Stalin was making serious trouble in Europe and Asia. It demands of Moscow an end to its unjustifiable outward pressures, and it looks not to thermonuclear Armageddon or an indefinite continuation of the current risky confrontation but to the eventual "mellowing" (George Kennan's term), perhaps along Polish lines, of the Soviet political system, which is the root of the problem.

On the Russian tradition of autocracy and expansionism, Lenin piled a devastatingly effective party dictatorship that maximizes and perpetuates the power of the oligarchy at its top; their subordinates obey them in the hope of getting to the top themselves. They are afraid of foreign countries not under their control, such as the United States and China, but still more of their own people, on whose backs their power rests. As an aid to controlling the people, they foster a "siege mentality" asserting the encirclement of the Soviet Union by a hostile world, which was a myth at first but also a self-fulfilling prophecy that inevitably and rapidly set in motion a continuing vicious circle. Stalin squared this monstrosity with large-scale police terror, which Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has brilliantly anatomized and Moscow has ruthlessly exported, in the name of revolution but actually on the point of a bayonet, to its satellites, where local Communist thugs joyously fasten it on their countrymen.

Brezhnev added a strategic and conventional military buildup so imposing as to yield parity not merely with the United States but with all likely adversaries of the Soviet Union combined. The United States is now number two but is not yet really trying harder; a nuclear freeze would perpetuate the existing American strategic inferiority, and Moscow would not observe it in any case.

The main purpose of the Soviet strategic forces is to deter a nuclear response, presumably from the United States, to Soviet conventional and paramilitary moves, which tend to occur in inverse proportion to American power and willingness to use power intelligently. A Soviet nuclear strike against the United

States, although possible under certain conditions, is not very likely. The Soviets understand our weaknesses very well—better than our strengths—if only because we talk about them all the time, and they hope and intend to use those weaknesses eventually to destroy us, without a major war. Their confidence has been eroded lately by their own problems, but not enough to be of much help.

The Soviet Union uses its enormous military power, plus soothing disinformation of the kind dealt out by Arbatov to Mr. Powers and many others, as a stick-and-carrot combination to induce Finlandization in its developed neighbors, from Britain to Japan. Afghanistan could turn out to be the model for the less developed neighbors, including Iran and the border regions of China. For more remote areas, Moscow has developed since the mid-1970s a reasonably effective strategy using its own arms, proxies (Cuba, for example), and friends (Libya, for example) to attack selected targets in the Third World; we have not seen the end of this yet.

That is what it is about.

HAROLD C. HINTON
*Professor of Political Science
and International Affairs
The George Washington University
Washington, D.C.*

I am one of those Americans who cite the appalling figure of 20 million dead on Soviet soil during the Second World War, but for reasons quite unlike those Mr. Powers imagines. My fear is not that the Russians are so "hardened" that they don't mind another war. Rather, I think they must be grimly determined not to suffer that way ever again, and are therefore more psychologically prepared to wage war to prevent a recurrence. The fact that they *must* care profoundly about "all those dead brothers, fathers, and uncles, about the children who starved and froze" concerns me greatly. What dire measures will such memories provoke in a nation with such enormous destructive power?

JONATHAN B. BRITTEN
San Diego, Calif.

Thomas Powers makes one careless observation when he writes that Americans do not fear the possibility of nuclear war. Following ABC's *The Day After*, I asked my forty freshman-English students whether they felt a full-

scale nuclear war was imminent. Of those students, eighteen to thirty years old, roughly 50 percent felt a nuclear war would occur *within two or three years*.

CHARLES H. BRYAN
*University of Missouri
Kansas City, Mo.*

Thomas Powers asks, of the Soviet-American rivalry, What is it about? and says that none of the people he asked has an answer.

Here is one lowly Sovietologist's attempt at an answer. The fuss is the result of the two powers' being freed from the dangers of their actual enemies by the outcome of the Second World War and then running into each other's resultant advance, without preparation. Each thought it had already fought itself free of restraint by foreigners. Neither has been able to accept what seems to be illegitimate restraint by the other. And both, in their own ways, intensified their mutual problem. The Americans refuse to accept the permanency of international rivalry. All our past opponents either went away (the British) or were made to go away (the native Americans). The Soviets persist in pretending to export and support radicalism that might limit America's foreign economic activities even though they have eliminated radicalism at home. (For how can the Politburo claim it has a Marxist right to rule unless it talks and acts "Marxist" somewhere?)

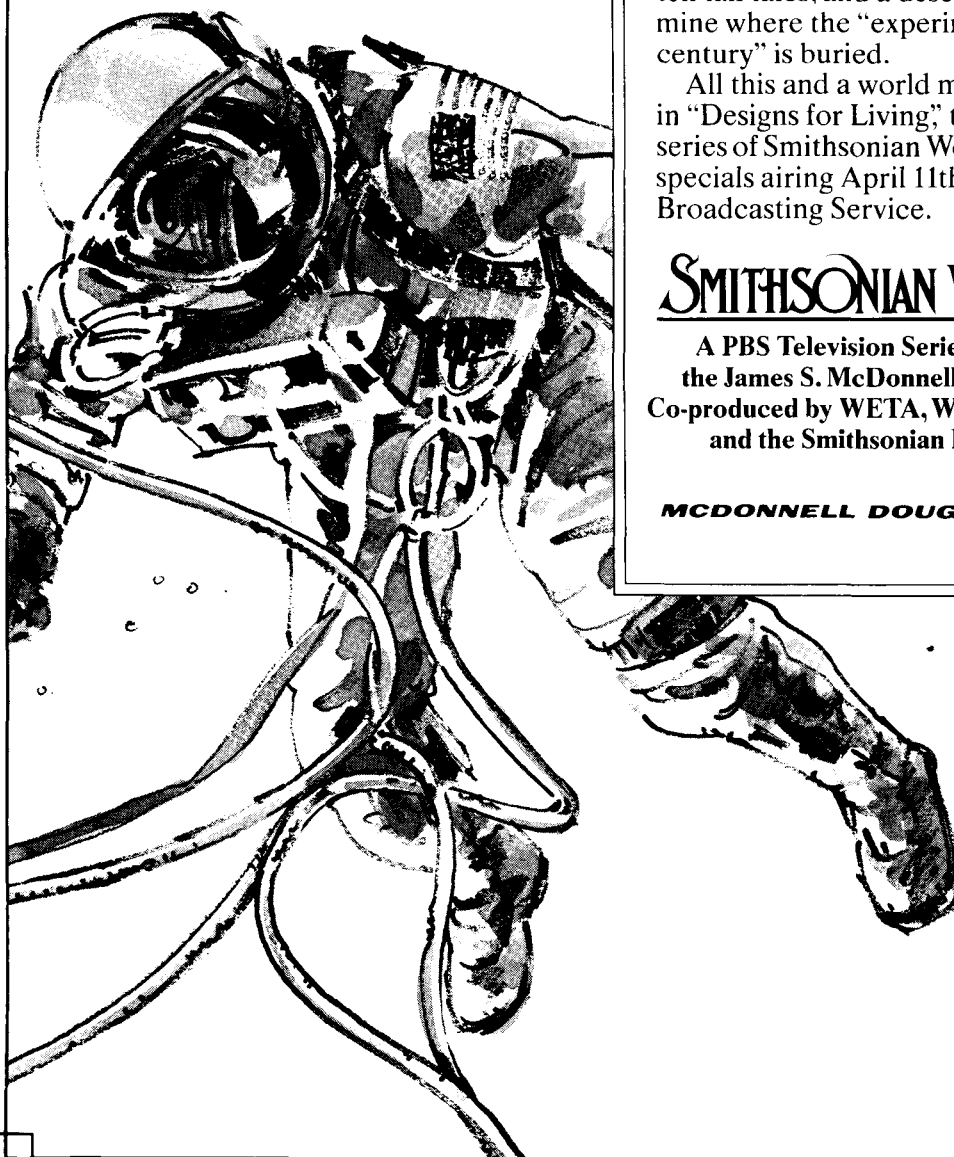
Both sides have a long way to go. The Americans must accept opponents as a normal part of international life, and the Soviets must admit they are no longer Marxists. This, however, is painful and perhaps too much to ask.

KARL W. RYAVEC
*Professor of Political Science
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.*

Thomas Powers writes that in 1946 President Truman gave Stalin an explicit ultimatum regarding Soviet troops in northern Iran. The President purportedly threatened to attack the Soviet Union with atomic weapons unless it withdrew its troops according to wartime commitments.

Despite the fact that this belief is based on statements by Mr. Truman himself, the weight of the evidence is that no ultimatum was sent. Evidence for this conclusion is given in my *Foreign*

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



Policy Making in Times of Crisis (Ohio State, 1982), p. 103; in Hannes Adomeit's *Soviet Risk-Taking and Crisis Behavior* (George Allen & Unwin, 1982), p. 135; and in sources cited in the appropriate footnotes.

JOHN ONEAL
Department of Political Science
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

Opposite the beginning of Thomas Powers's superb piece concerning the American-Soviet conflict lies an advertisement that tries to get me excited about some military hardware. This may provide a clue to what it is about.

JOHN ALLISON
State College, Pa.

AMERICAN FARMING

Stephen Budiansky, in his generally perceptive article "Trouble Amid Plenty" (January *Atlantic*), dispenses with some of the myths about American farming and correctly identifies many of the things wrong with our agricultural system.

However, a couple of points made by the author stand in need of correction or further explanation. First, Mr. Budiansky notes that crop yields "have actually leveled off in the past few years, after rising steadily for decades. And even though most farmers protect their crops with chemicals, pests and diseases still destroy a third of the country's total potential harvest." It is not *despite*, as the author implies, but rather *because* of chemical pesticides that losses from pest damage have failed to decline. The long-term effect of heavy pesticide use has been to increase damage by pests. Overall, crop losses from pests are at least as great today as they were in the years before chemical pesticides began to be widely used. Rachel Carson's nightmare has come true.

A second quibble: While Mr. Budiansky's observation "Whether or not the [tomato] harvester is directly responsible for the loss of jobs on small farms, there is little doubt that its chief beneficiaries have been the largest growers" is right on the mark, it should not be thought that this was the inevitable outcome. Indeed, the California bumper stickers that read "Mechanization Should Benefit Everyone, Not Just the Growers" suggest that it is not inevi-

table. The savings realized from farm mechanization might be directed to the retraining of workers who have been displaced by technological changes. The loss of jobs—and without question many jobs were lost—is not by itself an argument against farm mechanization but is, rather, an argument in favor of institutional mechanisms that will manage technological change in a socially beneficial manner.

Finally, in his exclusive focus on genetic engineering as a panacea for our current agricultural troubles, Mr. Budiansky has neglected some alternative paths that promise to hold down the "long-range costs to society" he identifies. A shift to "organic" methods of farming on a large scale, could this be accomplished, would stem the escalating costs of chemical fertilizers and pesticides and the loss of millions of tons of topsoil each year to erosion. It would conserve resources, would allow smaller producers to stay in business, and, ultimately, would lower food costs to consumers.

Yet precious little research money is currently being directed toward the development of technologies for a sustainable agriculture. Instead, as the author notes, federal tax dollars are poured into commodity programs and agricultural research that are directed at short-term goals.

PATTY MARCKS
Agricultural History Center
University of California
Davis, Calif.

Stephen Budiansky replies:

Genetic engineering is hardly a "panacea"; it does, however, offer real hope for producing low-cost solutions to the problems that farmers face and for increasing yields beyond the point of diminishing returns that conventional applied research has brought us to. Without new fundamental knowledge (of the sort that genetic engineering represents), applied research will increasingly become an exercise in futility—driving up costs to the farmer without improving the overall efficiency or productive capacity of farming.

Applied research aimed at creating a "sustainable agriculture"—Patty Marcks's suggestion—will, I fear, likewise founder without a base of new knowledge. "Organic" farming methods do reduce costs to the farmer; they also, as a rule, reduce yield per acre (and

thus per unit of fixed costs). With American farmers squeezed between rising costs and falling commodity prices, and with the rest of the world struggling to feed an exploding population that will double in forty years, organic farming does not seem to be the answer.

REAGAN AND CIVIL RIGHTS

Congratulations to James Nathan Miller for his comparison of the rhetoric and the reality of Ronald Reagan's civil-rights policy ("Ronald Reagan and the Techniques of Deception," February *Atlantic*). If reporters other than Mr. Miller regularly provided a factual context for Ronald Reagan's remarks, the President might be forced to stay closer to the truth.

GERALD LANSON
Department of Journalism
New York University
New York, N.Y.

James Miller's probe of Reagan's techniques is excellent. It makes one wonder why more reporters don't question a bit further. Perhaps we are afraid to admit our ignorance on the details, not just before Presidents but with other subjects as well.

BILL ESLER
Editorial Director
Innes Publishing Co.
Chicago, Ill.

MISFORTUNE'S CATALOGUE

I feel compelled to comment on one sentence of an otherwise fascinating article, "Misfortune's Catalogue," in your February issue. Cullen Murphy writes, "Three hundred dogs and cats had to be destroyed. (I was sorry about the dogs.)"

A truly civilized person should have some feelings of regret about the death of any living creature.

BLAINE CRABILL
Catonsville, Md.

Cullen Murphy begins his article with a quotation that he ascribes to *The Book of Common Prayer*. It should have been ascribed to Psalm 91, verse 10, as translated in *The Book of Common Prayer*.

A. P. BATES
London, Ont.



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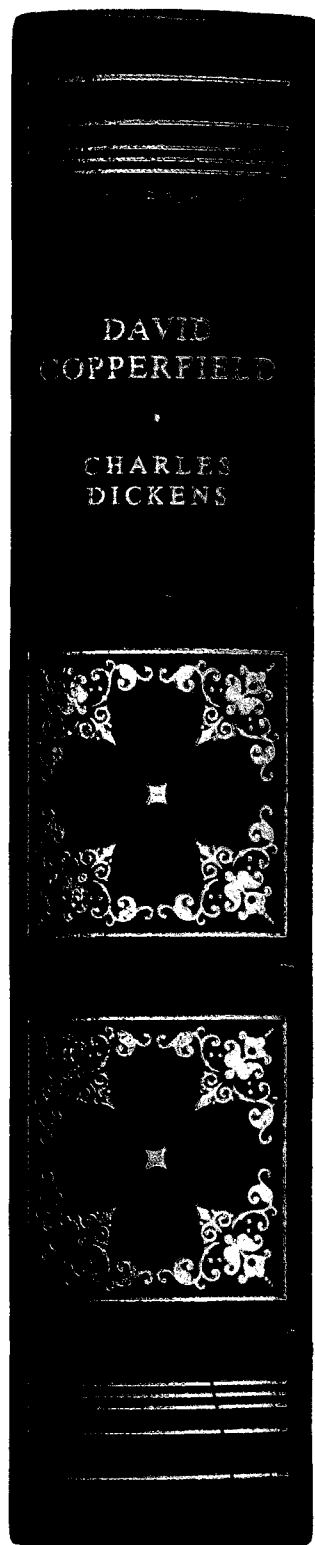
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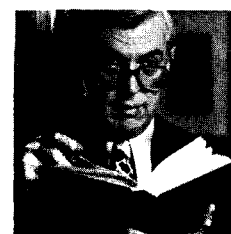
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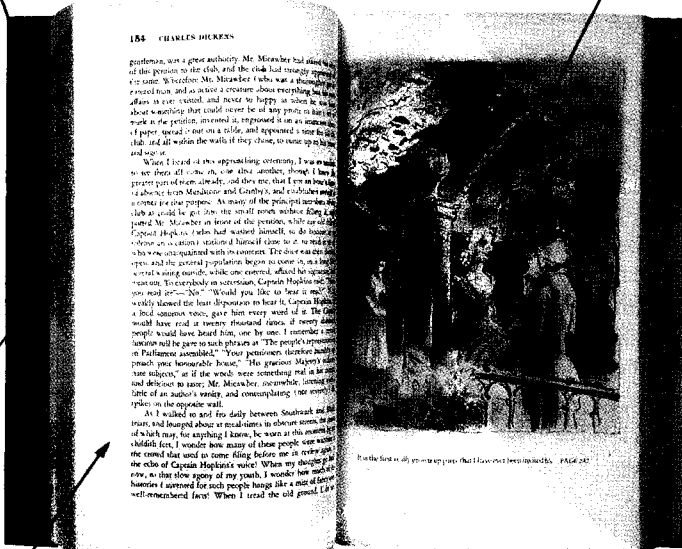
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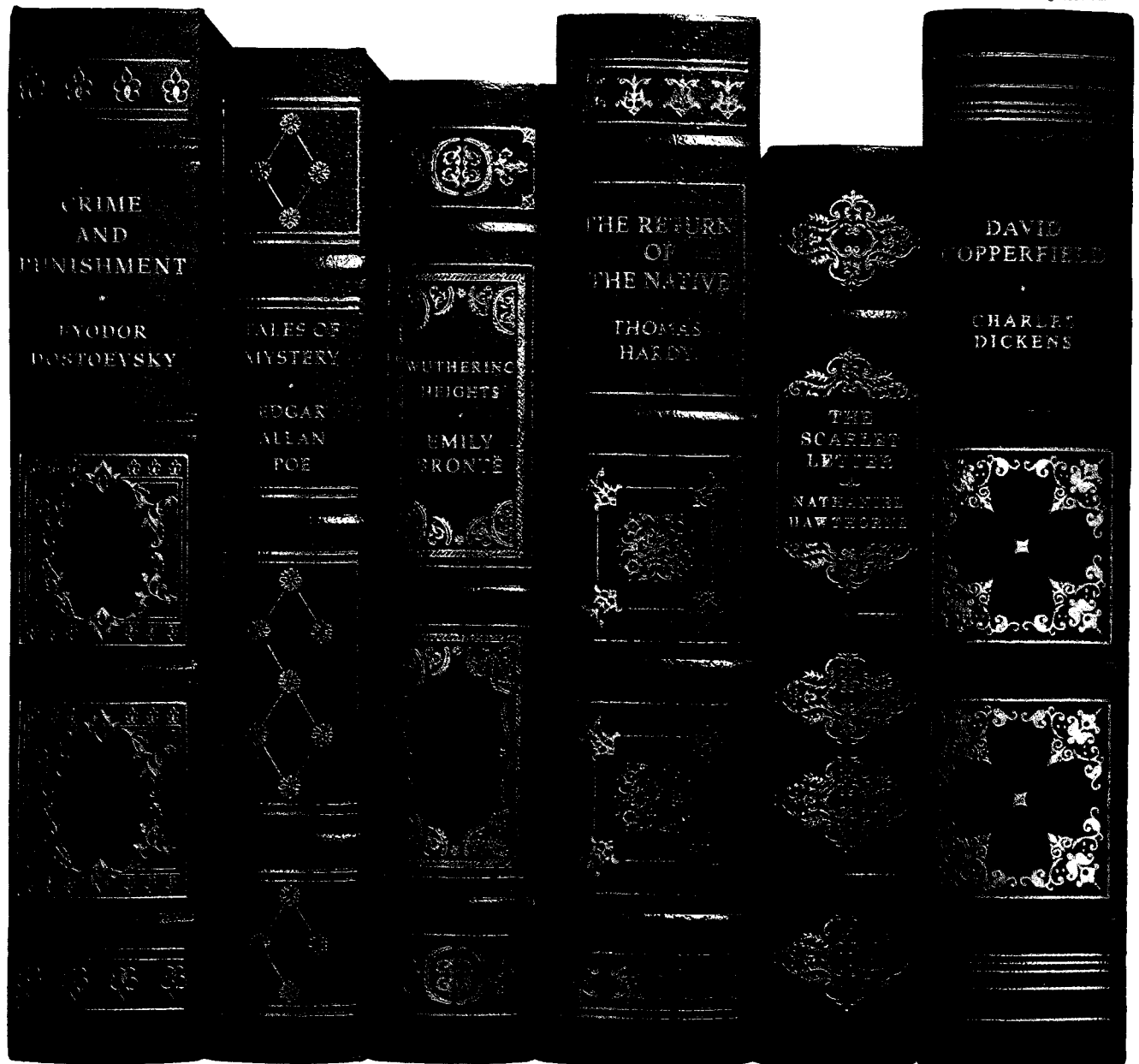
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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON ENDLESS SPENDING

Proposals for cutting the deficit ignore its real cause—the growing costs of providing for the middle class



VOTERS WILL HEAR quite a bit this year, especially from Democrats, about the evils of large federal deficits. They will hear very little from either party about the more important economic development of which deficits are merely a sign.

At first glance, the deficit question looks like an open-and-shut political case, which favors the Democrats and works against President Reagan. Before the beginning of this Administration, deficit spending had never exceeded \$67 billion in any one year. (It reached that level under Gerald Ford, in the recession year of 1976.) But in fiscal year 1984, which ends five weeks before this fall's election, the deficit is expected to be \$184 billion, and most forecasting services predict that it will remain in the vicinity of \$200 to \$300 billion a year for as many years in the future as their projections run.

Between the end of the Second World War and the beginning of the Reagan Administration, the deficit had never represented more than 4 percent of the gross national product, its level in 1976, and in only two other years had it been as high as 3 percent. But in 1983, the deficit was 6.1 percent of the GNP. Although predictions vary, most show that deficits will average 4 or even 5 percent

of the GNP through late in this decade. For thirty-five years after the end of the Second World War, the total public debt fell almost continuously, year by year, when measured as a percentage of the GNP. In 1982, it began to rise again.

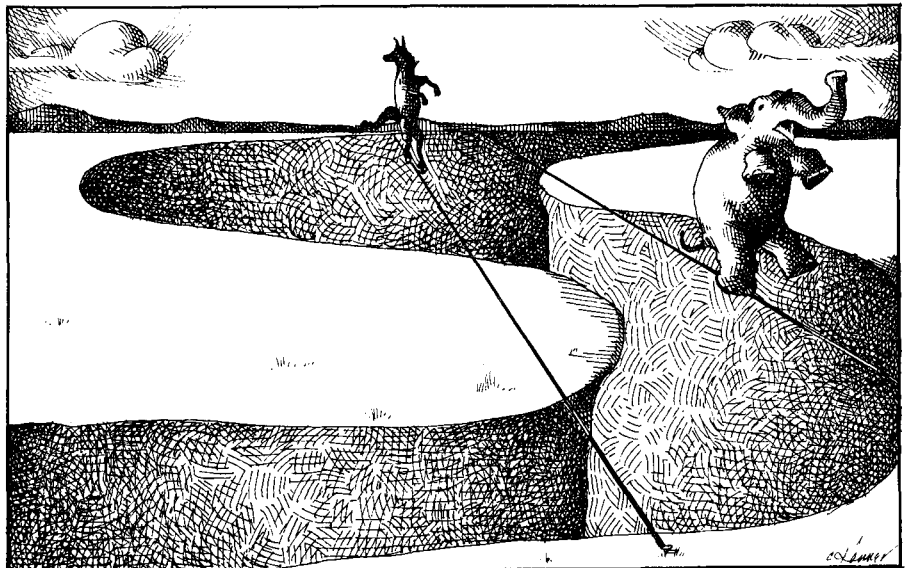
Perhaps most dramatic, the "structural" deficit—the amount that would be left even after a full economic recovery, with many people paying taxes and few drawing benefits—has reached a new plateau. Through the 1970s, the decade of America's most fitful economic performance since the 1930s, the structural deficit averaged 1.9 percent a year of the GNP. During the late 1980s, if current policies are followed, it will remain stuck somewhere between 3 and 5 percent a year.

Seizing on this one obvious weakness in the President's domestic performance, the Democrats have accused him of creating the deficits through a big military buildup and an unrealistically large reduction in tax rates. The architects of

the tax cut have in turn blamed the Federal Reserve Board, the Congress, and even quislings within the Administration for delaying and diluting the original tax-cut plan, thereby bringing on recession, deficits, and ruin.

In a sense, all of them are right. Any fair-minded etiology of today's deficits reveals that only the combined impact of tax cuts, defense increases, and recession could have made the deficits as large as they are. But in another sense, all the political accusations miss the point. If there has been a significant fact about public finance during the Reagan Administration, it is not that taxes have been reduced. It is, instead, that government spending has continued to rise.

The "supply-side" principles of economic management, which were ratified by the tax-cut legislation of 1981, have, in fact, reduced taxes, but not to a dramatic degree. In fiscal year 1980, the federal government took in 20.1 percent of the gross national product through



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taxes and other levies. Four years later, in fiscal year 1984, federal revenues have fallen to 18.8 percent of the GNP.

But during the same four years, federal expenditures have risen at least as substantially as tax rates have fallen. In 1980, federal outlays were 22.4 percent of the GNP. In the first budget that the President's economic advisers submitted after taking office, they predicted that by 1985 the economy would have expanded so rapidly and government spending would have shrunk so fast that federal outlays would be a mere 19 percent of the GNP, about what they were during Lyndon Johnson's Administration. In reality, by the end of this fiscal year, federal spending, according to the Congressional Budget Office, will be not 19 percent of the gross national product, as it was supposed to be, nor 22.4 percent, as it was when the President took office, but 24 percent, the highest in postwar history. Under Ronald Reagan, the federal government's claim on national output is larger than it has ever been in modern history except when federal dollars were needed to build Liberty ships and supply General Patton with tanks.

THAT GOVERNMENT expenditures should continue growing faster than the private economy, in the teeth of a conservative Administration with a reputation for slashing budgets, ought to give us something to talk about in an election year. One part of the growth might be said to reflect deliberate choice. Federal spending has risen to nearly one quarter of the GNP in part because the military budget has increased from 5.3 percent of the GNP to 6.6 percent from 1980 to 1984. But the military budget was not the only one that grew. Medicare and Social Security rose from 5.8 percent of the GNP in 1980 to 6.8 percent in 1984, and interest payments on the national debt rose from 2 percent to 2.9. All other categories of government spending shrank, but not by as much as these grew.

The absolute increase in military spending was larger than those in the other areas. But even if the share of the gross national product devoted to the military had not increased at all (remember that the Carter Administration proposed an increase about half as large as the one the Reagan Administration has achieved), government spending under Reagan would still claim a larger share

of the GNP than ever before in peacetime.

Except for the military budget, the sources of increased government spending have been nowhere near center stage in this year's political arguments. Instead, each contending group—the supply-siders, the more orthodox Republican conservatives, and the Democrats—has developed an alibi for the deficits that is consistent with its short-term political interests. The supply-siders say that deficits don't matter, the other Republicans blame big spenders in Congress, and the Democrats say that both the President's tax cut and his defense budget are too large.

The unspoken theme that runs through all the groups' positions is that the growth in government spending cannot be contained. For each dollar the Democrats would take out of an MX or B-1 contract, they have already promised at least a dollar in new spending for education, job training, or other domestic programs. The Republican conservatives rail against spendthrift Democrats yet propose no significant reductions themselves. They argue by implication what the Democrats say quite plainly: that taxes must go up. The supply-siders, of course, disagree; their world is built on the idea that taxes must go down. Their options, then, were to try to reduce spending or to laugh away the deficits that resulted from higher spending and lower taxes. In undertaking the second task, they revealed their assessment that the first could not be done.

Through most of 1983, Donald Regan, the secretary of the treasury, his former assistant secretary for economic policy, Paul Craig Roberts, and Roberts's successor, Manuel Johnson, traveled the country saying, essentially, If deficits are so bad, why does the economy look so good? Interest rates have declined since 1981, when the prime rate hit 21 percent, so how can the government be "crowding out" other borrowers to meet its credit demands? Inflation barely exists, so where is the hyperstimulation that deficit spending supposedly brings? Too many people are still out of work, so can it make sense to raise any individual's—or business's—taxes? On the other hand, the economic recovery is well under way, so can the deficits really be so serious a threat to economic growth?

Much of this argument, of course, was simply a rehabilitation of John Maynard Keynes. With the government injecting

so much extra money into the economy through deficit spending, an orthodox Keynesian would expect a recovery that featured more consumer spending than business investment—which is exactly what we have seen. The Keynesian would go on to warn that since the deficit spending was projected to continue even if everyone was back at work (this is the "structural deficit"), it would inevitably lead to inflation or some other economic mishap. But the supply-siders, selective in their embrace of Keynes, brushed off this point.

They also disregarded the more immediate and provable consequences of deficit spending. Today's interest rates are very high when measured in "real" terms—the difference between them and the rate of inflation. (Last year's inflation rate was about 4 percent, and the prime interest rate was 11, for a real interest rate of 7 percent, versus a historic norm of less than 2 percent.) They are also high by international standards—almost twice as high as Japan's, for example. Nearly everyone, except the supply-siders, concedes at least some connection between heavy federal borrowing and high interest rates. The rates would be even higher if it weren't for foreign investors, who have been pouring their assets into the United States to take advantage of the higher return available here. This has made the dollar much stronger relative to the mark, the yen, and the pound, which has meant good news for American tourists but disaster for American export industries. In addition to the largest budget deficit in history, 1983 produced the largest foreign-trade deficit, \$69 billion. The President's U.S. trade representative, William Brock, has predicted that this year's will reach \$100 billion. American exports fell by nearly one sixth from 1981 to 1983; the Commerce Department has estimated that this decline eliminated 1.3 million American jobs.

Rudolph Penner, the director of the Congressional Budget Office, spent most of last fall and winter warning that budget deficits, like other sums subject to the workings of compound interest, can have surprisingly large cumulative effects. The ripples from this year's near-\$200 billion deficit will not cease in Ronald Reagan's lifetime, nor in his baby granddaughter's. The Administration projects that annual interest payments will be \$47.4 billion higher in 1985 than when it took office. That increase more than



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wipes out all the reductions made in social-welfare programs when Ronald Reagan and David Stockman held Congress in meek submission in 1981. Because of this year's deficit, next year's interest burden will be roughly \$20 billion greater than this year's (or more, if interest rates rise). That is, the government will have \$20 billion less to work with next year and every succeeding year than if there had been no deficit this year. With that money, it could have paid nearly all the costs of the Medicaid program, or more than tripled its annual grants for elementary, secondary, and vocational education, or more than doubled all benefits under the Aid to Families with Dependent Children and Food Stamps programs, or placed forty Border Patrol agents where each one stands now, or increased the Internal Revenue Service's auditing staff by 600 percent, or increased foreign aid by 400 percent. To put it another way, in order to make up for the lost \$20 billion, it could cancel orders for a thousand new fighter planes or for two complete nuclear-powered aircraft-carrier battle groups, or give up the entire MX missile system, or cancel construction of ten Trident submarines—and ten more the following year, when there will be another \$20 billion loss to cover.

Secretary Regan has not seriously attempted to rebut the export argument or Penner's analysis, because he and his supply-side associates are not really talking about the deficit at all. They are talking about taxes. Their creed is based on the belief that steadily higher tax rates accounted for much of the recent stagnation of the American economy; they are determined that the rates shall not go back up. They know that, because payroll taxes for Social Security and Medicare have steadily risen, many Americans are now subject to higher overall tax rates than they were before Ronald Reagan "cut" taxes. In 1960, a typical family earning the national median income paid 10.1 percent of its total income in federal income and Social Security taxes. Because of the bracket structure of the progressive income tax, the next dollar the family earned would be taxed at a "marginal" rate of 20 percent. In 1980, its overall federal taxes had risen to 17.5 percent of its income and the marginal rate was 30 percent. In 1984, taxes on a median-income family are still at about their 1980 level, the Social Security increases and income-tax

decreases having canceled each other out. But tax rates for those who earn less than the median income are already higher than before Reagan took office, and rates for every income category are scheduled to rise in order to pay for Social Security.

When speaking for the record, the supply-siders often said that they preferred "to hold the line on taxes to force a confrontation with the Congress over spending cuts," as Manuel Johnson put it in an interview late last year. But they said very little about where the cuts would be made; in fact, their arguments revealed their conclusion that it was futile even to think about controlling spending. They found themselves apologizing for deficits because the only alternative was the thing they most feared—a "revenue solution."

For non-supply-siders and for nearly all the Democrats, the "revenue solution"—higher taxes—was the inevitable remedy. With varying degrees of honesty, the Democratic candidates have said they would attack big deficits with tax increases. John Glenn, the most forthright on this point, proposed an across-the-board 10 percent surcharge on taxes, so that a company or individual now in the 50 percent tax bracket would pay 55, while the rate for those in the bottom 11 percent bracket would rise only to 12.1. Most of the Democrats, including Glenn and Walter Mondale, said that they would eliminate or postpone the plan to index tax brackets to inflation; in addition, Mondale proposed a 10 percent surtax for people earning more than \$100,000, a 15 percent minimum tax on corporate income, and other steps to raise taxes at the upper reaches of the income distribution. Together with a hazily defined program of reducing defense and medical spending, these taxes would, according to Mondale, cut the deficit in half within four years.

INSIDE THE ADMINISTRATION, a crucial and well-publicized battle was waged this winter over whether to include any "revenue solutions" in the 1985 budget, which was submitted in February, or to put the whole thing off until after the election. Through December and January, White House officials on both sides of the struggle hinted in interviews that a revenue solution might be at hand. Edwin Dale, David Stockman's spokesman at the Office of Management and Budget, said, "If we don't face this

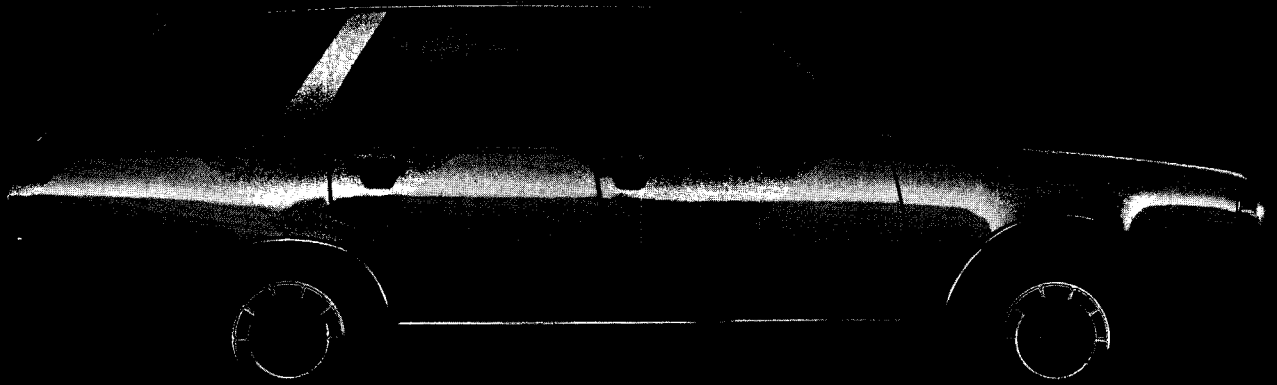
[the deficits] in 1984, I don't know how we can deal with it in 1985." An economic adviser in the White House ended a thirty-minute soliloquy about the dangers of chronic deficits by saying, "I think the President should announce a tax increase, run on it—and then get a mandate for doing something next year." Yet when the budget came out, it contained no "revenue solution," nor any but trivial reductions in spending.

If he is re-elected, presumably the President will be less coy. His assistants say they cannot be sure whether the means will be an overt tax increase or a retreat from indexing or a new excise tax or some sweeping plan for tax reform, but in one way or another, they say, a second Reagan Administration will be forced to bring more money into the Treasury. Manuel Johnson said, "Against my wishes, it looks like we're moving toward a big tax increase." It will probably not be quite as big an increase as if the Democrats win, which means that the economic choice to be made in this election is one of degree. If Ronald Reagan is re-elected, deficit spending will be relatively more important as a way of meeting federal obligations. If the Democrats win, they will rely more on taxes. The obligations themselves will differ in composition—more military spending from the Republicans, more domestic initiatives from the Democrats—but not much in size.

"History will record that the first Reagan Administration stopped the juggernaut of federal spending," an official of the OMB said last winter. "It will also record that he demonstrated the floor beneath which government spending as a share of GNP cannot be driven." Manuel Johnson said, "Some people feel that this is the level of service that the public wants, and we've got to find a way to pay for it."

Indeed, the behavior of both parties indicates that we have come to an historic accord on the dimensions of the modern welfare/national-security state. Through AFDC, Food Stamps, and Medicaid—which together cost roughly \$40 billion, or less than one fourth as much as Social Security—it will make modest provisions for a dependent class. Through Social Security and Medicare, it will provide a cushion for the retired. Above all, it will continue to grow.

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interest payments, and Social Security and Medicare together account for more than two thirds of all federal outlays, and each of them is increasing. When the other entitlement programs, the largest of which are military and civil-service pensions, are included, these categories account for more than four fifths of the federal budget—or more money than the government collects in taxes. If we awoke to find that the federal government had abandoned every function except paying pensions and medical bills, fielding a military, and meeting the interest on its debt, we would still find that the budget was in deficit, and that the deficit was on its way up.

Most of the Democratic candidates say that they would start wrestling with the deficit by canceling the B-1 bomber or the MX missile, but their proposed reductions in defense spending are merely reductions in the rate of increase. Even if he wanted to, the next President would find it difficult to brake military spending before the end of his term. The major purchases—the aircraft carriers, the bomber fleets—are already locked in by votes taken in 1982. A Democratic President might push the military onto a much lower “growth path” in the long run, but for the next few years defense spending seems certain to grow, no matter which party is in office.

So do Social Security, Medicare, and the other public pension programs, all subject to the demands of an aging population. Medicare, moreover, is affected not only by a growing number of clients but also by the sharply rising costs of medical procedures. According to Medicare trustees, the most expensive part of the system, Hospital Insurance, which covers hospital bills for aged patients, will run out of money sometime between 1988 and 1990. Hospital Insurance is legally forbidden to run a deficit, so the program will have to be “saved”; but unless the incentives in the medical system are changed, the rescue will boil down to raising taxes.

Hospital Insurance is now financed by a payroll tax of 2.7 percent. (It is part of the payroll deduction that most people think of as Social Security. The deduction totals 14.1 percent of a company's payroll costs, divided between employee and employer.) Under the trustees' optimistic set of economic assumptions, the tax necessary to pay for Hospital Insurance will nearly double, to 4.9 percent of the payroll, by the year 2005. If medical

costs rise more quickly than expected, or if the taxable payroll rises more slowly, the trustees say the tax may reach 8 percent. The rest of the payroll tax will be rising too, because of steps taken to “save” Social Security in 1977 and again five years later. Technically speaking, Social Security and Hospital Insurance cannot add to the federal deficit, since they are required to cover their own costs through payroll taxes. But from the employee's point of view, there is not a lot of difference between the deduction listed in the FICA tax column and that under Federal Tax Withheld. Whatever the category, the money is still missing from the paycheck. So, as payroll taxes go up, it becomes harder to raise the income tax to pay for other federal obligations.

The costs of other pension programs are headed the same way. Civil-service retirement now costs roughly \$22 billion a year, compared with \$8 billion eight years ago. Military pensions have similarly increased. Every actuary will say privately what the Grace Commission reported publicly last January: that the federal pension programs are more generous than any others ever devised. Under the typical private system, the retirement age is sixty-three or sixty-four, the pension is some percentage of the highest five years' pay, and benefits are not indexed for inflation. The federal plans typically offer retirement at age fifty-five (civil service) or forty (military), base their benefits on the highest three years' pay, and are fully indexed for inflation. No national-security argument can be made for granting pensions after twenty years' military service. Indeed, many scholars of the military say that longer careers, typical of European armies, would improve the character of military leadership, by reducing the pressures of today's up-or-out promotion system.

Yet, in the chorus of reaction to the Grace Commission's report, neither Democrat nor Republican was heard supporting changes in public pension plans. (The exception was Ernest Hollings, who proposed a freeze on federal pensions as part of a freeze on most government spending. His lowly standing in the presidential race, however, proves the larger point.) In the briefings that accompanied its 1985 budget, the Reagan Administration hinted that it would wrestle with pensions and medical programs—but not until next year, after

the election. Its failure to face them so far is more impressive than its assurances about the future.

And, of course, interest payments must grow; their meteoric increase is a measure of the inability to square accounts elsewhere in the budget. Since the Second World War, they have averaged between 8 and 10 percent of all federal spending. The House Budget Committee has extrapolated from current policies to predict that by the end of this decade they will account for 16 percent of the budget, or \$200 billion per year. As “an ever-increasing share of taxes is devoted to paying the interest on past borrowing, the pressures will be great to repudiate the debt in some way,” the committee said in its report. “Historically, this has taken the form, in many countries, of rapidly printing money to reduce the real value of the burdensome public debt through high inflation. . . . In this sense, our own deficits are truly mortgaging our grandchildren's futures to allow us to enjoy higher consumption today.”

HAWE WE REACHED the historic consensus? Has our politics evolved to a point where Democrats and Republicans will fight over raising taxes versus tolerating deficits, but have little to say about an entitlement system that confers benefits on more and more of us regardless of need? So it seems; and if that appearance is correct, each party will have to accept a consequence that it claims to abhor.

Republicans must accept that, year after year, a larger share of national income will be claimed by taxes. If they believe anything their President and his economic theorists have been saying about the connection between individual incentive and economic growth, they must view such a future with dread. If they are resigned to the dimensions of the modern welfare/national-security state, they must scrap their deepest convictions about the ways a nation generates its wealth.

For Democrats, the intellectual and spiritual cost may be even higher. The more they foster a government that sluices benefits to everyone, the less room they will have for visions of a redistributive state. Social Security and Medicare protect vulnerable people from catastrophe, which is one important kind of redistribution. But they are not redistributive in the normal sense. They are

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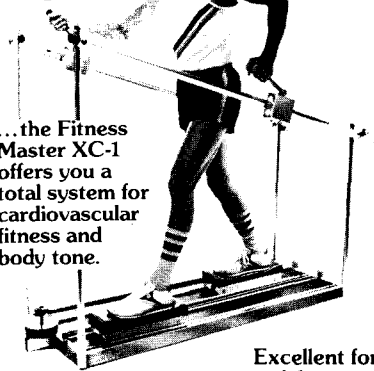
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financed by a payroll tax, which weighs especially heavily on small businesses and those in low income brackets, and they generally provide the largest benefits to those who were most comfortable to begin with. Despite Social Security's growth, many of its beneficiaries need more. The only real redistribution Social Security effects is from one generation to another: those now under the age of forty or forty-five are transferring resources to their elders. Perhaps this is justified. The generation that won the Second World War and built the postwar prosperity is receiving tribute from its children. But this is not the kind of goal Democrats usually pledge themselves to, and it is so expensive that it precludes redistribution of any other kind.

The tax system, too, bears the marks of both parties' desire to provide benefits for everyone. "Tax expenditures" is the government's term for revenue that is lost because certain kinds of income—say, interest on municipal bonds—is declared nontaxable. Tax expenditures have risen even faster than direct federal expenditures have. In 1983, they cost the government almost three times as much money as in 1967, after adjusting for inflation. Democrats like to point out that many of the provisions shelter business income. Ernest Hollings, with the honesty that often betokens a floundering campaign, listed four of them that he would eliminate (tax-free status for interest on life-insurance reserves, which he said would bring in \$30.8 billion in additional taxes over five years; allowances for intangible drilling costs for oil and gas, \$19.3 billion; the famous oil-depletion allowance, \$8.7 billion; excess-bad-debt allowances for banks, \$4.2 billion). Hollings pointed out that Texaco had earned \$2 billion in profits worldwide in 1982, yet had received an \$88 million refund from the federal government. Corporations, he said, should also face a minimum 4 percent income tax.

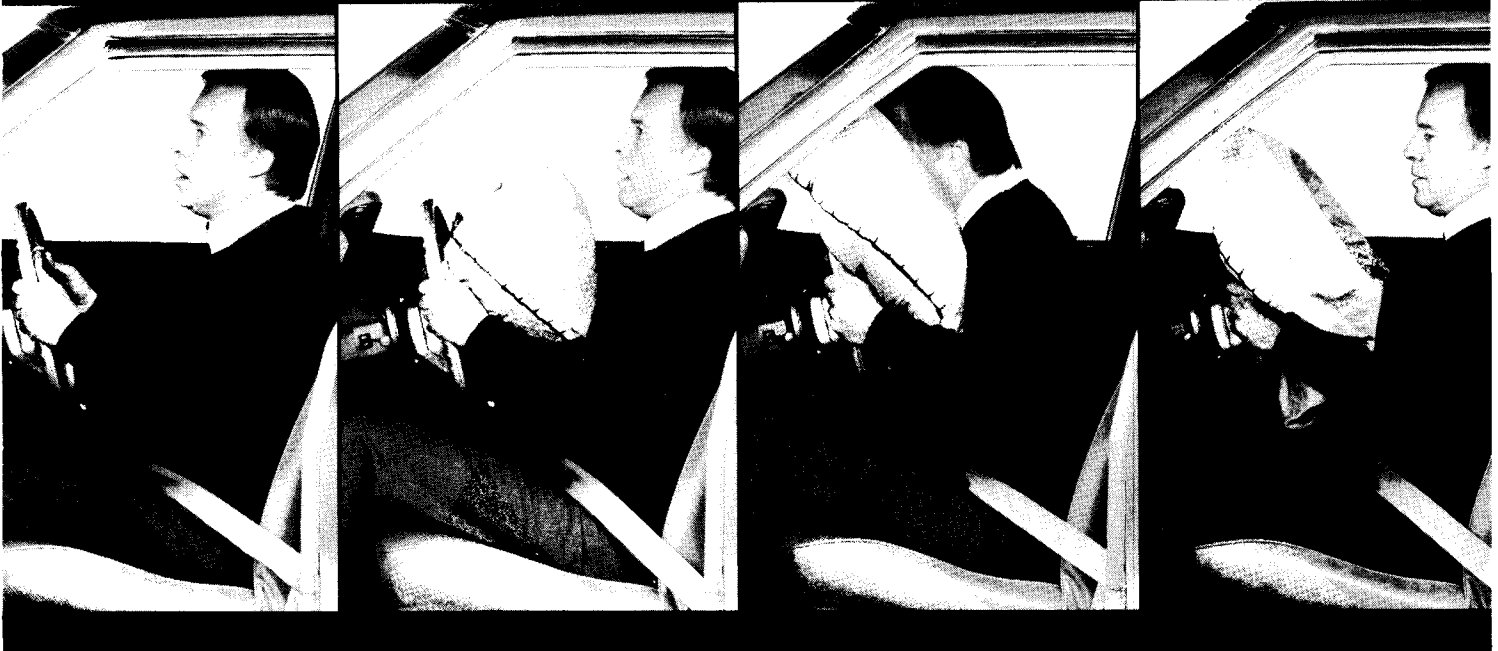
But not even Hollings, of all the candidates the most honorably explicit on budgetary questions, dared talk about another kind of tax-free haven. Perhaps the candidates recalled Jimmy Carter's experience in the 1976 campaign, when he briefly mentioned limiting the tax deduction for mortgage-interest payments and was pummeled from all sides for having made an unpardonable gaffe. The mortgage-interest deduction is sacred to the middle class, yet of the \$28 billion in taxes that it diverts from the Treasury

this year, half would have been paid by the wealthiest 10 percent of households. (One quarter of the total savings go to the wealthiest 2 percent of households.) The property-tax deduction, the tax-free status of medical-insurance benefits, and other "middle-class" tax breaks vary in detail, but their overall effect is the same. Only about a third of all households, the most affluent ones, itemize deductions at all, which means that the other two thirds get absolutely no benefits from most of these deductions. If both parties refuse to confront the exemptions—even a change as modest as limiting mortgage deductions to one house per family or to a certain amount of interest paid per year—where will they find the money for the next increase in benefits?

This is not merely a matter of patches of red ink in a ledger book: if we cannot control the budget, we must face unpleasant questions about the central purpose of our government. Only nine years ago, although it must seem like prehistory to him, David Stockman prophesied eloquently about the government's failure to confine its generosity to the intended recipients. If transfer spending were ever to be contained, he said, it would have to serve some explicit purpose—whether that purpose was the limited one of saving "the truly needy" from starvation or a more ambitious one of income redistribution. Yet neither party, he said, seemed able to discipline benefits. For example, educational loans, meant to offer opportunity to those who would otherwise be denied it, were soon extended to everyone, including future doctors, whose rise to the top of the income distribution scale was thus subsidized by their fellow citizens.

Viewed cynically, the growth of federal spending is no mystery at all: the more the government evolves into a benefit program for the middle and upper-middle classes, the larger it must become. Every Democratic politician has pointed out that the supply-side tax cuts conferred the greatest reward on the richest people. But at least supply-siders had a rationale, however dubious, for distributing benefits as they did. By returning money to the wealthy, they believed, they could revitalize the economy. What is the rationale for pensioning off soldiers at age forty, or subsidizing the purchase of very expensive homes, or raising payroll taxes so as to guarantee Social Security benefits to everyone, in-

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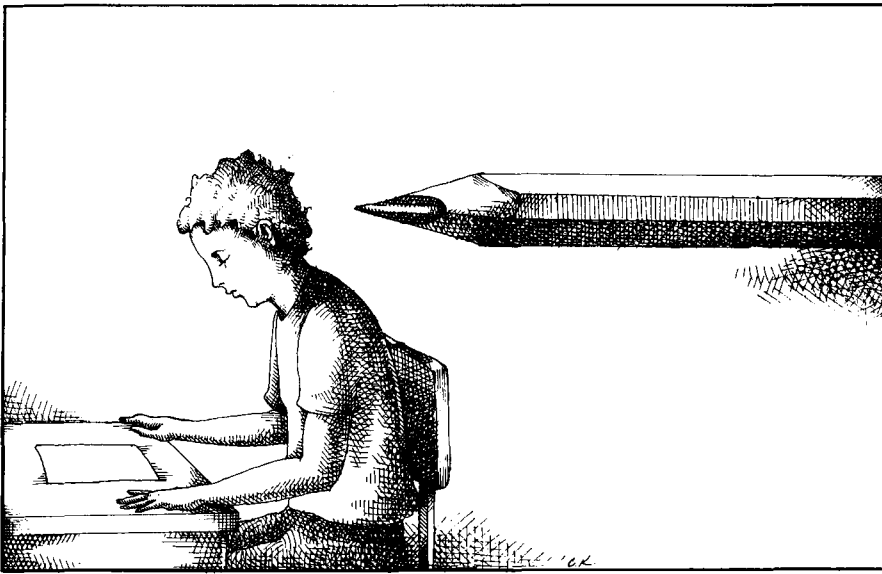
cluding those who could not conceivably be called needy? Why should the government subsidize the small number of people who can afford private jet planes? (The tax levied on jet fuel does not come close to paying for the runways, control towers, and other equipment and services that the government provides either free or at a discount.) There is everything to be said for private jets and comfortable retirements and costly homes. But why should the government underwrite the cost?

Most politicians obviously feel that it is impossible even to raise such questions. By evading them, our elected

leaders make the entire financial structure dangerously brittle. What if all those foreign investors whose capital now covers our budget deficits suddenly take their money back home? What if another recession begins, and we confront a deficit not of \$200 billion but of \$400 billion? What if the government decides that it can escape its mounting debts only by starting up the printing presses? Are the potential wounds less grievous because they would be self-inflicted?

—James Fallows

James Fallows is the Washington editor of The Atlantic.



SCHOOL REFORM COERCION IN THE CLASSROOM WON'T WORK

*Learning by doing and sensitivity
to feelings are the keys to
academic progress*



THE RECENTLY RELEASED report of the National Commission on Excellence in Education has, to my mind, little to do with excellence. Its recommendations—more homework, and longer school days and longer school years—could better be labeled “A Plea for More Coercion in the Schools.” Yet a chief reason why so many schools achieve so little education of value is that they already rely too much on coercion. They ask stu-

dents to read a text or listen to the teacher and then to regurgitate what they’ve read or been told, or risk a failing grade.

Attitudes about the rearing and education of children vary between two extremes. One, which might be labeled “authoritarian” or “coercive,” rests on an assumption that children are by nature irresponsible and lazy, and will do their schoolwork only if they are penalized for a poor performance.

The opposite view might be labeled “progressive” or “democratic.” It rests on the assumption that children who are brought up with love, trust, and clear but kind leadership are eager to grow up and be like their parents, eager to explore, learn, master skills, and take on responsibility; they need guidance but not sternness or punishment.

Teachers and parents who incline toward the authoritarian attitude are scornful of “frills.” They consider lecturing, memorization, recitation, and grad-

ing to be the basics, as they remember them from their own school days. They believe in withholding promotion from children who have not satisfactorily completed the year’s work in all subjects, despite the evidence that when children are made to repeat a grade, they do not do as well in the following years as similar children who were promoted. To authoritarians, education is not a means to help each child to mature but a series of hurdles over which everyone, of no matter what capability, must jump. A policy of withholding promotion means ignoring the fundamental and complex question of why the children failed and what needs to be done to correct that problem.

Children whose measurable intelligence falls moderately below the class average may be unable to keep up with their classmates, though this need not be a problem when a resourceful teacher individualizes work so that the child can be kept productively busy, happy, and learning. Specific learning disabilities, such as the fairly common handicap in visual memory that keeps a child confused between *god* and *dog*, *was* and *saw*, can powerfully discourage *all* schoolwork. These disabilities call for special teaching or tutoring methods.

Many kinds of emotional problems interfere with learning, such as fear of failure, preoccupation with family crises, and neglect by parents. Laziness is often blamed—but I’ve never seen such a case. Children are born curious and eager to achieve. When these qualities are missing, investigation shows, some hurtful influence destroyed them.

Poor teachers are ready to condemn pupils who don’t fall in line, without trying to find motivation in them. Teachers both of Winston Churchill and of Charles Darwin complained to the boys’ parents that they were hopelessly poor students and would never amount to anything.

The Commission on Excellence has recommended more homework, though the amount of conventional, repetitive homework has been found to make little difference in pupils’ mastery of subjects or in their final grades.

I’d make a sharp distinction between that kind of homework on the one hand and library research or a scientific project that the student selects and carries out on the other. The second kind of work fosters self-reliance in thinking and acting, which in turn becomes part of the student’s character. With the right teaching methods, this quality can be de-

veloped not only outside the classroom but also in it.

Now for grading. A study that measured the relationship between grades achieved in medical school and the level of competency of general practitioners a dozen years after graduation found, amazingly, no correlation whatever between grades and competency. Those who were practicing superior medicine came equally from the top, middle, and bottom of their medical-school classes. And those practicing poor medicine also came equally from the top, middle, and bottom.

I believe that grading is an abomination. It misdirects the efforts of students into memorizing for recitations and tests. It misleads teachers into thinking that the grades they give represent something gained from the course. What grades do measure, I'd say, is the ability to memorize, freedom from learning disabilities, and conformity in thinking, which is not a valuable trait, to my mind.

The commission has recommended longer school days and years. That might make sense if evidence were available that students felt challenged by their present curricula. But in a majority of schools, particularly high schools, the students are bored because they feel so little connection between their interests and their schoolwork.

If the recommendations of the commission are carried out without spending the vast amount of money and undertaking the vast amount of training necessary to improve the quality of teaching, the only result will be greater boredom and more dropouts.

MEDICAL EDUCATION provides a useful focus for evaluating teaching methods because we can find out whether medical curricula are creating the kinds of physicians that people and hospitals feel they need—in contrast, for example, to liberal-arts programs, whose aims are more difficult to assess.

Competence in medicine cannot be achieved by memorizing lectures or textbooks, though this has a role. Students can learn anatomy in a usable way only by dissecting cadavers. They can learn to diagnose and treat disease only by working with sick patients—fitting together histories, physical examinations, and laboratory tests. Then they must think through the various alternative diagnoses, under the supervision of an instructor. They must do this again

and again, in school and during internship and residency training. This is the learning by doing that John Dewey, philosopher, educator, and inspirer of the "progressive-education" movement, advocated as the key element in his conception of usable, lasting education.

In the 1920s, dissatisfaction with physicians was widespread. When asked in public-opinion polls how they rated their doctors, many people gave answers like "He seems to know what he is doing. But I can't talk with him about the things that are really bothering me. He looks embarrassed or he asks me a question about something else."

This discomfort with personal or psychosomatic matters, though these account for more than half the problems for which people consult a physician, was traceable to the rapid development of the basic sciences of medicine—physiology, biochemistry, microbiology, and particularly pathology (the study of diseased tissues)—in the last half of the nineteenth century. The German pathologists, who were leading the crusade for scientific medicine, scorned anything that seemed to them inexact, unprovable, or mushy. Medical schools everywhere fell in line.

In the 1930s, in response to criticism, medical schools had to call on the members of their often meager departments of psychiatry to teach not only about mental and psychosomatic illnesses but also about human relations and the doctor-patient relationship.

But the psychiatrists found it tough going. Students who had spent two years studying only the basic sciences, without ever seeing a patient, and had been taught by instructors who had chosen careers in these impersonal fields of medicine, had become so desensitized that it was difficult to get them to recognize the feelings of their patients—or the feelings in themselves.

The most effective method I saw for preventing this desensitization was at Case Western Reserve Medical School, where I taught for twelve years. Each student was assigned to one family, from the beginning of the first year, to follow a mother during the last trimester of her pregnancy, stay with her throughout her labor and delivery, and then serve primarily as a pediatrician (in training) for the baby. The students' sense of responsibility kept them keenly alert, hastened their learning, and intensified their sensitivity.

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SOME ACADEMIC teachers in high school are snobbish about "practical" subjects like driver training, typing, electronics, and human relations. (Universities are even more prejudiced against such practical courses.) This attitude is based on the belief that the head is the only worthy part of the body, that intellectual achievement is the only truly admirable kind, and that practical subjects pollute the academic atmosphere. This view ignores the most important aspects of human existence and the fact that the complexity of technology is rapidly erasing the old distinctions between mental and manual work.

A sad fact is that the liberal-arts departments (literature, history, anthropology, sociology, psychology, economics), which used to dominate the universities, are being undervalued as students demand more and more of the courses that appear promising to them, in technology and in business administration. But, as the working world becomes more complex, more specialized, the need for teaching the humanities increases, chiefly to keep students from losing their awareness that they are

flesh and blood and must get along with other similar creatures.

Moreover, the humanities, in the broadest sense, keep students from burrowing prematurely into their future specialties and closing off all other avenues of inquiry, as happens, for example, when admission to medical school is determined primarily on the basis of grades in the pre-medical subjects. The eager beavers take as many of these science courses as the undergraduate college will allow and shun the humanities as a waste of time. Thus, some students enter medicine literal-minded, uninformed about the world, and insensitive.

Excessive, early specialization in one's education may also lead to a dead end. Modern high-technology industries are staffed mainly by engineers. But when higher-level administrative positions have to be filled, those jobs are often offered to candidates with backgrounds in law or finance, because the engineers can't see beyond the engineering.

Breadth in education helps a worker to see the faults and limitations in the way he does things and to conceive of improvements, to see the connections be-

tween his particular job and the ones related to it laterally and vertically, to understand the feelings and insecurities of fellow workers and clients—so that in dealing with others he can bring out the best in them.

The present distinctions in education between practical or technical subjects, the sciences, and the humanities are outmoded and should be reduced to the minimum. All high school students—even those firmly intending to study and work at computers or dress design—should be seduced, by inspired teaching methods, into studying the sciences and humanities that have a bearing on their chosen fields. And students who are bound for college—or are already there—should not be dissuaded from taking some courses in practical fields.

All students by the time they leave high school (or technical school) should have learned, I believe, something about the principles of mathematics, physics, and chemistry; the way our bodies work; why we behave as we do in our communities, in our families, and as individuals, and why we need to be ethical; the past, through history and literature; how to

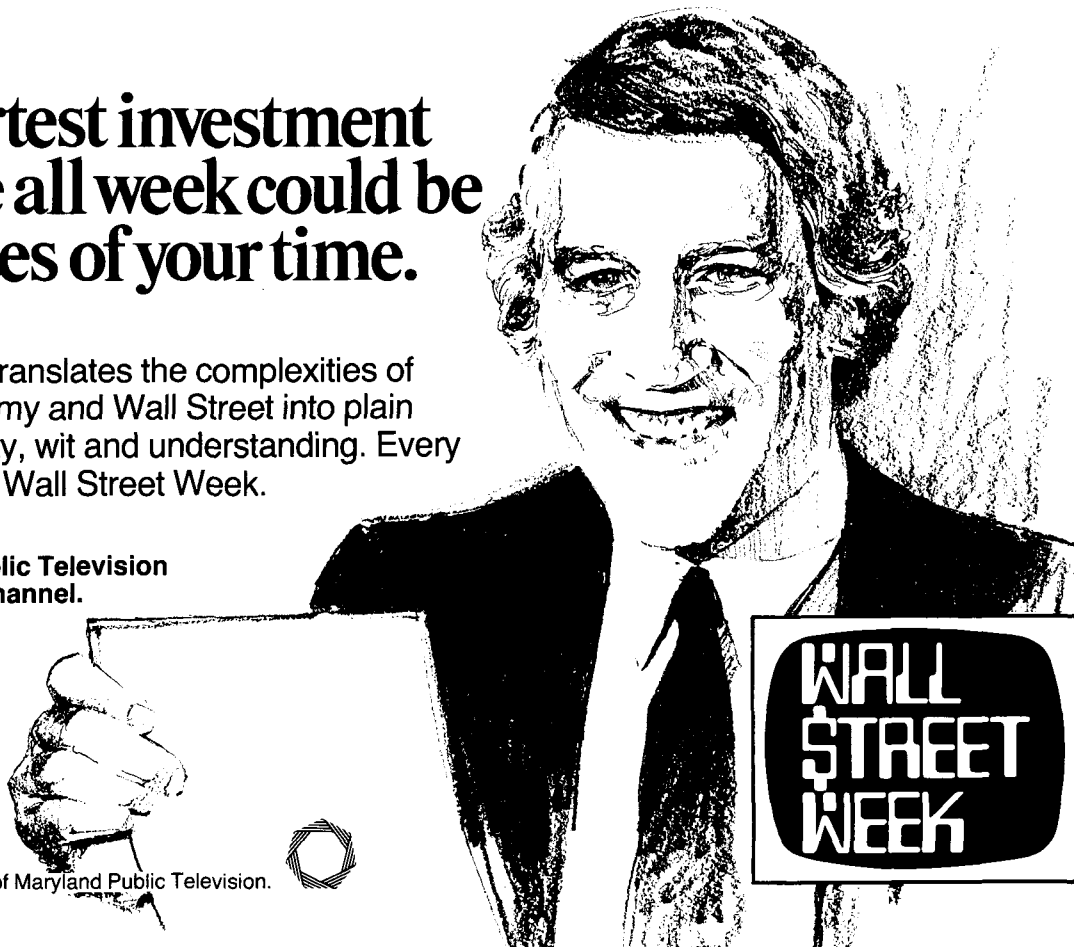
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express ideas through speech and writing; and the practice of at least one art (such as dramatics, music, painting, sculpture, ceramics), so that they can feel the excitement of creation and gain some respect for the arts in general. In addition, I think schools should be prepared to give training in all technical skills.

Obviously, the depth of the teaching will depend greatly on the capabilities and motivation of the students as well as on the skills of the teachers. But even when courses are relatively brief and simple, they should not be in the traditional survey-lecture form but should involve the students in activities and projects that demand their participation and leave a lasting impression.

As for specific educational methods, John Dewey emphasized learning by doing (rather than by being told and memorizing). He meant that when you are confronted by a new learning situation in which you yourself must find the way to accomplish the task, the learning goes deep because it involves a sense of responsibility, at least a touch of anxiety and perhaps excitement, weighing alternatives, and activity of some kind—going to the library, for example, or interviewing a person, or visiting an industry. You may give or write a report. Each step is engraved on your consciousness; it gives you a sense of accomplishment or frustration. This process of groping and acting is very different from listening—or not listening—to a teacher talk.

Students in an elementary school class can learn arithmetic by acting as salesclerks in the school store. They can focus on some aspect of health by making scrapbooks of clippings from newspapers and magazines. Junior high and high school students can discuss ways in which an actual community problem might be solved, or choose and organize an educational expedition—to an industry, a hospital, a police station, a court, or a convalescent home—talking to the people there, taking notes, discussing and writing up reports. Students can think up and carry out experiments in science. These are examples not only of learning by doing but also of taking the initiative and accepting responsibility for work.

The teacher doesn't sit by but enters the discussion, asks questions that have to be considered, makes suggestions, and acts as the presiding officer, though as far as possible he leaves the initiative and the decisions to the group mem-

bers—even when they seem to be making mistakes. The teacher must keep order, not by being overbearing but by creating an atmosphere of mutual respect. A productive atmosphere does not require that pupils all sit docilely at their desks. They can be allowed to move about and talk, when necessary for their projects, as long as they don't disturb others.

John Dewey also emphasized the value, in elementary and secondary school, of linking several of the topics to be taught each year to some central project or theme that naturally appeals to children and inspires their learning. A simple example at the third-grade level would be native Americans. A class can use for readers books on native Ameri-



cans, study nature as they did, discuss in social studies how and where they lived. They can cooperatively paint a mural or build a model of a native American village. They can select classmates who are more advanced readers to go to the library for more information.

The project method works particularly well to stimulate pupils whose skills or enthusiasm is below average, since it allows the teacher to ask from each child a contribution appropriate to his capability.

Another way to capture the interest of students is to start where their readiness is—rather than where the textbook happens to start. College textbooks on psychology, like the one I had to read, begin with definitions of consciousness, illusions, and hallucination, and go on to the history of the subject, next to a dia-

gram of a neuron, and then to the nervous system of a single-celled paramecium. The human being is at the back end of the book. All this seems logical, even obligatory, to the professor. But to the student it is boring, and it kills interest in the subject. The instructor might start the introductory course with a book (maybe a novel) and classroom discussions focused on the interests, problems, worries, mental diseases, sex life, concepts of marriage, causes of divorce, career motivations, of young women and men. If the students get involved and curious, they may want to get back to definitions, history, and the paramecium.

Elementary school pupils are fascinated with nature, computers, space exploration, the power of the atom, cartoon characters, far more than they are with abstract numbers and the namby-pamby adventures of the children in traditional readers. The smart teacher takes advantage of these preoccupations to motivate reading, writing, math, and social studies. A class of black children, deprived by poverty, were slow to warm up to reading. But they caught fire when the teacher told them—and then encouraged them to read—about heroic slaves who had defied the law in order to become literate.

I remember an imaginative high school teacher whose pupils were from the most deprived, crime-infested part of town. She encouraged them to write themes, a task that is often distasteful or impossible for such students, by telling them they could write about the worst experiences they had ever had or had heard about, and could use the vilest language. Soon all the members were writing sordid stories. The teacher's comments were predominantly positive and focused on originality, ability to portray character, and so forth. Spelling, punctuation, and neatness were not mentioned. After weeks of telling dirty stories, the students began to branch out into other topics, which they found could also be fun to write about. And after a couple of months, the teacher started calling attention to the values of grammar and spelling.

Progressive educators emphasize that children learn by feeling as much as they learn by doing and by thinking. This is clear in the dramatic play of children at home or in a good nursery school. A child will try to overcome the fear she experienced in the doctor's office—and the

Up from Slavery

The road to racial equality spans the history of the Republic. At first the Constitution counted blacks as three-fifths of a person. They were deemed a chattel by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision. Then, in 1863, the slaves were emancipated. Two years later, ratification of the 13th amendment to the Constitution made black Americans equal in the eyes of the law. They have struggled ever since to achieve full equality.

Racial justice has drawn fundamental strengths from legal guarantees. Yet the position of minorities in our society is defined not only by our laws but also by our actions. It has not been dispassionate judges but impassioned people who ultimately have been responsible for helping awaken the American conscience to the evils of racial injustice.

They were people like Roy Wilkins who, in the last lines of his autobiography, proclaimed that he would die believing "in our country" and "our Constitution" and "that the Declaration of Independence meant what it said."

Jackie Robinson, who broke big league baseball's color barrier, wrote that at the beginning of the 1947 World Series, "I experienced a completely new emotion when the National Anthem was played. This time, I thought, it is being played for me, as much as for everyone else." At his funeral, it was said that Jackie Robinson turned a stumbling block into a steppingstone.

Martin Luther King devoted his life to the thesis that an eye for an eye

would only make the whole world blind. On the steps of the Lincoln Memorial he said: "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood."

Jesse Owens' victories at the 1936 Berlin Olympics established records that lasted more than 20 years and demolished instantly the Nazi hope of giving rationality to racism.

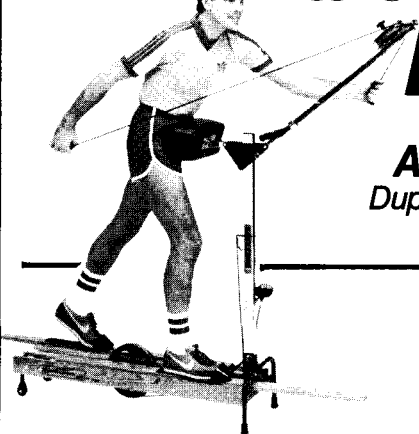
Even hardened sensibilities had to be moved by the grace with which Marian Anderson responded when, in 1939, she was refused permission to sing at Constitution Hall because of her color. In a devastating rebuke to prejudice, more than 75,000 people came to her substitute concert at the Lincoln Memorial.

In the roaring '20s, when the rest of America was caught in a social whirl, the class valedictorian at UCLA spoke to a more fundamental issue. "Humanity's problem today is how to be saved from itself," he said. "If we are to develop our personalities to their fullest, we must . . . expand up and out from our narrow, immediate world." Decades later Ralph Bunche brought meaning to his own words when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Despite the progress that has been made because of these people and so many others, much remains to be done. No one knows how long it will take people to recognize that character is more important than color. The struggle for racial justice goes on. And so it should.



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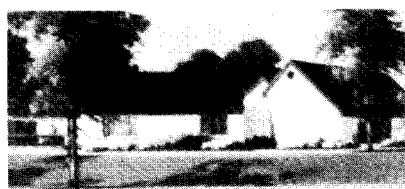
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shame of having been afraid—by pretending to be a doctor to a doll and jabbing it with a needle. She will digest the scoldings she has received from her parents—and will learn to be a parent—by playing "house" and dealing out similar scoldings to a doll or to a smaller child.

All students in professional schools—law, divinity, engineering, education—should study the kinds of interpersonal problems that seem characteristic of their chosen occupations. High school students need to understand better through discussions in class—with the guidance of mature teachers of English, history, sociology, psychology—the tensions they experience, or will experience, with one another, with their parents, with employers. Elementary school pupils can be helped to understand their quarrels. Even the most highly trained experts will prove ineffective if they can't get along with others.

Other permanent qualities of character that schools should try to develop are creativity or originality, so that people can imagine better and more beautiful ways to do things; initiative, so that they can get started on solving problems without waiting to be prodded; responsibility, so that they can be counted on to do the right thing whether or not someone is watching.

These qualities cannot be inculcated by lecturing or preaching or teaching mottoes. (Young children who have been taught to recite the Pledge of Allegiance or the Lord's Prayer every day rarely have the vaguest idea what they mean.) These qualities will be absorbed to a degree through identifying with parents and teachers whom children love and respect. But they can become firm aspects of character only through being deliberately and consistently encouraged (by parents and by teachers), and by being practiced by children—hour by hour, day by day, year by year—not in special exercises but as part of all their activities.

I'd like to summarize an experiment done many years ago that dramatically brings out this point. It was designed to show the difference between imposed, authoritarian discipline and inner discipline fostered by responsibility and democratic leadership.

An after-school activity program for boys ten or twelve years old was set up by psychologists who played the role of the authoritarian or the democratic leader. The authoritarian leader announced

that the purpose of the club was for each boy to build a single piece of furniture, such as a chair-side table. He told the boys exactly how to proceed at every step and he kept strict order. The democratic leader explained that the club belonged to the boys, and that they should decide what to make. The boys held lengthy discussions about the possibilities, with the leader helping them to discard totally impractical suggestions (by asking questions), and they reached their own consensus. When they finally decided on building birdhouses, he guided them in answering such questions as what tools would be necessary and how they could be secured, what size and style of birdhouses should be built, how much lumber would be needed, where the lumber could be found and which members of the group were to get it, and what would be the sequence of the steps to be taken.

As you may imagine, building by the democratic method took *much* longer. But when the leader went out of the room, the work went on almost as efficiently as it had gone on when he was there, because the boys felt the project was theirs. They knew the next steps, they had been trusted with responsibility, and they had been shown respect. By contrast, when the authoritarian leader left the room, the boys began to horse around, pick on the timid members, and abuse their projects. Plainly, they did not feel that these were really theirs, and they expressed their pent-up resentment against the bossiness of the leader.

A third style of discipline was also included in the experiment. It was labeled *laissez faire*, let them do what they want. The leader stayed in the room and answered questions but offered no leadership at all. No project was ever developed, no work was done. The more mature members tried every once in a while to get the group to organize, but their leadership was not strong enough to control the anarchy of the least mature ones. The nonleading adult proved to be, if anything, a disturbing factor. Things were a little more calm when he was out of the room than when he was in. The implications seem obvious. Progressive education and learning by experience in the school and wise parenting at home do not require that teachers and parents sit by and leave children leaderless. Good democratic leadership may be less obvious than authoritarian leadership, but it

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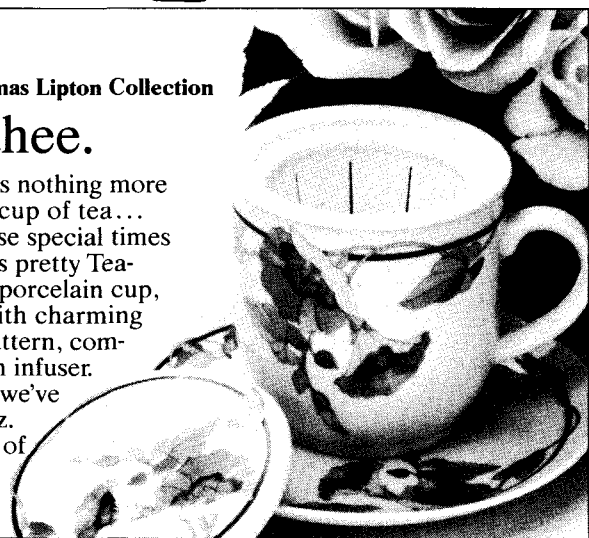
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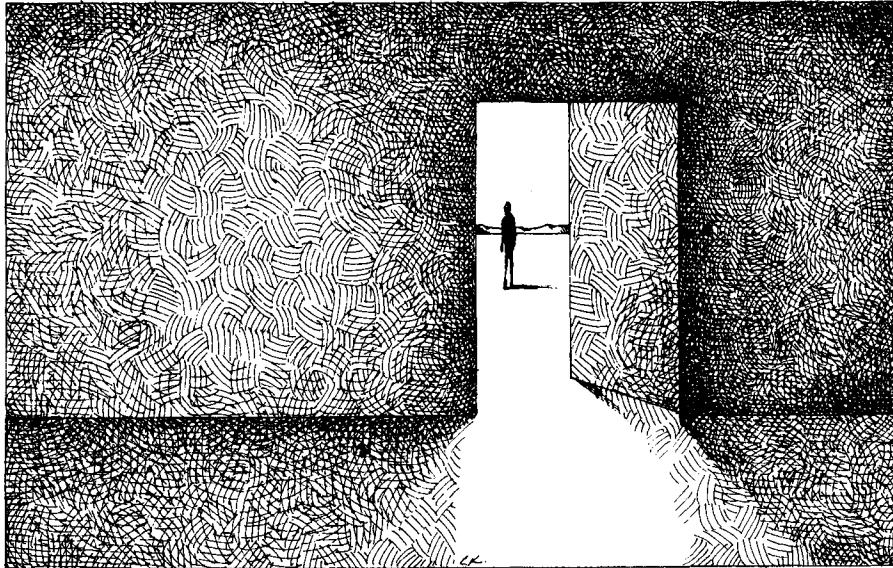
is no less real or constant, and it demands more skill and effort.

True excellence in education has little to do with the quantitative recommendations of the commission. It requires teachers who challenge students of various capabilities; it requires stimulating projects, learning by doing, and the conferral of responsibility; it requires relating classroom subjects to the students' lives and feelings.

Excellence means selecting mature candidates for teacher training. It means giving teachers the same respect teachers should give children.

—Benjamin Spock, M.D.

Benjamin Spock is a pediatrician, a child psychologist, a medical school teacher, and a political activist. At the present time, he is working on a fourth revision of Baby and Child Care.



AFRICA DROUGHT OF THE CENTURY

Conditions are worse now than they were during the famine of 1973-1974, in which half a million Africans starved to death



UNLESS THE RAINS come soon, nourishing the 1984 plantings, the news from Africa will be grim. Last October, the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) announced that twenty-two of the fifty African nations were suffering catastrophic food shortages. Some 5 million refugees in these nations are seeking food and shelter; 150 million Africans face starvation. Four million tons of emergency food aid are urgently needed.

Conditions are far more serious now than during the famine of 1973-1974, when perhaps 500,000 Africans starved to death and several million more were permanently scarred by malnutrition.

For the past two years, the worst drought in a century has spread across sub-Saharan Africa into southern Africa. Crops are failing, livestock dying, and reserve food stocks dwindling. Five African nations—Chad, Ethiopia, Ghana, São Tomé, and Mozambique—need immediate food aid. Africans in the other seventeen nations may starve if the rains don't come, or if aid doesn't reach peasant farmers before they are forced by hunger to eat the seeds they should use for planting.

Africa's food crisis has been building for more than two decades. In 1962, the nations of Africa produced 98 percent of their food; some were net food exporters. By 1970, however, the figure had slipped below 90 percent, and today, according to the International Monetary Fund, food production in Africa is declining at the rate of 2 percent per year. Half the world's idle arable land lies in Africa. But by 1975, forty out of forty-five black African nations could not feed themselves. During the 1970s, the average annual per capita growth rate for African agriculture was *minus* 1.4 percent for all crops. The growth of per capita food production was *minus* 1.2 percent.

Many of the world's hungriest and poorest people live in sub-Saharan Africa, the only region of the world where per capita food production has declined steadily over the past twenty years. Production of major food crops there fell 14 percent from 1961 to 1980, while the volume of food imports grew by an average of 9.5 percent annually. Grain imports have doubled in the past five years. By 1981, sub-Saharan Africa required some 3.7 million tons of food aid annually. (Africa receives almost 60 percent of the world's food aid.) The International Food Research Institute projects that by 1990—just six years from now—Africa will need to import nearly five times as much, or 17 million tons of food annually.

Africa since 1960 has seen more than twelve wars, some fifty coups, the assassinations of thirteen heads of state, widespread refugee problems, cyclical drought, and the spread of the desert—all of which have been disruptive to planting, harvesting, and marketing. "Africa is already in a catastrophic condition," says the French agronomist René Dumont. "Most of the countries of tropical Africa . . . are in reality bankrupt, reduced to a state of permanent beggary."

THE CAUSES OF Africa's food crisis are still being identified, but at least three seem clear. The first is the low priority given to agriculture. Declines in food production have resulted from government policies that have favored industrialization over agriculture. Seeking to move away from the colonial past, new African governments viewed agriculture as "the backward sector," whose taxes and surplus of labor would fuel industrial and urban development. They supported neocolonial policies promoting large-scale farms and cash-crop production, and replaced private traders and lenders with government trading corporations and marketing boards that controlled prices paid to farmers.

The result is a lesson in basic economics. Agricultural production was stifled by harsh taxation, the underpricing of commodities, and the neglect of technology and services in favor of low food prices and industrial and urban development.

Analysts believe that the failure of African nations to develop and implement agricultural policies that would further techniques and training, and thus

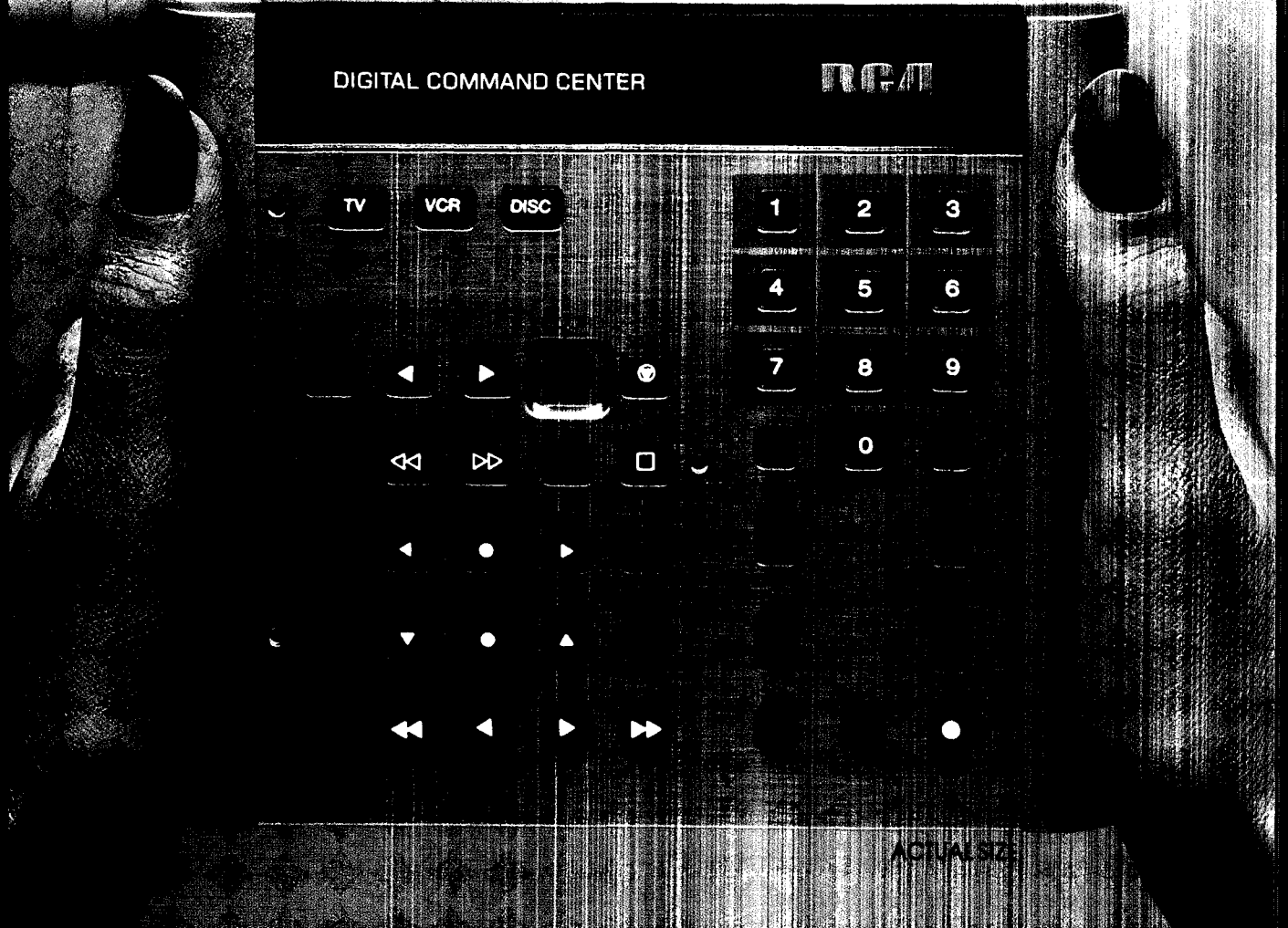
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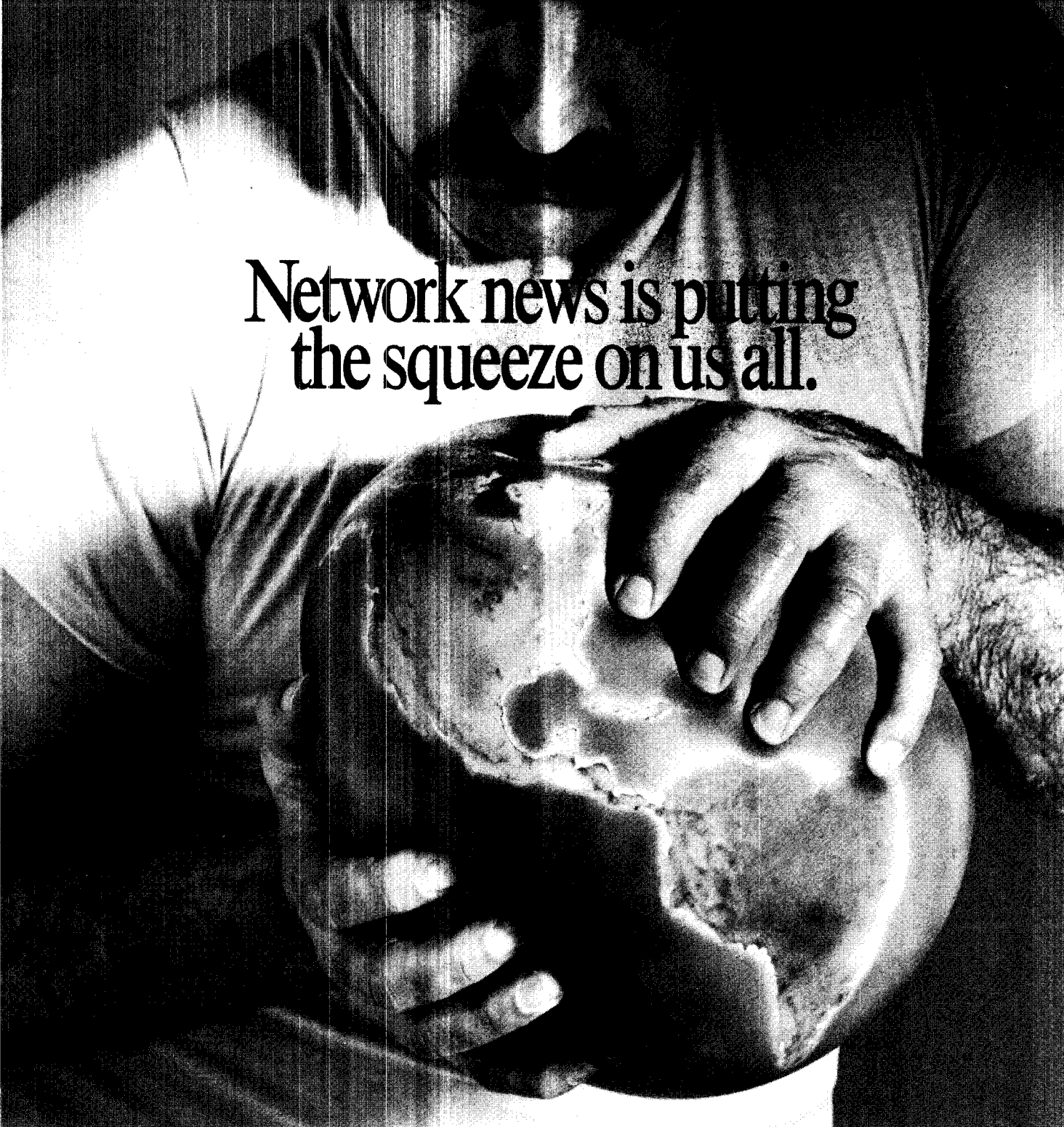
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strengthen the infrastructure is at the heart of the present food crisis. Africa has the world's lowest level of fertilizer consumption, and it is the only continent where tractor use is declining. African farmers have been discouraged by poor transportation, a lack of paved roads, and insufficient storage facilities for harvests. Some farmers enter the black, or parallel, market, and others produce only for themselves and their villages. As a result, sub-Saharan Africa's official crop yields for major food crops are the lowest in the world. Cereal yields, for example, are half those of Asia and Latin America.

The second cause of the crisis is economic. From 1960 to 1978, the cost of Africa's petroleum imports rose 757 percent and the cost of grain imports rose tenfold. But prices paid for export crops such as coffee, cocoa, tea, and sisal went down, and so foreign exchange to pay for imports decreased. In 1982, more than 80 percent of the African nations experienced a worsening balance of trade. A major obstacle to Africa's recovery, therefore, has been a huge and growing balance-of-payments deficit, which quadrupled between 1973 and 1981, when it reached \$54.3 billion. To earn foreign exchange, many African nations continue to favor growing export crops over growing food. Here, too, many farmers have gone into the underground economy, where smuggled cash crops enable them to avoid the constraints of government pricing policies.

The third cause is demographic. Africa's population is increasing faster than its ability to grow food. In the countries of sub-Saharan Africa, population-growth rates average 3.2 percent per year: their populations will double in twenty-one years. Almost half the people of the region are under age fifteen, which assures continued high population-growth rates. The World Bank estimates that if the present rate of growth continues, the cultivated area of Africa will have to expand by 64 percent to supply the same amount of food per capita in 1992 that it does today. Food is not the only problem: schools, hospitals, housing, and jobs will all have to increase proportionally.

Africa has one of the world's highest rates of rural-to-urban migration—the urban growth rate is almost 8 percent a year—with attendant changes in food demand and consumption. The city dweller increasingly prefers wheat and

rice to traditional African foods like cassava, yams, millet, and sorghum. This shift has been encouraged by African governments' pricing methods, which favor the urban consumer over the rural producer and often make imported cereals cheaper than domestic staples. Wheat and rice now dominate Africa's grain imports, which rose from 1.2 million tons in 1963 to more than 8 million tons in 1980, when the imports cost \$2.1 billion. This increase is placing a burden on foreign-exchange reserves, which are already limited.

AFRICA NEEDS BOTH short-term emergency food aid and assistance toward increasing agricultural productivity. The West, including the United States, has been very slow to help Africa meet its short-term needs. The first warnings of widespread starvation emerged from Africa in September of 1982. Not until the next May—eight months later—did the FAO send telegrams to twenty-seven Western nations, including the United States, asking for emergency food assistance for Africa. By February of this year, international pledges of food totaled just half of the needed 4 million tons.

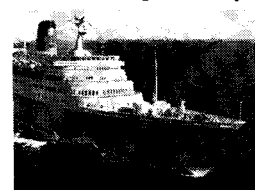
The United States stores half of the world's surplus food grains. President Reagan controls more than 4 million tons of grain in a reserve established in 1980 specifically for famine relief. Title II of Public Law 480 (the Food for Peace law) enables the President to donate emergency food quickly through government-to-government programs, international organizations like the World Food Programme, or volunteer relief agencies like CARE and Catholic Relief Services. Titles I and III of PL 480 also provide food for development purposes, as in the Food for Work program, in which laborers are paid in food instead of money.

Every year since Reagan took office, however, he has decreased food aid to Africa. This fiscal year, the Reagan Administration again cut Food for Peace, from an already modest \$219 million to \$204 million. A separate food-aid program that covers emergencies like the one in Africa was also cut, from \$84 million to \$72 million. In 1980, by comparison, this program stood at \$195 million and Food for Peace at \$375 million.

Under pressure, the Reagan Administration recently pledged \$60 million in aid and sent emergency food shipments

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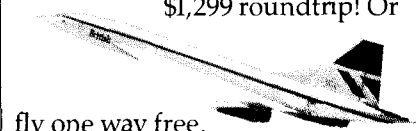


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to Africa totaling 71,363 metric tons; it plans to postpone further action by asking Congress for \$90 million more. It promises a total of 187,000 tons of U.S. food for Africa by next October, despite the FAO estimate that 4 million tons will be needed by this June. Moreover, USAID, the agency that handles U.S. food aid, has also been slow to respond to the starvation. Its officials took no significant actions until last July. Requests for more aid are slowly grinding through the USAID bureaucracy. By the end of last year, the agency had approved aid for just eight of the twenty-two African nations where people are starving.

While the United States speaks of humanitarian considerations, political and strategic concerns more often shape policy. Nowhere is this better seen than in the case of Ethiopia. During 1973 and 1974, a drought of several years reduced Ethiopian peasant farmers to eating the seeds they should have planted. Those who were strong enough walked out of the bush to the only paved road through Wollo and Tigray provinces, where they lay down, blocking traffic and begging for food. Haile Selassie's government remained silent for six months. The United States and other potential donors went along, although they also knew of the starvation. Some 250,000 peasants starved to death, and the Selassie government was overthrown.

In 1982, again following several years of drought and crop failure, tens of thousands of Ethiopian peasants in Wollo and Tigray provinces abandoned their villages in a desperate search for food. This time, however, the government of Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam did not ignore the warning signals. In September of 1982, the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission, in operation since the 1973-1974 famine, began alerting potential donors that some 2 million Ethiopians urgently needed food. Nonetheless, the Administration in early 1983 cut off *all* food aid to Ethiopia, from 8,172 metric tons in 1982 to none for 1984.

The Reagan Administration had several good reasons to be cautious about Ethiopia. First, the Mengistu government is Marxist, one of the most pro-Soviet regimes in Africa, and has been a flagrant violator of human rights in the past. It owes \$2 billion to the Soviet Union for arms, and there are now some 2,500 Soviet advisers, 3,000 East Ger-

mans, and 11,000 Cubans in Ethiopia. Second, during the winter of 1982-1983, it was said that Mengistu was siphoning off relief food for his troops and that the food shortage was actually caused by the Russians, who were taking Ethiopia's grain production as payment for arms. Some international donors delayed food shipments while they tracked down the rumors, neither of which proved true. Third, the three provinces suffering the greatest starvation—Wollo, Tigray, and Eritrea—are splintered by guerrilla war. The guerrilla units, some of which have been fighting since 1962, claim to be operating their own feeding stations in the rural areas they control. Their relief organizations, too, have asked international donors for emergency food aid.

From a political perspective, Ethiopia is a poor risk for the West. But it is clear that Ethiopians need food. By last spring, private aid agencies, church groups, and representatives of the United Nations were in Ethiopia distributing food to hungry people regardless of their politics. United Nations officials in the field estimate that some 3 million Ethiopians may be starving. American projections, based on photographs from satellites, indicate that Ethiopia will suffer a 2-million-ton grain shortfall early this year.

After nine months' delay, the Reagan Administration, pressured by Congress and the press, granted 5,338 tons of emergency food for Ethiopia. It also reinstated \$5.3 million in regular food aid, which will provide 11,863 tons of food, enough to feed 178,000 people for about a year.

WHY SHOULD FEEDING hungry people be so painful? Reagan was clearly reacting to political considerations: Ethiopia is a Marxist nation crisscrossed by guerrilla war and occupied by Cuban soldiers, among others; the United States has naval bases in neighboring Somalia. At the same time that Reagan was cutting food aid to Marxist Ethiopia, he was increasing food aid to Marxist Mozambique, in southern Africa. Both are among the twenty-two nations where people are starving, but offering aid to Mozambique gives the President the image of caring as much for blacks in southern Africa as for whites in South Africa.

Since the Second World War, the United States has been the world's leading

donor of food. U.S. aid has played an increasingly important role in sub-Saharan Africa's economic and political life. Under Title II of PL 480, the U.S. has shipped surplus grain to alleviate emergencies in West and East Africa. Food aid sent under Titles I and III, started as temporary measures, was intended to halt the decline in Africa's food production and help its agricultural development.

While there is little controversy over Title II food aid for emergencies, there is much surrounding developmental food aid. There is some evidence that PL 480 food aid sold at concessional terms or given as grants for Food for Work has damaged Africa's agricultural programs. Critics both in and out of the food-aid business are concerned that such aid has created disincentives by shifting patterns of consumption to wheat and rice, the principal aid commodities; that it has drawn off scarce resources such as skilled workers, transportation, and storage facilities from local agricultural production; and that it has permitted African governments to put off reforms of agricultural policies—especially pricing policies—that would stimulate local food production.

What, then, should be done? To meet Africa's short-term needs, the West and especially the United States must learn to respond quickly to starvation alerts in the Third World. To help with the long-term problems, food aid for development needs re-evaluation. Academic and governmental studies are under way to determine the impact of food aid on Africa's farmers; charges that it creates disincentives, delays policy reforms, or simply continues neocolonial dependencies should be carefully examined.

Africa's plight comes at a time of a U.S. foreign-policy shift from aid for development toward aid for political or strategic purposes. From 1981 to 1983, while Africans begged for food, the Reagan Administration cut food aid to Africa by more than a third and increased military aid by 157 percent. By the time this drought ends, United States aid to Africa may be not in food or technical assistance for development but in guns and military training for strategically located friends.

—Jack Shepherd

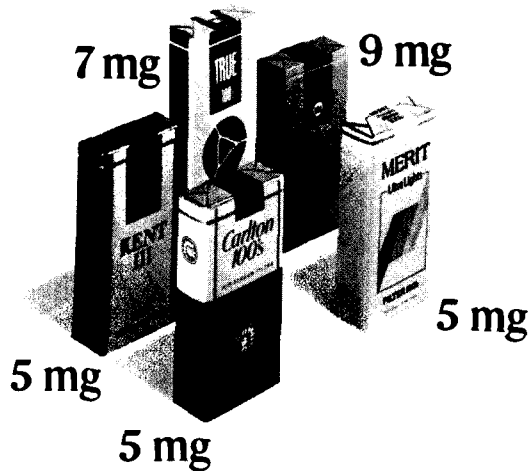
Jack Shepherd is a journalist and the author of nine books, including The Politics of Starvation, which investigated the 1973-1974 famine in Ethiopia.

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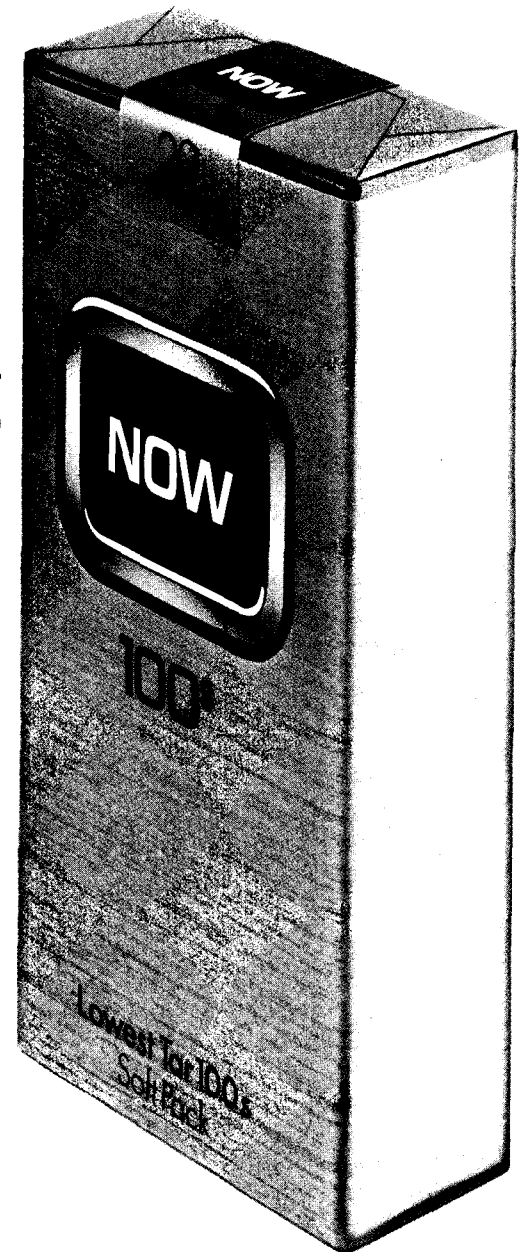
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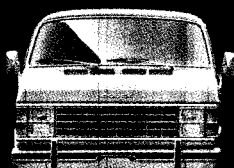
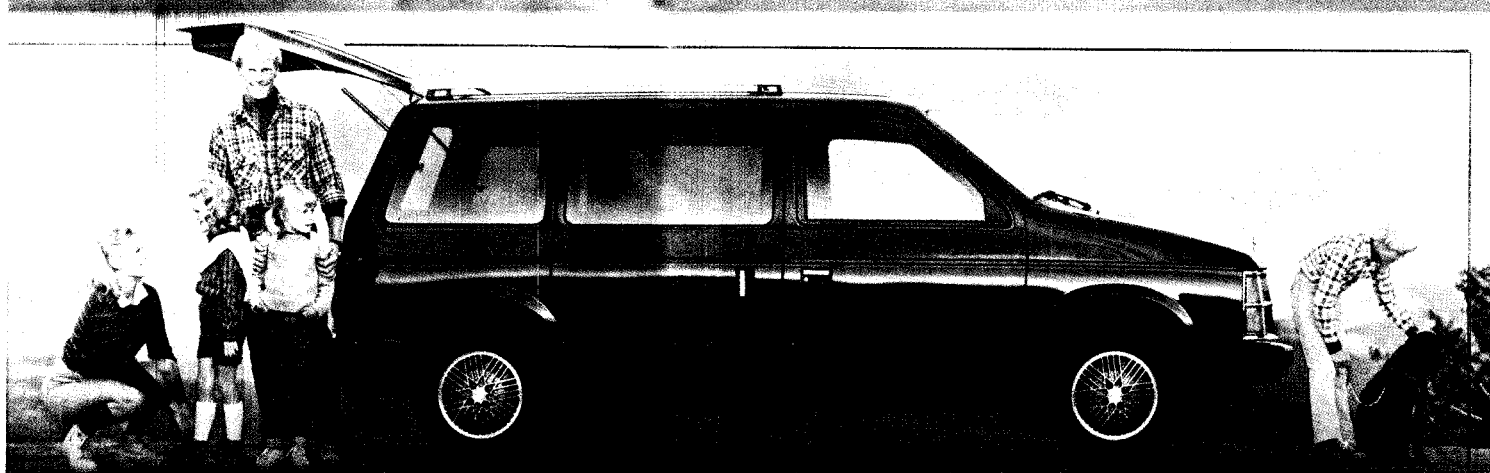
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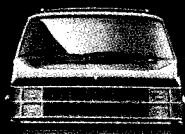
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*An examination of the historical roots of a conflict
that Americans are peculiarly ill suited to understand*

SHEDDING LIGHT ON LEBANON

BY JOHN KEEGAN

THE STATE GETS A BAD PRESS TODAY. IT DOES TOO little, it does too much. It serves itself, it serves anyone but you and me. The rich seek to deny it the wealth it needs to run. The poor demand more of it than any organization can deliver. "Special-interest" pressure groups condemn it when it heeds the pleas of others. Individualists decry it as interfering when it tries to play fair with all. Disarmers depict it as warmongering. The defense community warns that it neglects the simple necessities of national security. The law-and-order lobby complains that it is soft on criminals. The civil libertarians allege that it wants to send honest men to jail. Everyone, left, right, center, wants more or less of the state and finds few good words to say about it unless he gets what he wants. Even the Marxists, who put their shirt on the state's back, look forward to the time when it will wither away. The state seems to have no friends at all.

What would its critics, even its enemies, make of a country where the state does, because it can do, virtually nothing? Such is the condition of Lebanon. Even in February, the outward trappings of the state were all present. There was a governmental structure, with a head of state, a prime ministerial office, a parliament, and a raft of political parties. Lebanon had a seat at the United Nations and maintained embassies in most foreign capitals, which issued visas and revalidated the passports of its nationals resident abroad. There was a constitution, a judicial code, and a legal apparatus whose courts occupied prominent buildings in the country's major cities. There was a police force, and a customs-and-immigration service that inspected the papers of travelers at ports of entry. There was a civil service, whose members continued

to be paid, and a rapidly dwindling army, whose maintenance was the principal charge on the government's account. But of a state that defends, adjudicates, taxes, heals, educates, *governs*, there was no trace at all.

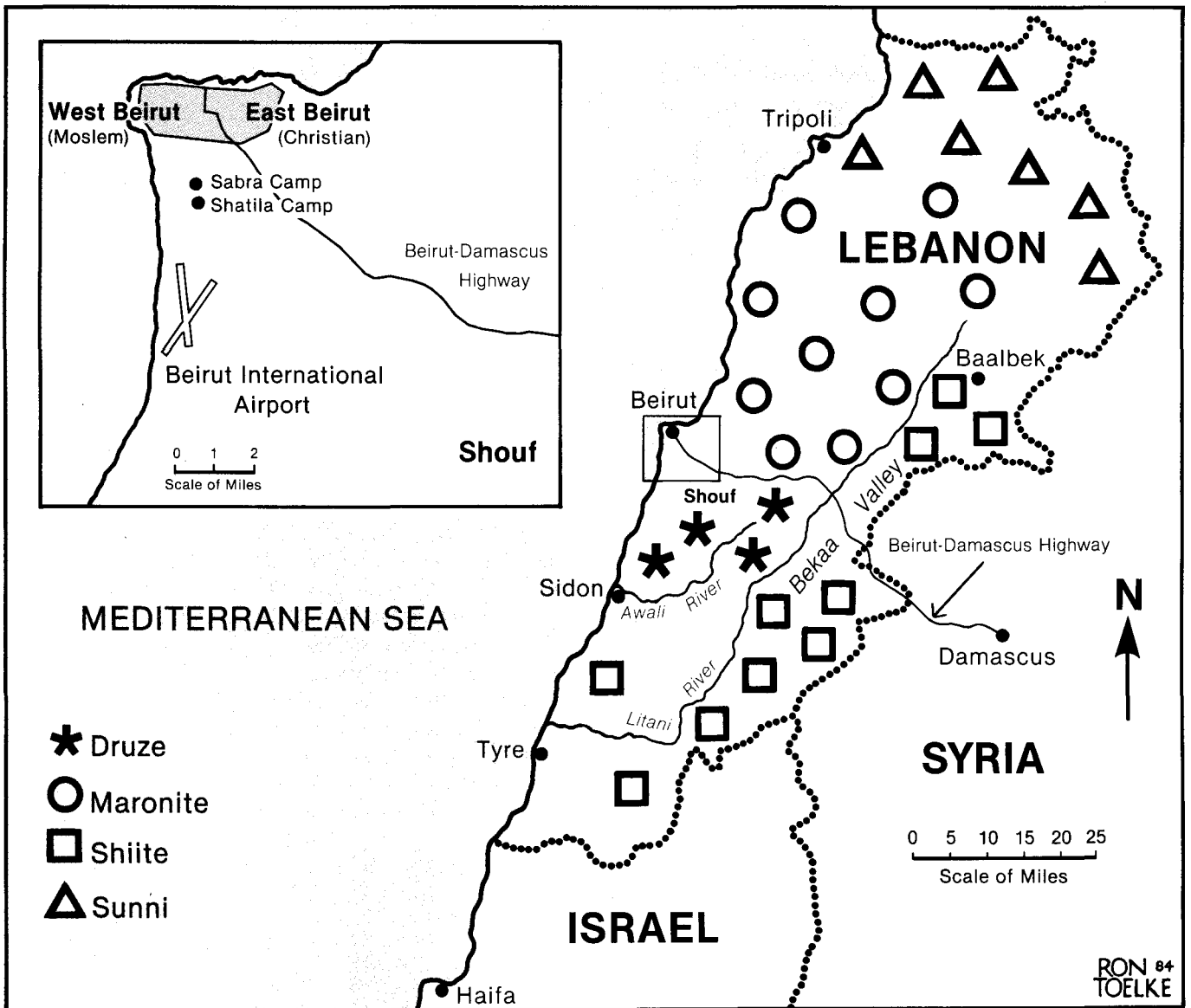
This is the country that the four contingents of the multinational force were pledged to rescue from anarchy. Not anarchism, of course; that idealistic creed holds that communities, if untroubled by state selfishness, will learn to settle their differences and regulate their relationships by homespun diplomacy. Woe to the hopes of Bakunin and Malatesta! Lebanon abounds in communities, few of them subject to state authority, that cherish their differences and conduct their relationships at the point of a gun. A few heroic elements of the state system rise above the prevailing tide of sectarianism. On the second night of a visit I made to Beirut in December, a car-bombing of a Greek Catholic church round the corner from the Commodore

Hotel brought the international press corps, sped thither by the taxi fleet that hovers at the hotel's door, to the scene within a minute of the bang. But the Beirut ambulance and fire services were ahead of us, the crews of their little Volkswagen buses busy with the damage and the casualties. They are almost the lone representatives of what you and I—hate the state, love it, or pass by on the other side—expect as a matter of course.

The other normalities of existence function erratically or not at all. Self-interest ensures that the public utilities—electricity and water—are generally spared interference, and the corporations somehow collect their revenue. The service of both utilities is nevertheless frequently interrupted, either because shelling or sabotage damages their installations or because demand exceeds output



DOWNTOWN BEIRUT, 1984



from the machinery left intact. Many streets run with water from unrepaired pipes, and most stores and public buildings are flanked by petrol-driven generators. The sound of their springing to life in chorus is the sign that the electricity has been cut again. Only half the numbers in the national telephone system function. The postal service has been in disarray for years, unsurprisingly so when letter carriers may be murdered for belonging to the wrong religion. When the Beirut airport closes, foreign mail cannot leave or enter the country at all. Closures are frequent and often prolonged, for the airport lies in the shadow of the Shouf Mountains, within easy artillery range of the Druze and Syrian guns hidden behind their crests. And it is not only the airport that lies under their threat. The whole of East Beirut, the Christian quarter, can be and is reached by shells from the Shouf.

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IT IS NOT AS IF BEIRUT WERE SOME FORMLESS THIRD World sprawl, with wasteland and vacant lots between the buildings to absorb the weight of hostile firepower. Beirut is a large, densely built, and densely packed modern city. Most of its buildings are European in style and so is its pattern of life. Indeed, its inhabitants look European—an observation offered in an entirely unracist sense. The Lebanese political leaders who attended the November meeting of the “reconciliation” conference in Geneva may have succeeded only in agreeing that “Lebanon is an Arab country,” and it is certainly true that all Lebanese speak Arabic. But many speak English, a lot of Christian (and some non-Christian) Lebanese prefer to speak French, and virtually all Lebanese look Mediterranean French—or Greek or Italian—rather than what Europeans and Americans think of when they visualize Middle Eastern people. In many ways the Lebanese look more European than their near neighbors the Israelis, who, since the immigration of round about a million Oriental

Jews, present in some districts a distinctly Asian appearance. And while Israel turns increasingly in upon itself, agonizing over policies that mean little to the Western world, a large part of the Lebanese population—Sunni Moslems as well as Christians—strains to emphasize its Westernness, and many residents seek nothing more earnestly than the chance to escape into the Western promised land. Two million Lebanese do in fact live abroad (there are major Lebanese communities in Wheeling, West Virginia; Austin, Texas; and St. Louis, Missouri), and by now the money they send home amounts to 40 percent of the national income. Many in Lebanon are sustained by the hope of joining the branches of their families in the diaspora.

This emphasis on the Westernness of the Lebanese is not intended to imply that what has been done to them (leaving out of consideration what the Lebanese have inflicted on themselves) would be more excusable if it had been done to Yemenis or Ethiopians. I emphasize their Westernness because I am addressing a Western readership in a Western magazine and I believe that people understand best the troubles of those with whom they can most closely identify. Which takes us back to the devastation and suffering that nine years of war—civil war, factional terrorism, foreign intervention against terrorism, war between foreign armies on Lebanese soil—have visited on Lebanon in general and on its capital in particular. Beirut is a city of a million people, one third of the population of the country. Perhaps 400,000 (no one has counted) inhabit the ramshackle southern suburbs around the airport, most of them newcomers, whether Palestinian refugees or Lebanese fugitives from the Israeli occupation of the south. The rest live in the city proper, which, seen at a distance, resembles any other prosperous port metropolis on the Mediterranean. The center is dominated by the high-rise towers of luxury hotels. The waterfront is girdled by a corniche and lined with charming seafood restaurants, blocks of expensive apartments, foreign embassies, and the tree-shaded campus of the American University. At the well-equipped harbor, efficient modern installations mingle with Franco-Islamic buildings instantly reminiscent of the setting for *Casablanca*.

Particularly *Casablanca*-like is the customs building, through which travelers who arrive by sea—as I did and as all must do during the frequent airport closures—make their entry. Arched and colonnaded, overhung by cypresses, it has honey-yellow walls that breathe the tranquillity of Mediterranean voyaging in the era of the Blue Train and the Messageries Maritimes. Close inspection reveals the irruption of Early Devastation style. Overturned container trucks, loopholed for defense and draped with barbed wire, block the main entrance. Splashes of bullets pockmark the façade. A lopsided sign points across the basin to the jetty of the Beirut Yacht Club, where the moorings are occupied by the funnels, masts, and derricks of cargo ships that have been resting on the harbor bottom

since shelling—Syrian, Israeli, or Lebanese—sent them there in some forgotten round of the war in any year since 1975.

Early becomes Middle and Late Devastation style as the traveler penetrates the city. Every television viewer has watched the Battle of Beirut, though haze of memory will prevent him from putting dates to the episodes. Absolutely nothing in what he has watched will prepare him for the results. The gaps in the blockfronts of the South Bronx, opened by arson and urban decay, approximate somewhat the damage done to Beirut's center. Probably no city in the world has been as physically afflicted by the effects of street fighting as this one. For the Battle of Beirut—the many acts of which have involved almost every party to the Lebanese conflict—has been fought in the age of ammunition affluence, and every wall bears the marks. Block after block, high-rise and low—on the front, side, and back—the buildings are smallpoxed, measlesed, and acned with bullet strikes. An average building, fifty feet high and thirty feet wide, will show two or three thousand bullet marks on its face. A building that has been the focus of a prolonged street battle will have been windworn by bullets, its contours eroded like the rocks of Monument Valley—doorways doubled in width, window pillars narrowed to sticks, roof lines serrated, all sharp edges rounded or flattened. It is perfectly possible, given the quantities of ammunition available, that large buildings at the borders of mutually hostile districts, like the Holiday Inn and the Phoenicia Hotel, have been hit by a million bullets, or two, or three: who can say? This is not just the nuclear age. It is also the age that has made ammunition junk, a throwaway commodity like popcorn or wedding rice.

Yet even the evidence that guns have been used like aerosol cans in Beirut's streets these past nine years will not attune the visitor to face what has been done to the city's heart. Beirut, time was, liked to think of itself as the Paris of the Levant, and photographs of the Place des Martyrs ten years ago lend substance to the claim. The Place was tree-shaded, filled with gardens, and lined by the dignified facades of a great commercial quarter, where French fashions were sold beside Islamic antiques. Today the Place is a silent shell, eerily magnificent, resembling a gigantic film set conceived with a megalomania exceeding Griffith's or De Mille's. The scale and the extent of the destruction beggars belief. It is as if midtown Manhattan had been burned out from Grand Central Station to 50th Street and from Fifth Avenue to Third. The streets have been bulldozed clear and—thanks to the bravery of the engineers of the French contingent—swept of unexploded munitions and mines. The walls stand. But the interior of each building is filled with the rubble of its collapse. And for block after block the sightseer meets not a living soul.

Beyond the empty heart of the city, and outside the hours of curfew, which, when I was there, fell every evening at eight and lifted at six in the morning, life, in the intervals between outbreaks of civil strife, went on with a

bizarre normality. No doubt even now cars coagulate in enormous traffic jams, shoppers throng the streets, children troop to class—when their parents judge it safe—wearing the neat cotton *tabliers* of French elementary school pupils. Doctors and dentists receive patients, banks (there are sixty Lebanese banks) change money, stores offer for sale the gamut of international merchandise: Japanese electronic goods, Hong Kong textiles, Italian shoes, East European glassware. There is a Mediterranean-café life to the city; a plethora of newsprint, daily and weekly, French, English, and Arabic; leisure to gossip and pass the time of day in the famous Beirut argot: “*Shu haida, chérie*, how’s business?”

But there is also a strained, harried, almost frenetic dash to Beirut street life, as if the passers-by were hurry-

wholly to blame. Some of the objective reasons are recent and contingent, particularly those stemming from the Israeli intervention, and some originate with the earliest appearance of Christian and Moslem populations in the Levant.

LEBANON IS A COUNTRY THAT AMERICANS ARE PECULIARLY ill suited to understand. The American miracle may be represented in a number of ways, political and economic as well as cultural. But it can be argued that the supreme triumph of the American people is to have produced the largest homogeneous cultural unit on earth. Neither China or Russia, comparable though each is in extent and population, can claim that the official lan-



CHRISTIAN PHALANGISTS



PALESTINIAN

ing to put distance between themselves and each parked car. “Roving massacres” is what a Beirut journalist has called car bombs, and their detonations have punctuated the city’s life, often with ghastly results, ever since the shooting began. The strain goes deeper. Acute mental illness has declined since the outbreak of the civil war, an effect familiar to psychologists: external troubles rout ones that come from within. But the mentally stable are afflicted by chronic, low-level anxiety, which manifests itself in psychosomatic illness, ulcers, overeating, dependence on tranquilizers, and an inability to face a future of more than a few days’ duration. A sense of powerlessness and an inability to comprehend what has happened to them, and why, lie at the root of the Lebanese neurosis. Many Lebanese confess to feeling like the victims of a conspiracy that they do not understand and whose source they cannot locate. There are, nevertheless, objective reasons for their situation, ones for which the Lebanese cannot be held

guage of the state is understood from border to border or that the values that obtain among the governing and intellectual class of the capital are the raw material of public life in the remotest province. Both countries are the cultural inferiors of the United States in that respect. But the “melting pot” ethos that has long directed the outlook of the United States is nevertheless a drawback when the country seeks to exercise its power in regions that do not resemble it. And there is probably no country in the world, not even multilingual Nigeria or multi-ethnic India, that resembles the United States less than Lebanon. An American might suppose that in a territory 135 miles long and fewer than 40 broad, with a total area smaller than Connecticut’s, and with a civilization dating back 6,000 years, cultural differences would have mellowed if they had not altogether disappeared. Such a supposition would be entirely wrong. There has been no Lebanese melting pot. The Lebanese have been at daggers drawn for centur-

ies, and in recent times the differences among them have sharpened rather than blunted.

It has been suggested by a Palestinian commentator, Hussein Sirriyeh, that influences on Lebanese affairs may be categorized under four headings: the Lebanese, the Palestinian, the Arab, and the international. Then, he says, differences among Lebanese may be divided into four kinds—sectarian (Christian against Moslem), socio-economic (poor against rich), political (pan-Arabist against Lebanese nationalist), and dynastic (local Lebanese leaderships against one another). This is to oversimplify. It leaves out of account—to mention but two factors—Israeli strategic concerns and Lebanese regionalism. It also passes over the puzzling and important question of what Syria wants from its embroilment in Lebanon. Syria has

more limited as a tool for understanding. But it does at least bring into immediate focus the most fundamental and sanguinary of the differences among Lebanese, which is the sectarian one.

Lebanon belongs to the heartland of Christianity, and thereby to the storm center of Christian heresy and schism. Quarrels over the nature of Christ are no longer the staple of relations between Christians, but 1,500 years ago they were. The Nestorians, who believed that in Christ there were two separate beings, and the Monophysites, who believed that Christ had a divine nature alone, energetically propagated their doctrines against the official teaching that Christ was a single person with a divine and a human nature. The Monothelites, who believed in two natures but a single will, were later entrants to the



M. PHILIPPO/STYMA

FIGHTERS



G. SPENGLER/STYMA

SHIITE MILITIA

never accepted the separate existence of Lebanon, which under Ottoman rule was counted as part of the same political entity. To Damascus, therefore, Lebanon is Syria irreducible. But irredentism does not fully explain Syrian policy, which is also influenced by the desire to get Israel out of the Golan—an aim that Syria will perhaps realize by protracting its occupation of northern and eastern Lebanon—and by the determination to see a pro-Syrian government installed in Beirut. It may also be that Syria is pessimistically convinced of the inevitability of another war with Israel, and hopes to see it fought on Lebanese territory rather than its own. Some or all of these considerations help to explain Syria's dogmatic refusal to move as long as there are Israeli forces in southern Lebanon, an intransigence it justifies by arguing that its forces arrived in the country at the invitation of the Lebanese government and not by unilateral act, as Israel's did. Because it leaves out the immense imponderable of Syria, Sirriyeh's analysis is even

fray; later still were the Orthodox schismatics, who had their own views about how the Holy Spirit descended from Father to Son. Regionalism and difficulties of communication between regions solidified these differences. Thus, the Christians of the Euphrates Valley became firmly Nestorian, the Armenians Monophysite, and the Maronites, now the leading Lebanese Christian community, Monothelite. The Syrian Christians eventually came to be numbered among the Orthodox churches. But these were not outcomes that Rome would let rest. At various periods between the Crusades, which greatly strengthened papal influence in the Levant, and the eighteenth century, Roman emissaries talked these churches or portions of them back into the fold, within which they preserved their own rites and customs. The Maronites came back en masse, the local Orthodox in part, the Armenians in a minority. The result is that there are today in Lebanon ten separate versions of historic Christianity: Maronite, Syrian Orthodox and

Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Catholic, Armenian Orthodox and Catholic, Chaldean and Assyrian Nestorians, and some mainstream Roman Catholics, under no fewer than five professed occupants of the ancient Patriarchate of Antioch. The presence of some undisputatious Lebanese Presbyterians seems a comparative blessing.

Many of the representatives of the ancient churches would not be where they are but for the second important religious factor: the Arab conquest and the waves of religious persecution that the rise of Islam provoked. Moslems should not under Koranic law and do not much in practice persecute Christians. But all sects fall short of perfection by their own standards. Islam, which is a political as well as a religious system, often seems to be persecuting when, by its own lights, it is merely punishing non-Moslems for dissidence or aggression. The effect is the same.

The Maronites, according to their historians, arrived in Lebanon to escape the authority of the Abbasid caliphate in Syria, during the eighth century. The Syrian Christians were displaced into Lebanon in the early nineteenth century by the fanaticism of the Wahhabi reform movement, whose descendants today control Saudi Arabia. The Armenians arrived, as a result of Ottoman Turkish oppression, during and after the First World War.

Whether the communities arrived early or late, propinquity did not necessarily breed Christian fellowship. The large sects, among whom the Maronites stand first and the Greeks, Catholic and Orthodox, second, have a long record of disagreement; the Armenians, here as everywhere, stand somewhat apart, though they are widely admired for their industry and citizenship; the small sects take shelter under whose wing they can.

It seems probable that Lebanon, narrowly defined (about which more later), was largely Christian until the seventeenth century. But that does not mean that the rest of the population could be described, in contradistinction, as Moslem. Islam is almost as fissiparous as Christianity, and both of its main streams were represented in the country from early times: the orthodox Sunni and the schismatic Shia, who disagree about the descent of authority from Mohammed. But there is also present a branch of the Alawites, the Moslem minority sect to which President Hafez Assad belongs and through which he exercises power in Syria. And, of great local importance, there are the Druze.

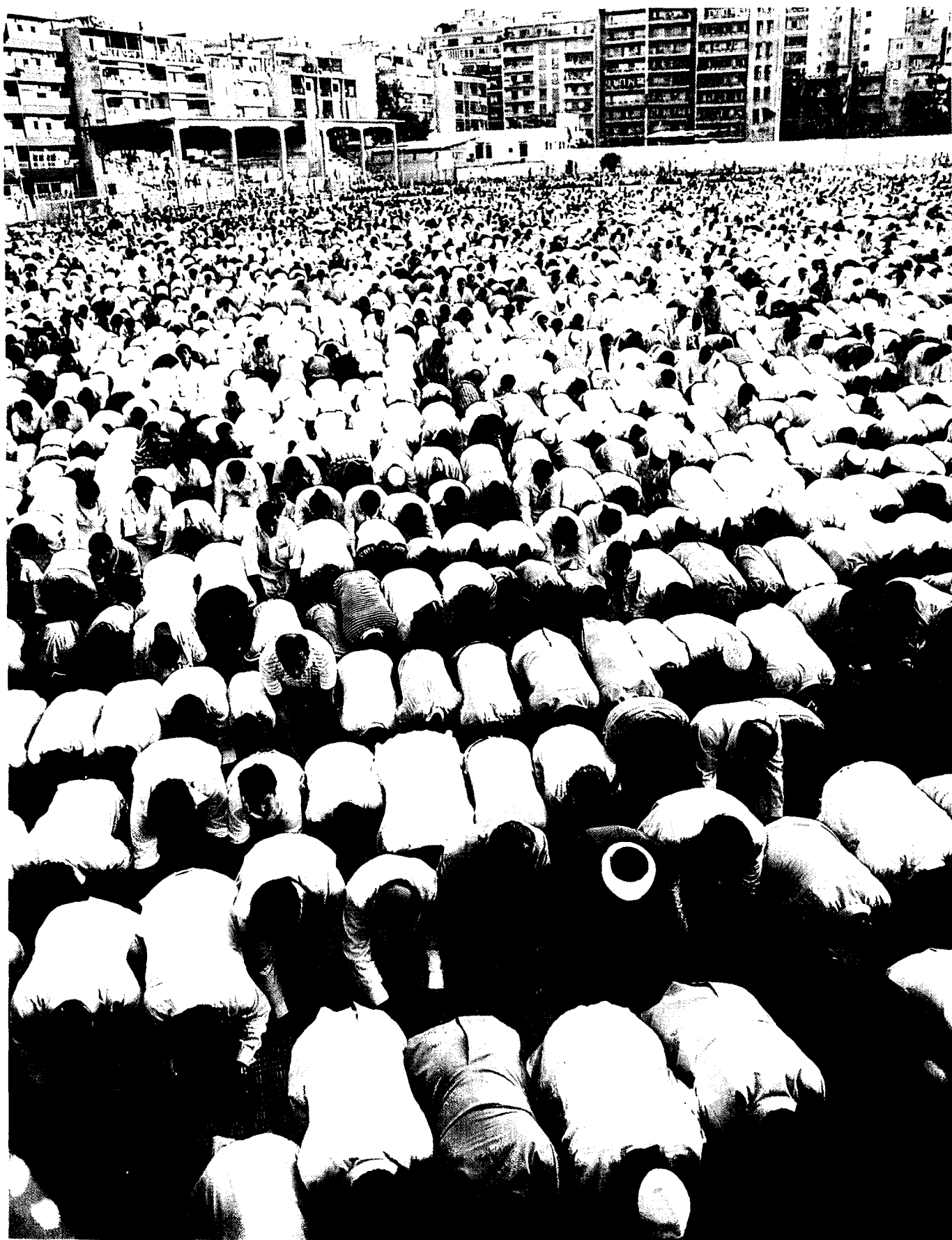
The essence of the Druze religion is a closely guarded secret. As a result, the Druze may be regarded as a sort of Moslem sect or, alternatively, as nothing of the kind. In Israel, where numbers of Druze live, they cooperate with the state and provide a large contingent of the border police. In Lebanon, they are a power in their own right, with an ancient tradition and a proud record of resistance to foreign authority. The Druze appeared in the eleventh century, when they accepted the self-proclaimed divinity of one of the caliphs of Islam, and in the seventeenth century

they set up as an independent polity. The secret nature of their religion resolves itself politically in a remarkable obedience to their own central authority and militarily in their famous fighting power.

SECTARIANISM COUNTS FOR LITTLE IN POLITICS UNLESS the sects can defend themselves. Geography defends Lebanon's sects. On the central plateau of Turkey or in the riverine plain of Egypt, they might have dwindled into historical oddities. But Lebanon is mountain territory. "The Lebanon" is, indeed, a range of mountains, flanked by the Anti-Lebanon range, with the Bekaa Valley between them. "The Mountain" is how many Lebanese, and the Maronites in particular, refer to the region from which they spring. In the short but steep river valleys, many of entrancing beauty, that run from the watershed of the coastal range to the sea, minorities were for generations safely secluded from enemies and central authority. The coastal towns—Tyre, Sidon, Tripoli, Beirut—became places of settlement for merchant immigrants, particularly Greek Orthodox and Catholics, and for the Sunni, whom the Ottoman regime favored. The Shia found room where they could. The intractable Maronites and the Druze made the Mountain their place of refuge. The mountains south of Beirut, particularly the Shouf, became the Druze heartland; the mountains to the north became "Marounistan," as journalists now call it, home to the Maronites. Geography did more than shelter the Druze and the Maronites. Because of the steepness of the river valleys running to the sea, which cut one group of villages off from the next, the standing of the valley chieftains was very sharply enhanced. Among the Druze, the calculated secrecy of their religion, which kept knowledge of the mysteries limited to a chosen few, overcame separatism. Among the Maronites, united in common belief, geography made each valley a family fief. The ancient quarrels of the feudal families persist to bedevil Christian—and so national—politics in Lebanon to this day. The most bizarre twist those quarrels have taken recently is the murderous exchanges between the two Maronite dynasties of the Franjiyehs and the Gemayels, resulting in the murder of the Franjiyeh heir apparent by Gemayel gunmen in June of 1978.

There are other mountain regions of the world whose inhabitants nurse a lofty isolationism and visit their local antagonisms on one another. Kurdistan is an obvious example. But the Kurds have the misfortune to sit astride a route to nowhere, so their long struggle for independence has failed to attract the world's attention. Lebanon straddles one of the greatest strategic corridors of conquest and trade. That is among *its* misfortunes.

No state seeking to exercise power in the Mediterranean or the Middle East can ignore events in Lebanon, any more than it can those in Israel. The two countries between the Syrian coast to the north and the fringe of Sinai



MOYERBLACK STAR

MOSLEMS PRAYING, BEIRUT

to the south provide the land route connecting Asia with Africa. The time will no doubt come, as the great geopolitician Halford Mackinder predicted, when the technology of transportation will abolish the importance of land bridges. It has not done so yet. Historically, this one has been of the greatest significance. Along the narrow strip between desert and sea, armies have marched since the dawn of history. And though today the grazing land, water, and level ground that the route affords do not have the same military significance as when cavalry won battles, the route is still vital to power in the region. It is geography, as much as ideology or history, that makes Zionism a force to reckon with. It is the confusion of ideologies struggling for power over the same geography that makes Lebanon the plaything of external forces that it has become.

the desert of Sinai in the south and extending as far inland as the headwaters of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The division of the region between British and French mandates, and the creation of the Arab kingdoms that they sponsored in Transjordan and Iraq, sundered that loose but historic unity. And the French went further. Rather than rule their mandated territory as a single unit, they chose to divide it into quarters: a Druze state in what is now southern Syria, an Alawite state in northern Syria, the rest of modern Syria, and "Greater Lebanon."

In creating this last state, the French were institutionalizing a separation that they had been instrumental in imposing on the Ottoman Empire sixty years before. The Ottoman Turks had ruled Syria since the sixteenth century, but had been content that its more remote regions



GREEK ORTHODOX NUNS



DRUZE

Yet, historically, the region has been under one rule far more often than not. It was so under the caliphates of the eighth and ninth centuries and again under the Ottomans from the sixteenth. In the interim, Mameluke and Crusader imperialism caused quite short-lived disruption. The international boundaries that chop through the great coastal route today are of recent and European making. The origin of those that define Israel is well known. The story of the delineation of Lebanon's boundaries is more complicated and obscure, though it begins at the same time.

AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR, ACCORDING TO plans laid during it, France became the mandatory power, under the League of Nations, in what today is Syria and Lebanon. Historically, "Syria" is the term for an eclectic region, loosely held by the Ottomans, lying between the Taurus Mountains of Turkey in the north and

should muddle along while paying their taxes and not disturbing the peace. Other mountain regions in the empire, like Albania and Montenegro—poor, backward, and awkward to administer—enjoyed similar dispensations. But "Mount Lebanon" differed from Turkey's other backwaters by reason of its Christian population and its links with the West. France had long since constituted itself the papacy's agent in relations with the Maronites; it provided them with missionaries and had founded their network of modern schools. In 1860, as a result of an outbreak of violence between Druze and Christians, in which 11,000 Christians were massacred in a few weeks, France led an international peace-keeping force into the country and insisted that the Turkish sultan re-order his rule there to prevent a recurrence.

The outcome was the creation of the Special Region (Mutasarrifate) of Mount Lebanon. Roughly coinciding with today's Druze and Christian heartlands, it was put under

the governorship of a Christian non-Lebanese subject of the Turkish sultan, who answered directly to the sultan at Istanbul. The Special Region was divided into seven districts, whose boundaries were drawn along religious ones and whose headmen were to elect an administrative council the composition of which would reflect the size of the different religious groups. Maronites and Druze predominated. It was under this liberal and successful system of government that Mount Lebanon was ruled until the Ottoman Empire collapsed, in 1918.

The French, as mandataries, naturally chose to perpetuate the system that they had inspired. Had they done only that, the Lebanese Republic, whose independence, under French protection, was proclaimed in 1926, might flourish yet. Unfortunately, the French decided to reward

historic allies, the Maronites, and the Maronites too often chose to run the government as if the other communities were their inferiors. Their attitude was bound to make for trouble, and trouble came before the outbreak of the Second World War. But the war also presented the opportunity for a new beginning, and it is to that new beginning that many Lebanese today look back with the nostalgia felt for a lost golden age.

Lebanon and Syria (into which the Alawite and Druze entities had been absorbed), along with the rest of the French overseas territories, remained under French rule after the fall of France, in 1940. But the British in Palestine, mistrusting Vichy's resolve to keep the two free of German influence, decided to invade the territories in April of 1941. De Gaulle, as leader of the Free French,



FRANK FOURNIER/CONTACT

LEADERS



G. RANCIN/USGMA

MARONITE SEMINARIANS

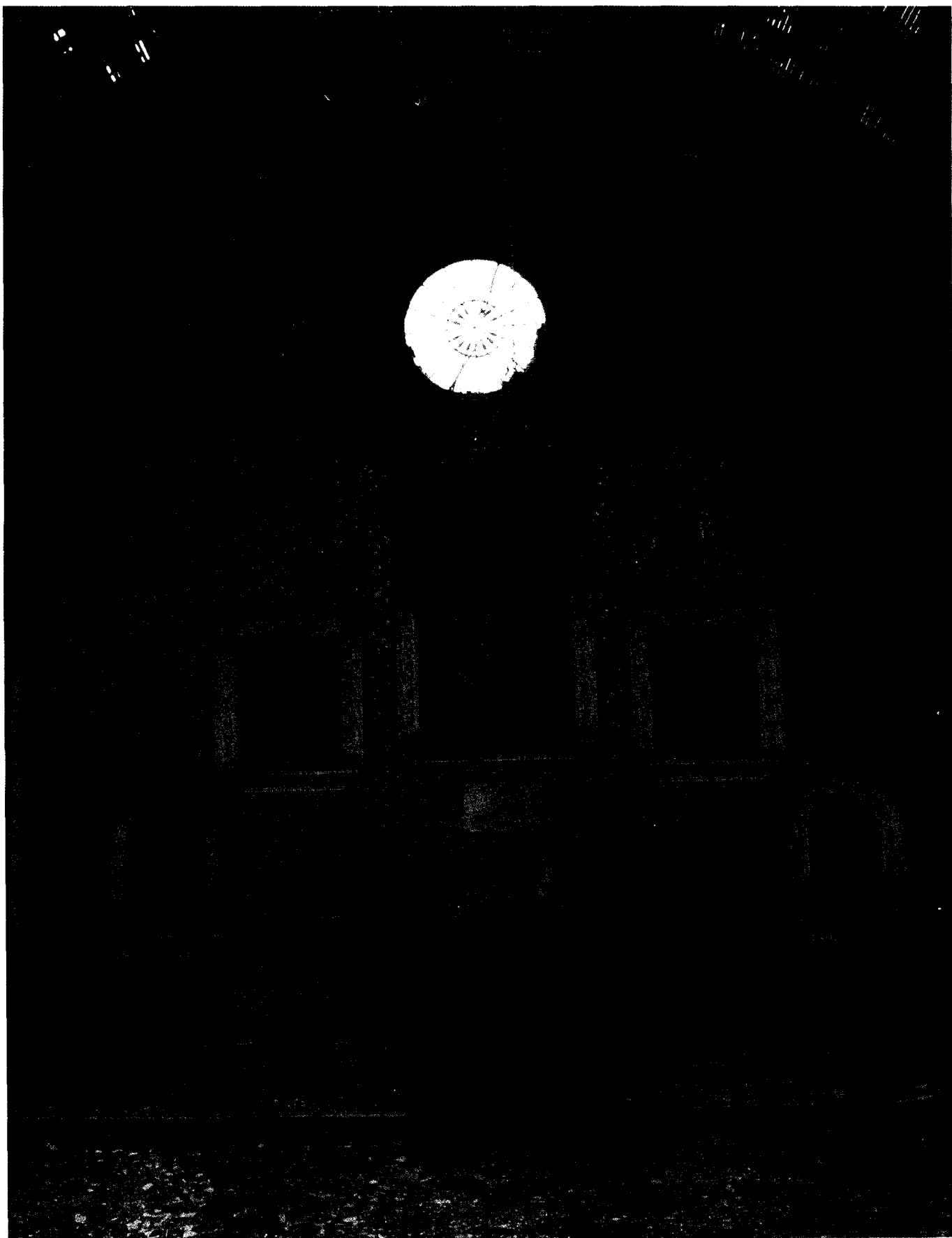
their Lebanese friends and supporters—both those who wanted a Greater Lebanon for its own sake and those propertied families whose holdings extended beyond the Mountain into the purely Moslem lands of the Bekaa Valley and elsewhere. It was a decision that also suited French purposes, since it further set back the demands of the nationalists of historic Syria—who included Christians as well as Moslems—that the region should form a single state under mandated rule. Such a state would have been impossible for the French to control over the long term. The result of French gerrymandering and Lebanese ambition was to turn the Mount Lebanon of two communities, Christian and Druze, into a Greater Lebanon (effectively the present state) of three, Christian, Druze, and Sunni Moslem, with a growing Shia Moslem element threatening to make a fourth.

Thence the making of the Lebanese problem of today. The French understandably chose to rule through their

associated himself with the decision and simultaneously proclaimed the full independence of the two territories. His delegates subsequently backslid, but the British—who had had a long (and, to French eyes, not entirely disinterested) relationship with the Druze—held them to their word, and under Britain's tutelage a new Lebanese constitution was worked out.

Known as the National Covenant, this 1943 agreement provided for what was seen at the time to be a fair, though not equal, division of power among the communities. The Christians, who had been the largest community when the last census was taken, in 1932, were to enjoy a six-to-five majority in the distribution of parliamentary seats and to hold the presidency. The Sunni were to hold the prime ministry, and other posts were to be divided among the other communities. The Shia, for example, have come to hold the speakership of the parliament, and the Druze the post of chief of staff (but not commander) of the army. The princi-

ALAIN DEJEAN/STYMA



CHRISTIANS PRAYING

ple underlying the covenant was that none should hold a monopoly of power, so that policy would be determined by consensus.

In theory, the covenant operates to this day. Since in practice it manifestly does not, the question asked by the puzzled—and they include most Lebanese—is “What went wrong?” Or, as I put it to a journalist long resident in the country, “Who is to blame?” “A third, a third, and a third,” was his answer. “A third the Lebanese themselves; a third the other Arab states, for interfering; a third the Israelis, for invading.” An analysis so crude can scarcely do justice to the intricacies of recent Lebanese history. But since it has the merit of concentrating on essentials, it is worth pursuing.

FIRST, THE LEBANESE. LEBANESE POLITICS, SO kaleidoscopic in character that the patterns shift under the eye of even the most unblinking observer, nevertheless rotate around a number of fixed points. Religion, as we have seen, is one. Regionalism is another. Wealth or poverty is a third. A fourth is the importance of community leaders, whose standing may derive from membership in one of the ancient feudal families, or from control of a political organization, or from religious charisma, or—increasingly in recent years—from command of an armed force. A fifth, the most recent factor in Lebanese domestic politics, is the presence of the Palestinians, who began to arrive in the country after the Israeli war of independence, in 1949.

Among other fixed points that are keys to understanding the Lebanese crisis are the events crucial to its development over the past twenty-five years. The first was the short civil war, between the old Christian Lebanese establishment and the rising force of Moslem dissidents, that was ended by United States intervention, in 1958: it warned that the basis of the National Covenant was breaking up. The second was the Cairo Accord, in 1969, by which the Lebanese government agreed with its interested Arab neighbors to concede virtual autonomy over the seventeen Palestinian settlements in the country to the Palestinians, and to desist from restraining the cross-border terrorism of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The third was the intervention, despite the Cairo Accord, of the Lebanese army against the Palestinians, in 1973. The fourth was the outbreak of a civil war in April of 1975, triggered by a round of local murders subsequently to become typical of Lebanese communal relations, which devastated central Beirut, killed thousands, and left the country divided. The fifth was the arrival of the Arab Deterrent Force, largely Syrian, in June of 1976, which was designed to bring the war to an end. The sixth was the first Israeli intervention, in March of 1978. The seventh was the second Israeli intervention, in June of 1982, which culminated in the siege of Beirut and the evacuation of the PLO.

In recent years, the number of effective actors on the

Lebanese stage has been reduced, and there has been a significant shift and concentration of force. Ideological positions have been robbed of much of their meaning; terrible rancor has been caused by the killings; destruction and displacement of populations overlie all policies. Effectively, the Christians are now in the hands of the Maronites, among whom the Phalange party—founded in 1936 in imitation of the authoritarian parties then dominant in Europe, though now Byzantine rather than fascist in its policies—has extinguished, in many cases by murder, the importance of its competitors and the families that led them. The Sunni Moslems, long established and comparatively prosperous, have lost much of their traditional influence, which was based upon a civilized understanding with the Christian leadership. The Druze, politically both a community and a party (the Progressive Socialist Party), have, under the leadership of the feudal Jumblat family, become allies of the left-wing groups in the country. Those groups, forming the National Salvation Front, are socialist and pan-Arabist; besides Syrian arms, they derive their strength from the poor Shia Moslems and, increasingly, the Palestinians.

Communities and parties are geographically concentrated, and the fighting since 1975 has made them more so. The Christian heartland has always been in East Beirut and in the mountains to its north (Marounistan). The north, particularly Tripoli, has always been largely Sunni, and there, through the deployment of a local militia, the Sunnis retain political importance. The south, now under Israeli occupation, has long had a Shia majority, increasingly large because of the group's high birthrate. Emigrants and refugees from that region populate the so-called “belt of misery” around Beirut, a chain of ramshackle suburbs inhabited by the poor. It is also heavily populated by Palestinians, who have some additional settlements in the north, outside Tripoli, in the Bekaa, and in the south. Until quite recently, West Beirut, traditionally Sunni, remained the one region where Moslems and members of other communities still lived in amity. Finally, the Shouf Mountains above Beirut are the heartland of the Druze, who have recently depopulated the region of most of its Christian inhabitants. The Druze in the Shouf can link up with the Shia and Palestinians in the “belt of misery.”

Observers of Lebanese affairs now often argue that the making of the current lamentable situation can be dated to the American intervention of 1958, which inhibited a necessary redistribution of power from the Christians to the Moslems in the country. It did not seem like that at the time. The United States, whose missionaries and teachers had been a major influence in the country since the early nineteenth century, regarded Lebanon as an oasis of stability in the troubled Middle East and its political system as something to be preserved at all costs. The landing of the United States Army and Marines, during a war that cost 2,000 lives, undoubtedly preserved the system. But it left

the Christian presidency of the country as dependent as ever upon Moslem acceptance of the status quo, at a time when Moslem sympathies were increasingly exercised by pan-Arabism and the plight of the Palestinians.

It was that shift of Moslem sympathy that obliged President Charles Helou, in November of 1969, to agree to the Cairo Accord, by which the Palestinians and their armed forces within the country were effectively released from government supervision. The accord had two direct effects within Lebanon. It frightened the Christians into enlarging their own unofficial armed forces, the "militias," of which that of the Phalange was the strongest. And it opened the country to direct retaliation by the Israelis for Palestinian attacks on their territory. Moslem protests at the government's inability to deter such retaliation led to

some only a few dozen strong, but all enjoying a measure of support, internal and sometimes external as well, and controlling a defined portion of territory. The first months, though characterized by murder for sectarian reasons, were neither very costly in lives nor materially destructive. In September, however, with tempers aroused and arsenals full (it is an arresting fact that Soviet-bloc weapons were found as often in Christian as in Moslem hands; the Soviets have done a promiscuous arms business in the Middle East, and they have every sort of blood on their hands, even Syrian), the war became savage. In the isolated Christian areas of the south, like the coastal town of Damour, the local militias were defeated and the civilians killed or expelled. But it was in Beirut itself that the worst of the fighting took place and the real massacres began.



AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI SUPPORTERS



BASHIR GEMAYEL

the intervention of the Lebanese army against the Palestinians in May of 1973, which some see as an attempt by the right—Christian and traditional Moslem—to bring on a Lebanese "Black September." It was that event in Jordan in 1970, in which King Hussein had used his army against the Palestine Liberation Organization, that had brought Palestinian armed force to Lebanon in strength.

Palestinian resistance to the Lebanese army during the May fighting outraged the Christians. It realized their worst fear, that of a Lebanon robbed of its independence and pluralist character. By the spring of 1975, the Christian militias were spoiling for a fight, and in April they got one. A political murder of a Christian triggered a revenge massacre of poor Moslems by Maronites, and shortly afterward fighting among militias became general—first between the Phalange and the Palestinians, later between Christians and Moslems indifferently. During this period, close observers calculated that up to fifty militias existed,

Here the Maronites had the upper hand. Their effort to break into West Beirut eventually failed, but it left its indelible mark in the despoiling of the skyscraper-hotel area and in the devastation of the Place des Martyrs and its surroundings. The Maronites' attempt to purge the Christian zone of non-Christians, particularly poor non-Christians, was gruesomely successful. During January of 1976, they depopulated and largely bulldozed three refugee and shanty camps in East Beirut, massacring 1,000 men, women, and children, and expelling 20,000.

Massacre seems endemic to the Middle East. It was the Ottomans' favored method of exerting or restoring control within their empire, as the diaspora of the Armenians bears witness. There were serious massacres of Christians by Moslems in Syria and Lebanon during the nineteenth century and of Moslem dissidents by French auxiliary troops in Damascus as late as 1925. Massacre does not, in the Middle East, arouse hatreds; it revives and confirms

those that already exist. The massacres of early 1976, Christians in Beirut, Moslems in Damour and the Beirut suburbs, had a further effect: they destroyed the integrity of the Lebanese army.

Like anything else in Lebanon, rank and recruitment in the army were determined by religion. The commander was a Maronite, the chief of staff a Druze, and the colonels Christian and Moslem in a six-to-five ratio. Critics of the old Lebanese system alleged that the army had been starved of funds and men so that it would not constitute a danger to the government, as other Arab armies did. It was certainly small—only 14,000 men. But thitherto it had done its job and had held together well. The massacres caused it to divide into four parts. One quarter constituted itself the “Arab Army of the Lebanon,” under a Sunni. One

major factors on the Lebanese scene. Syria's plans for the settlement of the Palestinian question did not coincide with those of Yasser Arafat and the PLO, and President Assad was keen to check the PLO's growing importance inside Lebanon. The Maronites, for their part, felt able to forget that Syria regarded Lebanon as a “lost province” (it had never opened an embassy in Beirut) in return for immediate aid. On June 1, 1976, the Syrian army entered the country in strength. Its presence was rapidly regularized by the approval of neighboring Arab states, who dispatched small detachments of their own to join it in forming an Arab Deterrent Force, which by November occupied the whole of the country, short of the border with Israel, and brought the fighting to an end.

The intervention, though a defeat for the aspirations of



G. RANCIN/SYGMA

SUPPORTERS



ELI REED/MAGNUM

YASSER ARAFAT SUPPORTERS

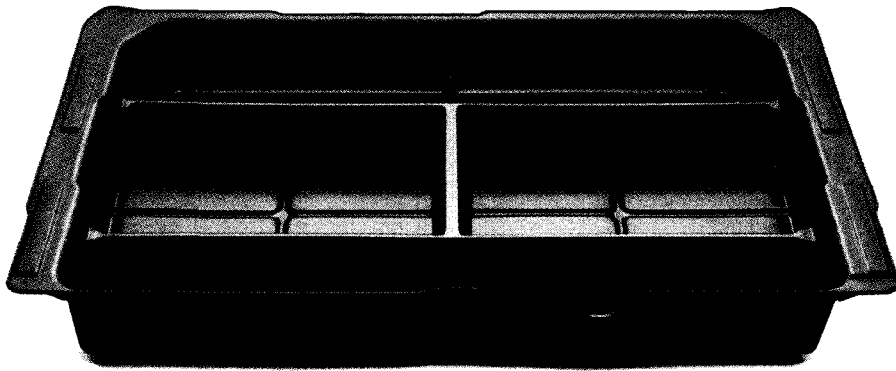
quarter joined up with the Maronite militias. One quarter attempted to remain neutral. The fourth quarter went home. About half the rank and file actually joined in the subsequent fighting, in equal Christian and Moslem proportions. Separate from all of these, though perhaps the most significant, was the force raised by Major Saad Haddad, a Greek Catholic from the south, which would act as an Israeli-border militia during and after the Israelis' withdrawal in 1978.

The dismemberment of the Lebanese army along sectarian lines meant that the authority of the state would now have to be shored up from outside if the country was not to be submerged in the welter of intercommunal fighting. The Christian leadership showed itself ready to make concessions, and in May of 1976 it sponsored a new president, Elias Sarkis, who was prepared to conciliate. But the Maronites' real hope seemed to lie, paradoxically, with President Assad and the Syrian army—the second of the three

the Palestine Liberation Organization, was a dramatic relief for almost all the other parties to the conflict, at least temporarily. It provided a solution that even the leftist Moslem groups of what was then called the National Movement could accept with good grace. The Maronites, who saw the Syrians as the saviors of “old Lebanon,” were exultant. But objectively, there was little to exult over. The Lebanese economy, once the most buoyant in the Middle East, and which had given many Lebanese, Moslem and Christian, a Western standard of living, was in ruins. The material cost of the war was calculated as equal to the entire gross national product for 1974. Thirty thousand Lebanese had been killed, and a quarter of a million had been driven from their homes, many permanently. Most government offices, of all sorts, had been looted and wrecked. The prisons and even the hospitals for the criminally insane had been emptied by extremist groups. And nothing remained of the Lebanese army.

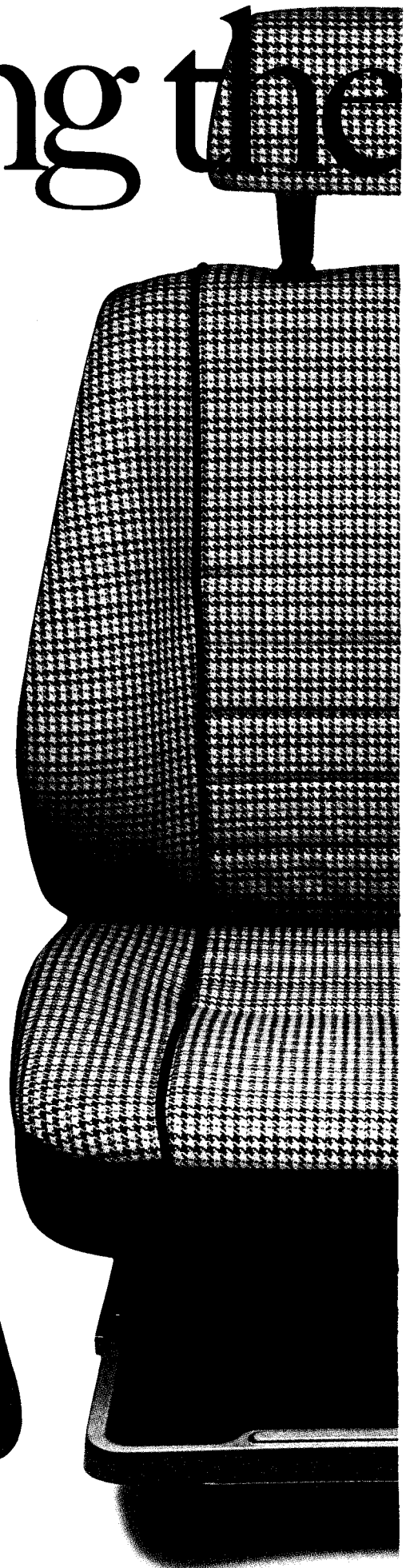
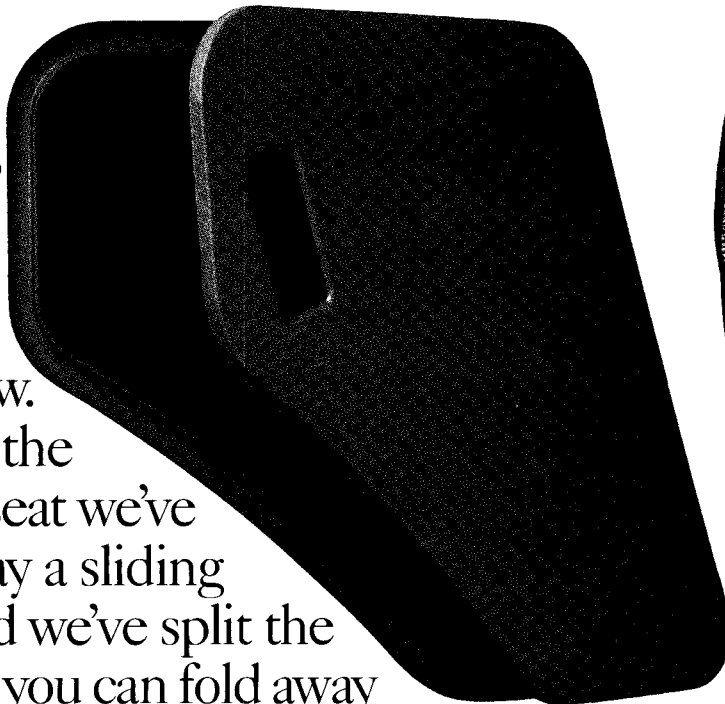
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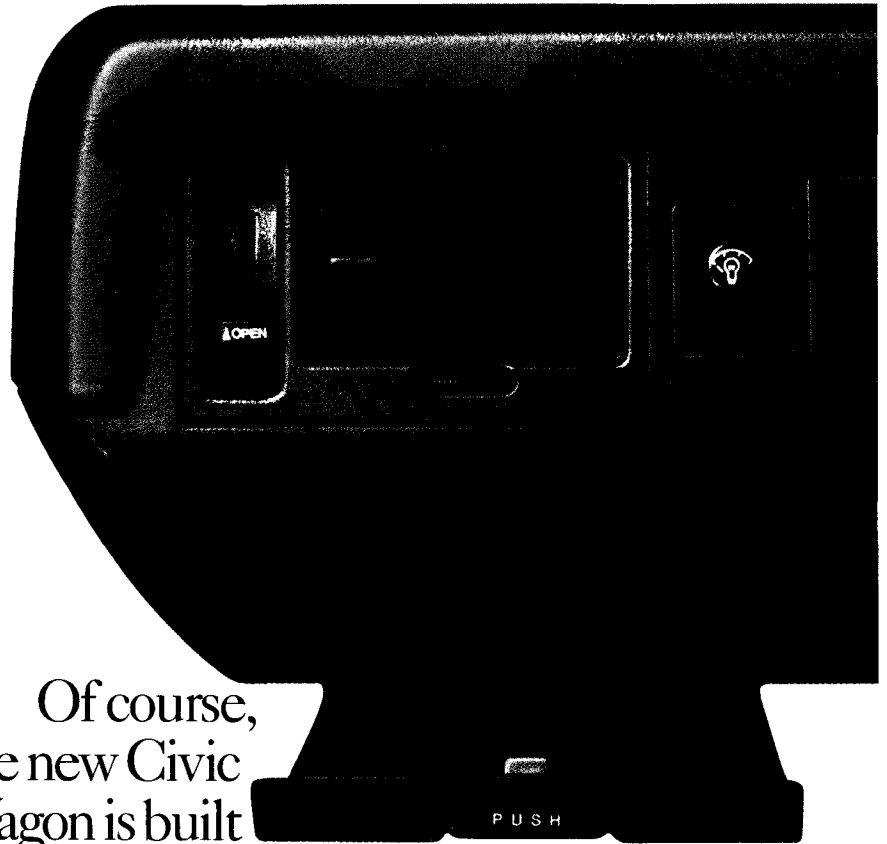


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THE COUNTRY MIGHT NEVERTHELESS HAVE BEEN nursed slowly back to health but for the operation of the third factor in the Lebanese sum: the Israelis. Domestic obsessions had made the Lebanese unfit to resist having the Palestinian problem foisted upon them. The arrival of the Palestinians had exacerbated sectarian and socio-economic antagonisms within the country to the point where they had provoked civil war. Given the arbitrary, overbearing, and often revoltingly cruel and extortionate behavior of the Palestinian fighters, the resistance they provoked even among Lebanese sympathetic to their cause should not have surprised them. The suppression of the civil war by external Arab forces had heightened Israel's fears for the security of its northern border. The hostile Syrian army was that much closer, and it showed no intention of interfering with the campaign of the nearest Palestinian forces against Israeli territory.

That campaign, in reality, scarcely threatened the survival of the Israeli state. The Irish Republican Army is a far more effective terrorist organization than the Palestine Liberation Organization, which since 1969 has inflicted far fewer deaths on Israel than the IRA has on Northern Ireland, which has a smaller population. Nevertheless, the analogy should not be pushed too far. The IRA's hopes for a united Ireland are not contingent upon the overthrow of the British state. It is precisely the fear of national extinction that PLO rhetoric arouses among the Israelis, a fear that makes many of their reactions understandable. But Israel's reactions to Palestinian threats from Lebanon look counterproductive, to use an overworked word. In March of 1978, under the peculiarly inappropriate code name Stone of Wisdom, the Israeli army invaded southern Lebanon, advancing as far as the Litani River in order to root out Palestinian forces there. It is generally agreed that the operation was bungled, and its principal result was to draw into the country a United Nations supervisory force, which thereafter lived on uneasy terms with the Israeli-sponsored Haddad militia.

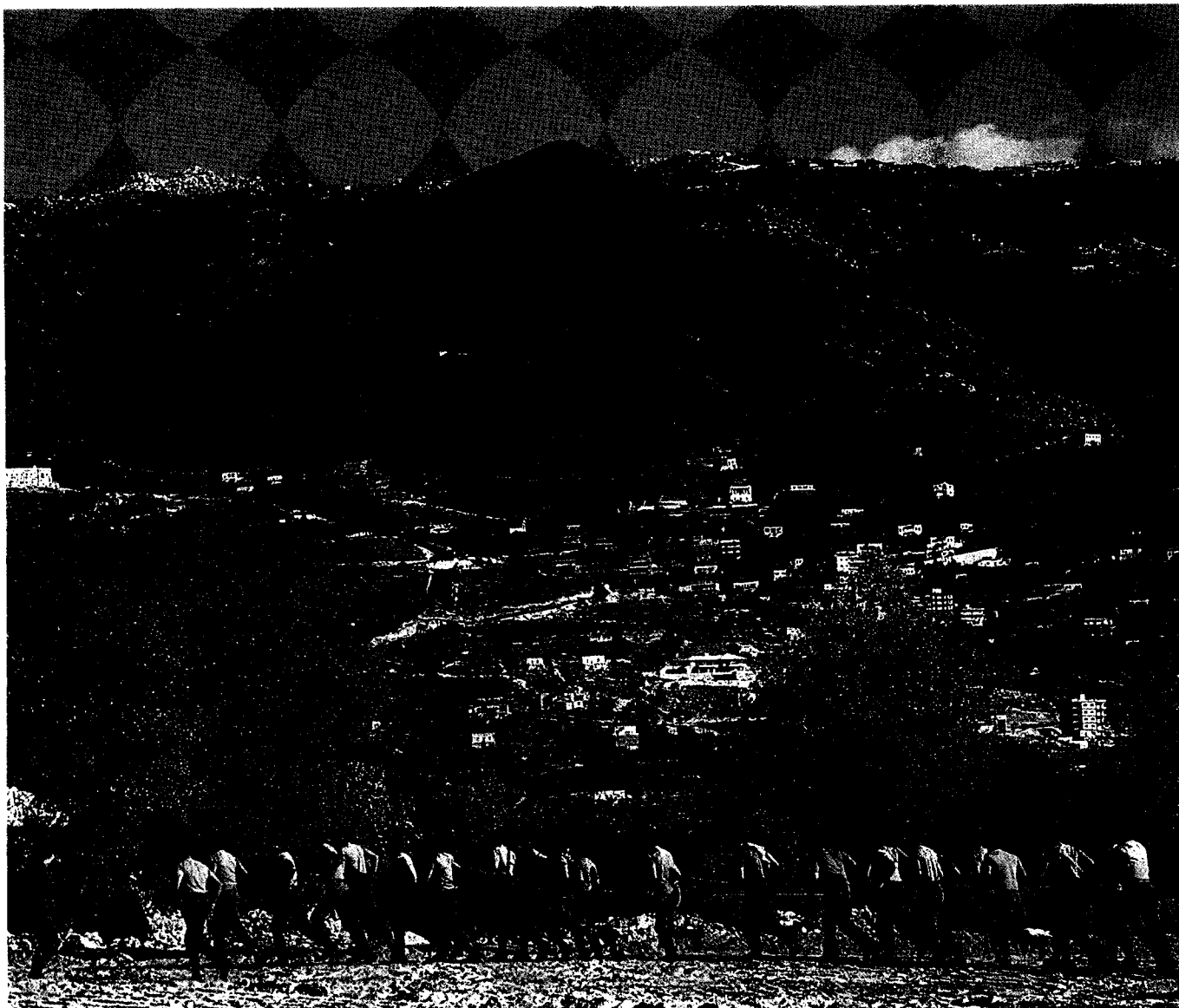
Neither the UN force nor Haddad could altogether prevent occasional Palestinian attacks on northern Israel. But the second, and disastrous, Israeli invasion, in June of 1982, does not seem to have been motivated by security considerations in the strict sense. The pretext for it was the attempted assassination of the Israeli ambassador in London by Palestinian terrorists. Its purported aim, as represented by various interested parties, was to defeat the Syrian army without invading Syrian territory, or to settle the future of the West Bank by humiliating the PLO leadership, or—very farfetched—to invalidate the idea of a mixed Jewish-Arab Palestine by destroying for good the only pluralist state in the Middle East. The real Israeli motivation seems to have been simpler and more obvious. Having secured their southern border by making the peace treaty with Egypt, the Israelis now sought to secure their northern border by taking conclusive military action. An operation that would defeat the Syrians and expel the Pal-

estinians would make Israel safe for decades. Exactly the same calculations about their northern and southern borders had animated the strategic and diplomatic policies of the Crusaders, who when at peace with one neighbor had usually been driven to fight the other.

Such geographical imperatives can make for bad politics. Operation Peace for Galilee, launched on June 6, 1982, achieved the temporary expulsion of the PLO from Lebanon and inflicted a heavy defeat on the Syrian army and air force. But it also, for the first time, cast the Israelis in the role of aggressors, not because they initiated the attack on the Palestinians or even on the Syrians but because they did so apparently in disregard for the welfare of the Lebanese, who, however feckless they had been in the past, were by then manifestly incapable of defending themselves and entirely undeserving of the fate that their defenselessness brought upon them. It was the spectacle of the Israel Defense Force's bombardment of West Beirut during June, July, and August that prompted the Western powers to intervene temporarily with a peace-keeping force. It was the shock and horror of the Shatila and Sabra camp massacres—a return to the practices of civil war fomented by Peace for Galilee—that brought about the recall of the multinational force and the decision to leave it in place until a tolerable level of security in the Beirut region could be assured by other means.

One of those means was the newly reconstituted Lebanese army, upon which great hopes rested. The army and the multinational force, however, were powerless to prevent the February, 1984, uprising in West Beirut, which once more brought the country to the brink of civil war. In two days of bitter small-arms and heavy-weapons exchanges, Shia Amal and radical Sunni Mourabitoun militiamen drove the soldiers out of their positions in the streets and resumed the control that they had exercised there before last September, when the army took control of West Beirut. The army units were not defeated. In many cases, they simply disintegrated. Moslems in the ranks refused to use their weapons against their co-religionists, left their posts of duty, and awaited the outcome of events.

The disintegration of the army, on which Lebanon's hopes of statehood had rested, meant the collapse of the policies—both of the Gemayel government and of the United States—that had seemed promising only a few months before. The army, of course, had been a tender plant. Before April of last year, it had withered to almost nothing. In that month the government embarked on a conscription program, and, to everyone's surprise, recruits started to come in. Regular pay, hard to find in an economy as devastated as Lebanon's, was a strong incentive to the recruits—but there seems to have been more to it than that. The recruits joined in proportions approximately equal to those of the country's religious communities. Druze, it is true, were scarce. But Sunni and Shia Moslems seemed as ready to report for duty as Christians did, and many of them traveled from within areas controlled by the



FRANK FOURNIER/CONTACT

U.S. ARMY PERSONNEL TRAINING LEBANESE OFFICERS AND CADETS

Syrians to answer their draft calls. The Americans who were training the army were enthusiastic about the quality and the commitment of the young men who came under their command. Projections of the size of the force, and operational plans dependent upon them, were optimistically revised. The army had hoped by early 1985 to field seven brigades, each organized into three armored infantry battalions and a tank battalion in support. The new plan called for twelve brigades, comprising 35,000 combat troops. Particularly satisfying to the Americans, after years of dealing with allies and protégés who seemed keener on taking than giving, was that the Lebanese government paid for all equipment and facilities it consumed. Thanks to the gold and foreign-currency reserves in Lebanese banks, the government was able to borrow freely, and on that credit it bought \$800 million worth of American equipment in 1983. It also paid for the training teams dispatched by the United States government—teams that

the U.S. Army had kept small so that the embryonic army would not fall into the error of expecting to be taught everything instead of learning for itself.

I found the senior American staff optimistic that the army would shortly be strong enough to advance to cut the route by which Syrian munitions reached the Druze and Shia militias. It may have been the prospect of such a move that emboldened the Shia, Druze, and Sunni fighters—prompted, no doubt, by their Syrian backers—to take their decisive February counteraction against the army.

In addition, Moslem disaffection was fueled by the inability of Amin Gemayel to mount a convincingly *national* government. It is certainly open to question whether any leader could have succeeded in welding together a country with two mutually hostile foreign armies on its soil and with fratricidal factions spread out across the map in deadly propinquity to one another. Clearly, however, Amin Gemayel did not show the formidable political talent needed

for the job. As long as the Israelis were camped in the Beirut suburbs, Gemayel looked a credible leader. But with the abrupt Israeli redeployment to southern Lebanon in September, Gemayel lost the main prop of his power. By having signed a troop-withdrawal agreement with Israel in May, he had already lost flexibility in accommodating Moslem demands. Caught thus between the conflicting designs of the two regional powers—Israel, for a treaty with a second Arab state, in addition to Egypt, and Syria, for an abrogation of that treaty and a Lebanese government more to its liking—Gemayel had scant room to maneuver. He looked for help to the United States, which the Maronites regarded as their next savior after the hopes they had attached to the Israelis were dashed. But the United States was able to deploy only 1,800 troops in Beirut, and the whole multinational force only 4,000, whereas the Syrians had some 35,000 troops in Lebanon, some within a few miles of Beirut.

Moreover, the logic of American policy was from the beginning badly askew. On the one hand, the Americans pressured Gemayel to make his government more representative of Moslem numbers and interests. The likely upshot of this pressure would be a Lebanese government closer to Syria than the Gemayel government was, because this is what the Moslems allied with Syria would demand. On the other hand, the Americans were putting military pressure on the same Syrian government whose interests American diplomacy was, willy-nilly, advancing. Gemayel seems to have dealt with this muddled American strategy by stalling on the political reforms whilst hoping for an American *deus ex machina* to deliver him from both the Syrians and their clients among his countrymen. The suicide bombings of the French paratroopers and the American Marines in October should have shown Gemayel that the Americans were just as vulnerable to terrorism, even state terrorism, as his brother Bashir, whose death by a terrorist bomb the year before may have deprived Lebanon of a resourceful leader. With so many cross-pressures to balance, Lebanon needed a Talleyrand. Instead, it got what one Moslem leader, not too unfairly, called "a little Shah."

Seen in a broader perspective, however, the problems of Lebanon go far beyond anything that any one man could set right. They have to do rather with the nature of the polity in which the several religious confessions of Leba-

non have fruitlessly been trying to live together for so long. Had the French been content to erect a Lesser rather than a Greater Lebanon, comprising the Christian and Druze heartlands, there seems little doubt that it could have been made to work. The inclusion of a large Moslem minority put the state at risk from the start. The swelling of the Moslem population to its present size means that Moslem discontents will always provoke Arab intervention in Lebanon's affairs. Since Syria, as the successor state of the Ottoman province of that name, would not accept a separate Lebanon, Lebanon's survival was bound to depend

on its ethnic differentiation from its larger neighbor. No such differentiation prevails. The populations of Syria and Lebanon are nearly identical in ethnic and religious composition (though in different proportions), an elementary point lost on an American Administration that construes Lebanon's problems in the distorting light of the East-West struggle. The Sunni and Shia communities are thus part of a constituency that extends far beyond



A PALESTINIAN SETTLEMENT IN WEST BEIRUT

JAMES NACHTWEY/BLACK STAR

the boundaries of Lebanon. President Assad's government considers itself entitled to intervene in Lebanese affairs. It does so with a politically uninhibited ruthlessness, and is sure of a measure of support when it acts. The Christians have twice recently been able to contain such intervention, by invoking first Israeli and then American assistance, but they are not likely to be able to do so again.

What must now be faced by the parties to the Lebanese conflict, domestic and foreign, who hope for a return to the simplicity of the National Covenant is that the old Lebanon is gone for good. Despite the absence of census statistics, it is clear not only that the Christians no longer form a majority within the country but also that they are now but one community among four. Realities therefore demand that they share the power that the constitution gives them more widely than they have been hitherto willing to do. It would be ironic for the United States, which has invested so much of its prestige in shoring up historic Lebanon, were constitutional reform to increase rather than diminish Syrian influence within the country. But the exercise of effective foreign policy, even for a superpower like the United States, has ultimately to do with recognizing realities rather than chasing illusions. Alas for a once fleetingly happy land, the Lebanon of yesterday has now passed into the realm of illusions. □

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

Edited by
KAY SHOWKER



1984
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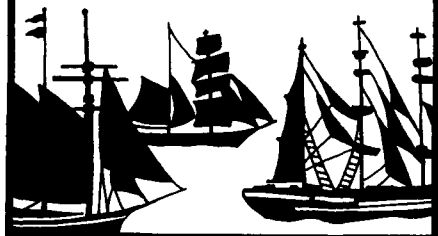
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THE Atlantic INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

1984 THE YEAR TO HONOR THE BEST

Rather than the ominous year of George Orwell's vision, 1984 is turning out to be the year in which many of us will take the time to honor the best: in sports, in music, in history, in science, and in every other field.

In 1984 we will cross bridges to past events of daring and adventure. We will mark anniversaries with tributes to the courage, foresight, and perseverance of those who have made or will make a difference.

With Canada we will celebrate the 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's arrival in Quebec, and with Bermuda we will toast Sir George Somers, who colonized the island, as we celebrate Bermuda's 375th birthday. In Belgium, France, and Luxembourg we will commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Normandy invasion; in Los Angeles, the site of the 1984 Summer Olympics, the world's best athletes will come together to give their best. And in New Caledonia, performers and artists will exhibit their best during the Festival of Pacific Arts.

Several of these events and the countries in which they are taking place will be linked in a romantic way by the best of the great vessels ever to sail the seas: the Tall Ships, pictured on this year's cover of *The Atlantic's International Travel Planner*. Beginning this month, more than four dozen Tall Ships will assemble in St. Malo, France, the birthplace of Jacques Cartier, to sail to Bermuda. There they will join up with a fleet of South American Tall Ships, and race to Halifax, Nova Scotia, on June 2.

Meanwhile, in May, another fleet of Tall Ships will parade on the Mississippi River and in the port of New Orleans to open the World's Fair. The North American flotilla will also sail to Halifax. From there, the three fleets will proceed together upriver to Quebec in a spectacular Parade of Sail to open the celebrations for Canada's 450th an-

niversary. Many of the ships will continue across Canada to Toronto and other cities for more festivities.

In late summer, the European Tall Ships will return home in races from Sydney, Canada, to Liverpool, England, and from Quebec to St. Malo.

These events are only a few of the celebrations that will light up the calendar in 1984. The pages that follow are filled with thousands more. We have highlighted many of those that are unique.

Among events to look for are Liverpool '84, Britain's first international garden festival, and the Christian Heritage Celebrations, beginning at Westminster Abbey in London on May 9. At Oberammergau, Germany, four months of performances will mark the 350th anniversary of the Passion Plays, while in Ireland, Galway will be marking its 500th birthday. And in Zurich, the world of sensation, technology, and the future come together in *Phaenomena*, an exhibition opening in May.

On this side of the world, a phenomenon of another kind will bring its winner the richest prize in the history of sportsfishing: the Cayman Islands will award \$1 million to the person who can land a record-breaking Atlantic blue marlin.

And if you still think Orwell should be paid his due in 1984, you might want to view an exhibit at the Museum of the 20th Century in Vienna, Austria, entitled "1984—Orwell and the Present Day."

Wherever your travels may lead you in 1984, we hope you will find the *International Travel Planner* useful in making your plans. Keep it handy, and if you need any more information, use the reader service cards on pages 8 and 25. To receive more material, all you need to do is fill them in and send them along.

—Kay Showker

EUROPE

AUSTRIA

1984: 175TH ANNIVERSARY OF TIROL'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

April: EASTER FESTIVAL. Salzburg.

April-June, Sept.-Dec.: OPERA SEASON. Vienna, Graz. VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR. Vienna. SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL. Vienna.

April-Oct.: MARIONETTE THEATER. Salzburg.

May-June: 1984-ORWELL AND THE PRESENT DAY. Museum of the 20th Century. Vienna.

May-Oct.: PALACE CONCERTS. Salzburg.

May 12-June 17: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Special guest artists, citywide concerts. Majority are free.

June 7-12: INTERNATIONAL ORGAN WEEK. Innsbruck.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

June 21-July 1: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Concerts and recitals will include music of Schubert and other composers. Hohenems, Vorarlberg.

June 28-Aug. 31: SUMMER MUSIC SEASON. Schoenbrunn Palace. Vienna.

Late June-Aug.: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Annual cultural event. Ossiach.

July-Sept.: SUMMER OPERETTA FESTIVAL. Bad Ischl.

July 7-19: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. Vienna.

July 26-Aug. 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Features 130 concerts, operas, ballets, dramas.

Aug. 15: TIROL COMMEMORATIVE YEAR. Main ceremony. Innsbruck, Bergisel.

Sept. 8-Oct. 7: INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. Linz.

Sept. 17-Oct. 28: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Annual cultural event. Graz.

Late Sept.: VINTAGE WINE FESTIVAL. In one of oldest wine communities in Austria. Retz.

Oct. 26: FLAG DAY.

Nov. 17-27: 1984 SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Vienna.

Nov. 19-Dec. 24: CHRISTMAS MARKET.

Nov. 27-Dec. 24: CHRISTMASTIME IN VIENNA.

Dec. 8: ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

Dec. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. City Hall. Vienna.

Dec. 31: IMPERIAL BALL. Vienna.

BELGIUM

April-Oct.: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. Ballet, music, drama.

Weekends, May: ROYAL GREENHOUSE DISPLAYS. Six acres of 300-year-old orange trees and Azalea House at Palace of Laeken. Brussels.

May 13: CATS' FESTIVAL AND PARADE. Ieper.

May 31: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. 800-year-old relic honored by local citizens in medieval costume. Bruges.

June-Oct.: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. Orchestra, ballet, theater.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

June 17: PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT. Horse-drawn golden coach carrying relic of St. Waudru circles Mons to commemorate delivery from plague in 1349.

July 5: OMMEGANG PAGEANT. Medieval pageantry in the illuminated Grand Place. Historic festi-

val recreates the entertainment given in honor of Charles V and his court. Brussels.

July 8-15: FESTIVAL OF FOLKDANCING. Schoten.

July 21: BELGIAN NATIONAL DAY.

July 29: PARADE OF THE WITCHES. Beselare.

July 29: PROCESSION OF THE PENITENTS. Vewine.

Aug.: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. Overijse.

Aug. 25-27: BEGONIA FESTIVAL. Exhibits of Belgium's famous begonias in floats and flower carpets. Lochristi.

Sept. 1-2: 37TH INTERNATIONAL BALLOON COMPETITION. Annual precision landing contest. St. Niklaas.

Sept. 23-Oct. 7: 29TH ANNUAL OKTOBERFEESTEN. Beer festival held in three huge halls for 12,000 revelers, with weekend parades and entertainment. Weize.

Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.

Nov. 15: DYNASTY DAY.

Dec. 16: 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES (Battle of the Bulge).

Dec. 20-Jan. 5, 1985: CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS. All major city centers.

BRITAIN

To Aug. 25: 9TH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. Concerts and pageant.

To Jan. 1985: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

April 18-25: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. Harrogate.

May-Sept.: CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON.

May-Dec.: FESTIVAL OF ARCHITECTURE. Nationwide events to celebrate 150th anniversary of founding of Royal Institute of British Architects.

May 2: MAY DAY BANK HOLIDAY.

May 5-20: BRIGHTON FESTIVAL OF ARTS.

May 5-20: ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW. Musical drive, parade of hounds, driving and jumping competitions. Berkshire.

May 8-Oct 8: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATRE SEASON.

May 9-May 1985: CHRISTIAN HERITAGE CELEBRATIONS. Series of events in 30 religious settings throughout country, beginning with service of dedication at Westminster Abbey, May 9, London.

May 20-June 2: MALVERN FESTIVAL. Highlights works of George Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar.

May 22-25: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

May 25-June 10: BATH FESTIVAL. Concerts, exhibitions, tours, lectures, and film shows.

May 28-Aug. 17: GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON.

May: SPRING BANK HOLIDAY.

June: GROSVENOR HOUSE ANTIQUES FAIR. London.

June 1-4: THE DERBY. Epsom, Surrey.

June 8-24: ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL. Music and arts; founded in 1948 by English composer Benjamin Britten.

June 8-July 2: YORK MEDIEVAL MYSTERY PLAYS. St. Mary's Abbey, York.

June 11: TROOPING THE COLOUR. The Queen's official birthday parade.

June 19-22: ROYAL ASCOT. Internationally famous horse race. Berkshire.

June 22-July 3: MANANAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE. Opera, recitals, drama, and concerts by leading international artists. Isle of Man.

June 25-July 8: LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Wimbledon.

June 30-July 3: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA. International rowing event and one of the big social occasions of the year. Henley-on-Thames.

June 30-July 3: 6TH ANNUAL NORTHERN IRELAND GAME AND COUNTRY FAIR. Clandeboyne Estate, near Bangor, County Down.



The Wedding of the Giants, held in Ath, Belgium, on August 25, is an annual event. The giant Gouyasse (the local name for Goliath) and his bride are escorted to the Church of St. Julien for their nuptials; the next day there is another procession with floats and giants. Gouyasse, the patron of crossbowmen, has been a feature of the procession since 1481. In 1715 his bride was created and added to the festivities.



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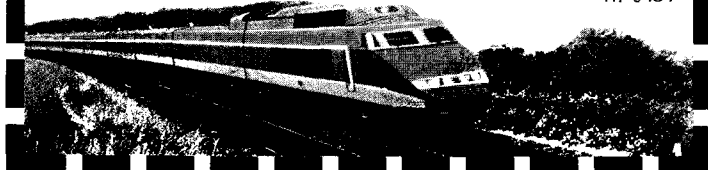
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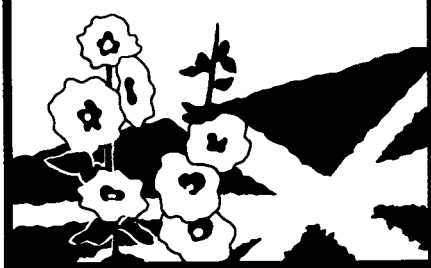
AT 0484



July–Sept.: CITY OF BELFAST INTERNATIONAL ROSE TRIALS. Rose Week is third week in July.
 July 3–8: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD. 200 choirs from 30 countries perform choral classics. Llangollen.
 July 7: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MARCHING BANDS. London.
 July 7–22: CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL. International music festival.
 July 16–21: ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. London.
 July 19–22: GOLF: BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. Top golfing event staged for 113th time. St. Andrews, Fife.
 July 23–25: LEEDS CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW.
 Aug 1–15: HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Large folk festival. Sidmouth, Devon.
 Aug. 4–11: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES. Cultural competitions. Llangefni, Gwynedd.
 Aug. 10–Sept. 1: EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO. Display of military color and pageantry held on floodlit ramparts of Edinburgh Castle.
 Aug 12–Sept. 1: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. One of world's largest festivals of arts, attracting many international stars.
 Aug 18–25: THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL. One of oldest music festivals in Europe; series of oratorio performances by amateur choirs drawn from and held alternately in cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester.
 Sept. 1: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING. Kilted clansmen from all over Scotland tossing cabers, playing bagpipes and games. Braemar, Grampian.
 Sept. 3–9: FARNBOROUGH INTERNATIONAL AEROSPACE EXHIBITION AND FLYING DISPLAY.
 Sept. 11–22: CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. Old Town Hall, Chelsea.
 Oct. 8–27: SWANSEA MUSICAL FESTIVAL. West Glamorgan, Wales.
 Nov. 7–24: BELFAST FESTIVAL OF ARTS AT QUEEN'S. Wide-ranging program of classical and popular arts, drama, opera, and music. In and around Queen's University, Belfast.
 Nov. 10: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION AND SHOW. Procession from Guildhall to the Royal Courts of Justice to celebrate inauguration of the Lord Mayor of the City of London.
 Nov. 24–Dec. 8: CARDIFF FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Concerts present 20th-century music alongside music from earlier periods.
 Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

HIGHLIGHT '84

LIVERPOOL '84, May 2–Oct. 14, is a spectacular international garden festival being held for the first time in Britain. In addition to 125 acres of gardens, there will be special events and entertainment. Liverpool is also the destination for the Tall Ships in a race from Quebec in late summer.



BULGARIA

May 24–June 20: 15TH MUSIC WEEKS. Music of renowned artists. Sofia.
 June 3: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. Pageantry in Valley of the Roses, when oil-bearing roses are in bloom. Karlovo, Kasanluk.

HIGHLIGHT '84

A course in Bulgarian folklore will be offered for the first time from August 20 to 30 in Bourgas. Foreign tourists will learn Bulgarian chain dances from the Strandja and Pirin mountain regions and from Thrace.



June 7–10: 20TH GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. Biennial international popular music competition. Sunny Beach.
 June 15–July 4: INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION FOR YOUNG OPERA SINGERS. Sofia.
 June 17–July 20: VARNA INTERNATIONAL SUMMER FESTIVAL.
 July 15–30: DAYS OF BULGARIAN CULTURE. Light music and folklore. Several Black Sea resorts.
 July 26–Aug. 26: INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION OF WOOD CARVING. Biennial show in historic town noted for its carvers. Tryavna.
 Sept. 9–10: NATIONAL DAY.
 Sept. 11–20: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC. Plovdiv.
 Oct. 15–30: REVIEW OF BULGARIAN JAZZ ORCHESTRAS. Sofia.
 Mid- to late Dec.: KOLEDDOUVANE (Christmas Carols). Nationwide.

CYPRUS

April 14–24: GREEK EASTER HOLIDAYS. Begins with procession of Icon of St. Lazarus in Larnaca and continues with 10 days of dance and song festivals, games, and fairs. Phasoula, Paralimni, Omodos.
 May 20: ANTHESTICIA FLOWER FESTIVAL. Floats decorated with flowers and representing themes from Greek mythology, tradition, and nature parade along harbor road to Paphos Castle.
 May 26–June 10: 9TH INTERNATIONAL STATE FAIR.
 June: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL.
 June–Sept.: CURIUM FESTIVAL. Performances of Shakespeare and ancient Greek drama. Limassol.
 June 8–10: CELEBRATION OF THE FLOOD. Sea games, dancing, singing. Kataklysmos.
 June 29–July 2: BEER FESTIVAL.
 Aug. 12–15: LEFARA and ALONA VILLAGE FESTIVALS.
 Aug. 14–15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. Abbots from four monasteries dress in traditional gowns to attend church services.
 Late Aug.: PLATRES FESTIVAL.
 Aug. 31–Sept. 2: DIONYSIA WINE FESTIVAL. Stroumbi.
 Early Sept.: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. Concerts of popular and classical music, folk art, drama; 12 days. Nicosia.
 Sept. 7–18: WINE FESTIVAL. 12-day event held in public gardens; free wine at open-air restaurants, folk songs, dances. Limassol.
 Sept. 28–30: 12TH CYPRUS RALLY.
 Oct. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Makarios Athletic International, most important athletic event of year. Nicosia.
 Oct. 1–15: INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. Open to amateurs and professionals.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

May 18–July 13: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Marianske Lazne, West Bohemia.
 May 25–27: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Ride of the Kings, celebration of summer solstice, parade of Moravian national costumes. Vlcnov.
 Mid-June: KMOCH'S KOLIN BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. International participation. Kolin.
 June 18–28: CONCERTINO PRAGUE. International competition of young musicians. Jindrichuv Hradec, South Bohemia.
 June 20–July 1: 39TH INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. One of largest in country. Straznice, Moravia.
 July 6–8: PARADE OF FOLKLORE ENSEMBLES. Best ensembles of Slovakia. Vychodna.
 Aug. 11–12: CHODSKO FESTIVITIES. Folk songs and dances of South and West Bohemia. Domazlice.
 Aug. 18–25: CHOPIN'S FESTIVAL. Marianske Lazne.
 Sept. 1–30: DVORAK'S AUTUMN. Music. Karlovy Vary.
 Sept. 6–Oct. 6: BRNO INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Classical music. Moravia.
 Sept. 23: "GOLDEN HELMET." International speedway racing. Pardubice, East Bohemia.
 Sept. 26–Oct. 12: BRATISLAVA MUSIC FESTIVAL. Slovakia.
 Oct. 5–11, 13–14: BEER FESTIVAL. Plzen, West Bohemia.
 Oct. 7–14: GRAND STEEPLECHASE. Pardubice.
 Mid- to late Oct.: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Prague.

HIGHLIGHT '84

In 1945 Czechoslovakia celebrated its liberation by staging the first Prague Spring International Music Festival, attracting artists from around the world. Now in its 39th year, the festival, May 12–June 4, offers daily performances at a dozen sites throughout the city.



DENMARK

April–Aug. 20: BAKKEN AMUSEMENT PARK. World's largest amusement park, located just outside Copenhagen.
 April–Oct.: BENNEWEIS CIRCUS. Copenhagen.
 April 16: QUEEN MARGRETHE'S BIRTHDAY.
 May 1–mid-Sept.: TIVOLI SEASON. Outstanding amusement park. Copenhagen.
 May–Oct.: FLIGHT TO AMERICA. Exhibit details Danish immigration to America. Brede Museum (part of the National Museum), just outside Copenhagen.
 May 19: THE WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN MARATHON. Race open to everybody. Copenhagen.
 June 22–July 8: 33RD VIKING FESTIVAL. Open air. Frederikssund.
 June 28–July 1: SKAGEN SONG FESTIVAL. Skagen.
 June 29–July 11: 13TH ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. One of Europe's biggest festivals of rock, jazz, and folk. Roskilde.
 July 4: REBILD CELEBRATIONS 1984. Salutes American Independence Day. Aalborg.



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York Minster has more stained glass than any other building in Britain.

At *Canterbury*, you can still contemplate the hallowed spot where Thomas à Becket was murdered by four of Henry II's knights in 1170.

This year *Worcester Cathedral* (pictured above) celebrates its 900th anniversary and will host Britain's *Three Choirs Festival* from August 18 to August 25.

Evensong is held in many of Britain's cathedrals. At *St. Paul's*, in London, you can hear the boys' choir at 5 p.m. on weekdays in summer, 4 p.m. in winter, 3:15 p.m. on Sundays year round.

See the tower of *St. Giles's*—the "High Kirk" of Edinburgh. Its tower was built to look like a crown.

St. David's, in Wales, is built on a site said to have been chosen by St. David himself, the patron saint of Wales.

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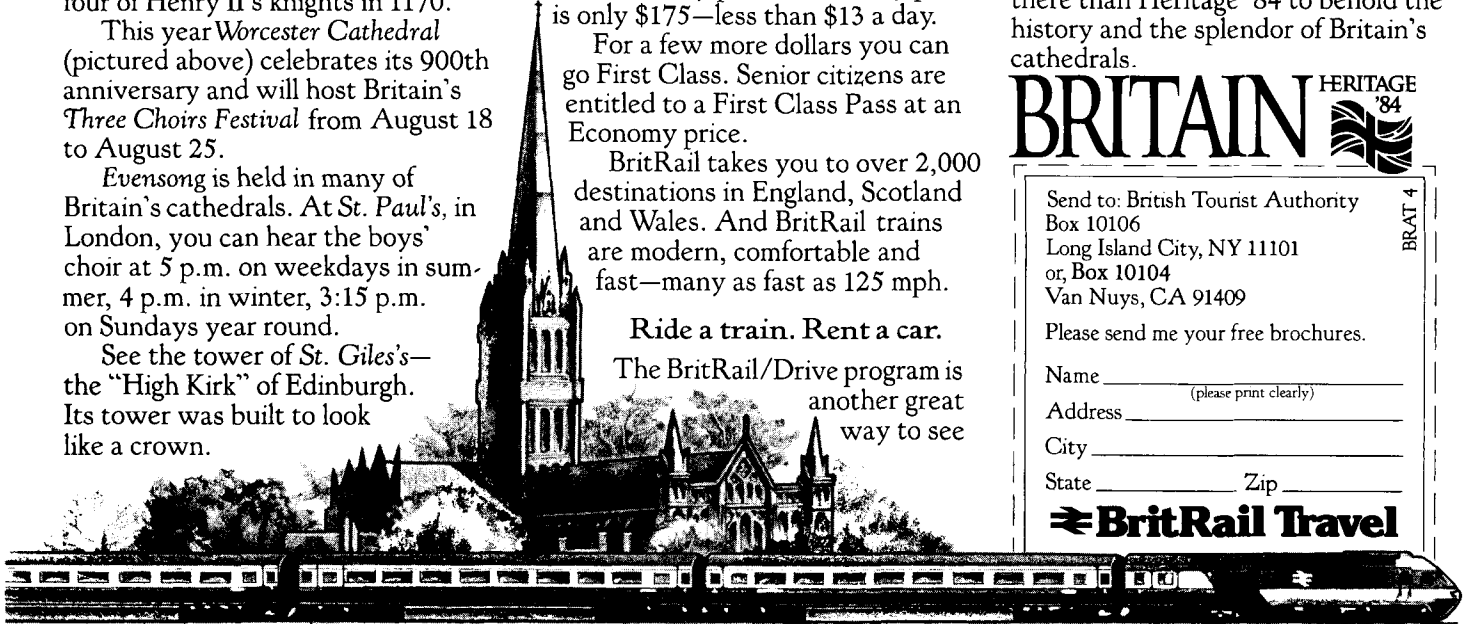
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One of Finland's most colorful folk festivals is the **Ilja Pradznik Festival**, a traditional celebration of the Orthodox Church that is very much a part of the cultural life of eastern Finland. This year the festival takes place on July 19 and 20 in the town of Ilomantsi, only a few miles from the Russian border and surrounded by Finland's beautiful lakes.

- July 8-17: 6TH ANNUAL COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. Major jazz event of year, held in streets, squares, jazz houses, and concert halls. International stars.
- July 11-Aug. 5: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL. Odense.
- July 22-28: INTERNATIONAL CYCLE RALLY. Giant bicycle race. Roskilde.
- Sept. 1-8: AARHUS FESTIVAL WEEK. Denmark's most comprehensive program of concerts, sport, theater, exhibitions, celebrations.

FINLAND

- April 30: MAY DAY EVE. Celebration of spring with all-night parties.
- May 1: MAY DAY. Processions and festivities.
- May 26: FINLANDIA MARATHON.
- June: "GOLDEN" ROWING EVENT. Ivalo-Rovaniemi.
- June 4-10: KUOPIO DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL.
- June 8-16: ILMAJOKI MUSIC FESTIVAL.
- June 15-27: NAANTALI MUSIC FESTIVAL.
- June 25: MIDSUMMER EVE.
- June 26-July 5: JYVASKYLA ARTS FESTIVAL. Concerts, exhibitions, seminars.
- July 2-21: SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL. World premiere of new opera, *The King Goes Forth to France*, by Aulis Sallinen.
- July 12-15: PORI JAZZ FESTIVAL.
- July 15-29: KUUMO CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. Central theme for 1984 is Franz Schubert.
- July 16-22: KAUSTINEN FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL.
- July 19-20: ILJA PRADZNIK FESTIVAL. Country's most colorful summer folk festival, based on traditions of eastern Finland.
- July 25-27: SLEEPY HEAD CARNIVAL. Festivities culminate on July 27 in Hanko when laziest person in town is thrown into sea. Naantali, Hanko.
- Aug. 7-13: LAHTI ORGAN FESTIVAL.
- Aug. 10-17: TURKU MUSIC FESTIVAL.

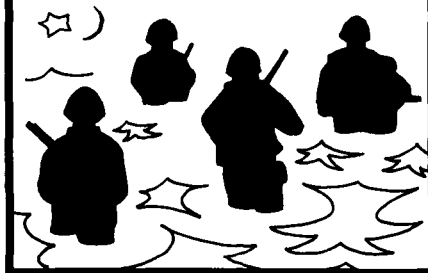
- Aug. 14-19: TAMPERE SUMMER THEATER.
- Aug. 23-Sept. 8: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, ballet, theater, jazz, pop, exhibitions. 1984 theme is Russian and Soviet music.
- Late Sept.: REINDEER ROUNDUPS.
- Dec. 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.

FRANCE

- April-June: PARIS OPERA SEASON.
- April 9-15: COMMEMORATION OF 450TH ANNIVERSARY OF JACQUES CARTIER'S ARRIVAL IN CANADA. International assembly of sailboats on French coast at Cartier's hometown for April 15 race to Canada. St. Malo.
- Late April-early May: FESTIVAL OF CAMARGUE COWBOYS. Arles.

HIGHLIGHT '84

France's year-long commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the World War II Normandy invasion will be launched on June 6 by French President Mitterrand. For Americans, two of the most important sites on the 108-mile coast are the cemeteries and monuments at Colleville-sur-Mer and Omaha Beach.



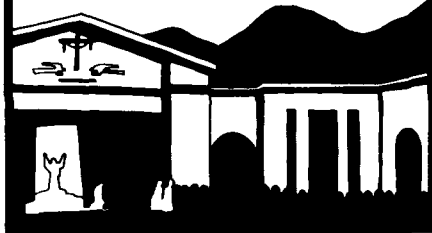
- Early May: MAY FESTIVAL. Music, drama, ballet, with international stars. Bordeaux.
- May 4-16: FLORALIES INTERNATIONALES. Over 15,000 plants on view. Nantes.
- May 7-8: JOAN OF ARC FESTIVAL. Orleans.
- May 8-June 10: FRENCH OPEN. International tennis tournament. Paris.
- May 12: MARATHON. Paris.
- May 16-31: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. Cannes.
- Mid-May: ANNUAL GYPSY PILGRIMAGE. Three-day event honoring gypsies' patron saint, Sarah. Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.
- June-Sept.: SON ET LUMIERE. Sound and light shows in historic chateaux. Loire Valley.
- June 6-10: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Bullfights, flamenco. Nîmes.
- Mid-June: 46TH STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. Features music of Bach, Schumann, Strauss.
- June 21-25: INTERNATIONAL ROSE SHOW. Paris.
- June 30: 71ST ANNUAL TOUR DE FRANCE. Bicycle race covering 3900 km during 22 laps, starting from Basel and ending on the Champs-Élysées in Paris.
- July-Aug.: PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL. Prades.
- July 13-Aug. 1: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA AND MUSIC. Aix-en-Provence.
- July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Parades, fireworks. Nationwide.
- July 15-Sept. 20: FESTIVAL DE PARIS.
- Aug. 31: TRANSATLANTIC BOAT RACE. Arrival of boats competing in 3000-mile race from Canada to France as part of the Cartier 450th anniversary. St. Malo.
- Sept. 2-25: 37TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Besançon.
- Sept. 15-24: BERLIOZ FESTIVAL. Lyon.
- Sept. 24-Oct. 2: FOIRE INTERNATIONALE D'ART CONTEMPORAIN.
- Sept.-Jan. 1985: ROUSSEAU. Grand Palais, Paris.
- Oct. 4-14: INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW. Paris.
- Nov. 17-19: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES (Three Days of Glory). Most important wine festival in France. Beaune, Meursault.

WEST GERMANY

- April 28-May 6; July-Aug; Oct.: TRADITIONAL ANTIQUE FAIR. Munich.
- May: MAY FESTIVAL. Ballet, opera, modern dance, and music. Wiesbaden.
- May/Oct.: PALACE FESTIVAL PLAYS. Ludwigsburg.
- May 2-31: SCHWETZINGEN FESTIVAL. Premier of opera, *Ophelia*, by Rudolf Kelterborn, May 2.
- May 3-13: INTERNATIONAL GERMAN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Hamburg.
- May 6-23: MOZART FESTIVAL. Augsburg.
- May 13-Sept. 16: PIED PIPER OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL. 700 years pied piper plays; festive week June 23-30. Hameln.
- May 25-28: 2000 YEARS CITY OF TRIER.
- May 25-31: BALLET FESTIVAL. Hamburg.
- May 29-June 30: SUMMER CONCERTS IN SCHLEISSHEIM CASTLE. Munich.
- Late May-Sept.: ILLUMINATION OF HERREN-CHIEMSEE PALACE. Chamber music concerts. Prien/Chiemsee (lake).
- June: MOZART FESTIVAL. Würzburg.
- June/July: NYMPHENBURG PALACE SUMMER PLAYS. Munich.
- June 17: DAY OF GERMAN UNITY.
- June 20-July 24: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Konstanz.
- July-Aug.: THE RHINE AFLAME. Illumination of castles and riverbanks between Braubach and Koblenz, fireworks on Ehrenbreitstein Fort.
- July 11-31: OPERA FESTIVAL. Munich.
- July 13-23: OATH MONDAY. Folk festival with waterborne procession on Danube. Ulm.
- Mid-July: CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. Dinkelsbuehl.
- July 25-Aug. 29: RICHARD WAGNER OPERA FESTIVAL. Bayreuth.
- Aug.: CASTLE FESTIVAL. Heidelberg.

HIGHLIGHT '84

In 1633, when the village of Oberammergau was gripped by the Black Plague, townspeople swore to stage a performance of Christ's bitter suffering every 10 years. To mark the 350th anniversary of the plays, Oberammergau will perform them four times weekly, from May 21 to Sept. 28.



Mid-Aug.: WINE FESTIVAL. Rhine River region.
 Aug. 25-Sept. 2: RACE WEEK. Baden-Baden.
 Sept.: BERLIN FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, theater.
 Mid-Sept.: WINE AND SAUSAGE MARKET FOLK FESTIVAL. Bad Duerkheim.
 Sept. 22-Oct. 7: OKTOBERFEST. Munich.
 Sept. 22-Oct. 7: CANNSTATT FOLK FESTIVAL. Stuttgart.
 Late Sept.: FOLK WINE FESTIVAL. Heidelberg.
 Oct. 10-15: BOOK FAIR. Frankfurt.
 Oct. 10-16: WORLD'S FAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Cologne.
 Nov. 1-4: JAZZ FESTIVAL. Berlin.
 Early Nov./Dec.: HAMBURGER DOM FOLK FESTIVAL. Hamburg.
 Nov. 17: DAY OF PRAYER AND REPENTANCE.
 Late Nov.-Dec. 23: CHRISTKINDLESMARKT (Christmas Market). Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Berlin, Cologne.

GREECE

April-Oct.: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. Athens, Rhodes, Corfu.
 April 20-22: EASTER OBSERVANCES. Most important public and religious celebrations in Greece.
 May-Sept.: GREEK FOLK DANCE. Athens.
 May 21-23: ANASTENARIA. Traditional fire-walking performances. Northern Greece.
 June: CORFU FESTIVAL.
 June 10-Sept. 18: ATHENS FESTIVAL. Performances by renowned artists at open-air amphitheater at foot of Acropolis.
 June-Sept.: EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. Ancient Greek plays performed in 3rd-century B.C. Theater of Epidaurus.
 June-Oct.: REGIONAL FOLK DANCES. Rhodes.
 July-Aug.: PHILIPPI and THASSOS FESTIVALS.
 July-Sept.: WINE FESTIVALS. Crete, Daphni, Alexandroupolis.
 Early July: NAVY WEEK.
 Mid-July: 20TH AEGEAN SAILING WEEK. Athens.
 Aug.: HIPPOKRATEIA FESTIVAL. Cos.
 Aug. 23: PIRATES' RAID. Paros.
 Oct.: DEMETRIA FESTIVAL. Thessaloniki.
 Oct.: ATHENS OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE. Thousands retrace original Marathon-to-Athens route, commemorating Pheidippides' run to announce Athenian victory over invading Persians in 490 B.C.
 Oct. 28: NATIONAL DAY. Parades.
 Dec. 31: SEAMAN'S SHIP MODEL PARADE. Chios.

HUNGARY

April 4: LIBERATION DAY.
 April 14: MARATHON BUDAPEST '84.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.



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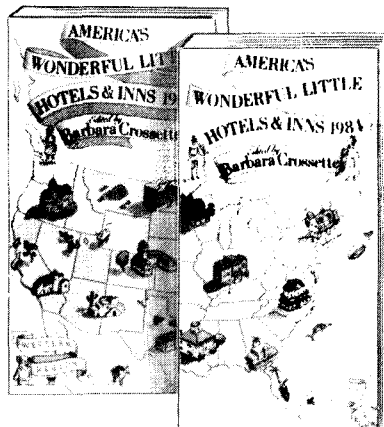
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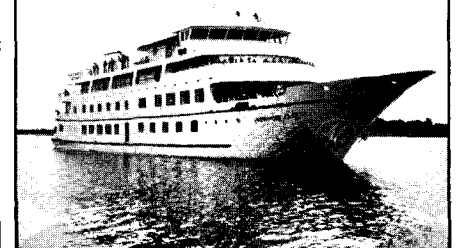
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June 14-Aug. 14: SUMMER CONCERTS. Budapest and environs.

Aug. 20: CONSTITUTION DAY.

Mid-Sept.-mid-Oct.: BUDAPEST ART WEEKS.

Nov. 7: ANNIVERSARY OF OCTOBER REVOLUTION.

ICELAND

April-June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS. Thursday concerts. Reykjavik.

April 1-Sept. 26: TROUT FISHING SEASON.

April 22: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. National holiday celebrated mainly for and by children.

June-Aug.: SUMMER SKI SEASON. Kerlingarfjoll.

June 1-17: ARTS FESTIVAL. Reykjavik.

June 1-Sept. 10: SALMON FISHING SEASON.

June 3: SEAMAN'S DAY. Reykjavik and fishing ports nationwide.

June 17: NATIONAL DAY.

June 22-23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENTS. Reykjavik and other courses.

July-Aug.: LIGHT NIGHTS. Traditional folklore entertainment in English. Reykjavik.

July 3-8: NORDIA '84. Nordic philatelic exhibit. Reykjavik.

July 22: SKALHOLTSHATIO CELEBRATION. Skalholt.

Early Aug.: WESTMAN ISLANDS FESTIVAL. Sports competitions, entertainment. Heimacy.

Sept.: SEPTEM '84. Group of Icelandic painters. Reykjavik.

Sept.: ANNUAL SHEEP AND HORSE ROUNDUP.

Sept.-Dec.: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES.

Oct. 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. Marks discovery of America in A.D. 1000.

Dec. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

IRELAND

1984: GALWAY QUINCENTENNIAL. Galway is celebrating its 500th birthday as a mayoral city, with full year of special happenings.

May 1-5: ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL SPRING SHOW. Shop window of Irish agriculture and industry.

May 2-6: CORK CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL.

May 19-29: DUNDALK INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR THEATRE FESTIVAL.

May 25-27: FLEADH NUA. Colorful festival of Irish traditional music, song, and dance. Ennis.

May 30-June 3: LISTOWEL WRITERS WEEK. Hometown of well-known writers and playwrights who organize seminars, lectures, and readings.

June 8-16: 15TH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES. International artists play in 10 of Ireland's largest and most beautiful 18th-century mansions.

June 10-17: JOHN MCCORMACK CENTENARY. Ireland's most famous operatic tenor, born 100 years ago, celebrated in concerts and tributes.

June 12-19: AN TOSTAL. Irish music, song and dance, band recitals, fancy-dress show, music and ballad competitions. Drumshanbo.

June 30: IRISH SWEEPS DERBY.

July 3-9: TENNIS: IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS. Dublin.

July 18: 2ND ANNUAL ANGLO-IRISH NATIONAL HUNT JOCKEYS' COMPETITION. Limerick.

July 25-30: GALWAY RACE WEEK.

Aug. 7-11: DUBLIN HORSE SHOW. Principal sporting and social event of year, attracting international visitors.

Aug 11-19: WELCOME HOME WEEK. Marks 100th anniversary of founding of Gaelic Athletic Association; competitions in Gaelic games, football, hurling, and camogie. Nationwide.

Aug. 11-25: YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. Sligo.

Aug. 25-30: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Concerts, horse racing, parade, free street entertainment; highlight is Rose of Tralee contest. Tralee.

Sept. 15-30: 26TH WATERFORD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA.

Sept. 28-30: GALWAY OYSTER FESTIVAL.

Oct. 1-14: DUBLIN THEATRE FESTIVAL. New plays by Irish, American, and European authors.

Oct. 24-Nov. 4: WEXFORD OPERA FESTIVAL. Renowned for presentation of rare operatic masterpieces of 18th and 19th centuries on stage of 19th-century Theatre Royal; concerts and chamber music. Wexford.

Oct. 25-27: CORK JAZZ FESTIVAL.

Oct. 29: DUBLIN CITY MARATHON. Over 10,000 runners.

ITALY

April 14-23: 62ND TRADE FAIR. Milan.

April 20: PROCESSION OF THE MYSTERIES. Passion procession of 20 groups of life-sized figures in carved wood and canvas. Trapani, Sicily.

April 22: EXPLOSION OF THE CART. Easter Sunday fireworks. Florence.

April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. Start of gondola regatta season. Venice.

May-June: INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. Bergamo.

May-mid-June: SAGRA MUSICALE. Lucca.

May-June 30: MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. Florence.

May 1-4: FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO. Cagliari.

May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES. Costumed bearers carry huge shrines to church atop Mount Ingino. Gubbio.

May 23: SARDEGNA CAVALCADE. Sassari.

June: WAGNER FESTIVAL. Ravello.

June-July: FESTIVAL OF TWO WORLDS. Opera, drama, ballet, art. Spoleto.

June-Sept.: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. Roman Theater, Verona.

June 21: FLOWER FESTIVAL. Religious procession on streets carpeted with flowers in beautiful designs. Genzano.

June 24, 28: 16TH-CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH. Florence.

July: INTERNATIONAL BALLET FESTIVAL. Nervi.

July-Aug.: SUMMER OPERA SEASON. Baths of Caracalla, Rome.

July 2-Aug. 16: PALIO. Medieval costume pageant, flag-throwing skills, bareback horse race, and competition for the palio or banner. Siena.

Mid-July-mid-Aug.: OPERA FESTIVAL. Open-air opera in Roman amphitheater. Verona.

July 14-15: FESTA DEL REDENTORE. Celebrates city's delivery from plague in 1575. Venice.

Aug.-Sept.: MUSICAL WEEKS. Stresa.

Aug. 5: JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN. Ascoli Piceno.

Sept. 2: JOUST OF THE SARACEN. Tilting contest of 13th century with knights in armor. Arezzo.

Sept. 2: REGATTA STORICA. 700-year-old regatta resplendent with costumes and decorations along the Canal Grande, where gondolas also compete. Venice.

Oct.: TRUFFLE FAIR. Alba.

Oct.: SAGRA MUSICAL UMBRIA. Concerts, ballets, masses of ancient and modern religious music, artists of international fame; held in churches, museums, and theaters in Perugia and other historic centers of Umbria.

Dec. 7-June 1985: OPERA AND BALLET SEASON. La Scala Opera House, Milan.

LUXEMBOURG

April 26: WINE FAIR. Sampling of Luxembourg Moselle wines. Grevenmacher.

April 23-May 8: "OCTAVE." Annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Luxembourg (since 1628).

May 1: SPRING FESTIVAL.

May 7-15: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. Luxembourg.

May 26: WINE FAIR. Wormeldange.

June 11: GENZEFEST (Broom Flower Festival). Parade, floats. Wiltz.

June 12: WHIT TUESDAY. Dancing procession in honor of St. Willibrord. **Echternach.**
June 23: LUXEMBOURG NATIONAL DAY.
July: THEATRE DES CASEMATES. Modern plays performed in Bock casemates (subterranean chambers). **Luxembourg.**
July-Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. **Echternach, Luxembourg.**
July-Aug.: 30TH INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Wiltz.**
Early July: CHERRY FESTIVAL. **Trintange.**
July 8: REMEMBRANCE DAY. In honor of U.S. General G. Patton, liberator of the grand duchy in 1945, who is buried at American cemetery in Hamm with 5100 soldiers of his famous Third Army. Military parade, special ceremonies commemorating the Battle of the Bulge, concerts. **Ettelbruck.**
Mid-July: ROSE FESTIVAL. **Walferdange.**
July 29-Aug. 7: POTTERY EXHIBITION AND FAIR. By contemporary Luxembourg artists. Open weekends. **Nospelt.**
Aug. 13-14: 26TH WINE FESTIVAL. Concerts and ball. **Stadtbredimus.**
Aug. 19-Sept. 2: SCHUEBERFESTER. On 3rd Sunday of fair, sheep decorated with colorful ribbons march through city accompanied by shepherds dressed in folk costumes, while band plays old tune, the "Hammelmarsch" (March of the Sheep). **Luxembourg.**
Sept. 4: WINE FESTIVAL. Wine flows from fountain in public square. **Schwebsange.**
Sept. 8-9: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Grevenmacher.**
Sept. 9: COMMEMORATION OF LIBERATION OF GRAND DUCHY BY ALLIED FORCES IN 1944. **Petange.**
Sept. 24-25: GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Wormeldange.**
Oct.-Jan. 1985: THEATER, CONCERT, BALLET, AND OPERA SEASON. **Luxembourg.**
Oct. 1-2: 32ND GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Wellenstein.**
Dec. 6: ARRIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS. Descends from heaven to bring rewards to all well-behaved children.
Dec. 26: WINE GROWERS PARADE. Wine growers carry barrel of wine to church where it is blessed; after religious ceremony, wine on tap. **Greibeldange.**

MALTA

April 20: HOLY WEEK. Good Friday processions in 14 towns and villages.
April 22: EASTER SUNDAY.
June: INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY OF MALTA.
June 23-24: MNARJA FOLK FESTIVAL. All-night traditional Maltese festa with folk music, dancing, and impromptu folk singing.

HIGHLIGHT '84

Malta's Carnival, May 11-13, dates back to 1535, when the Knights of St. John introduced the custom. Among special features are competitions for which the Maltese dress in elaborate costumes and perform traditional dances.



July: MALTA FEST. Maltese international arts festival. **Mdina, Valletta, Sliema.**
Aug. 15: SANTA MARIJA. Popular feast celebrated in seven towns and villages throughout Malta.
Sept. 2: THE REGATTA. Commemorates lifting of great sieges of Malta in 1565 and World War II.
Oct.: MIDDLE SEA RACE. International 600-mile race for yachts; starts and ends at Malta.
Dec. 13: REPUBLIC DAY.

MONACO

April 12-22: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.
April 19-May 6: 15TH INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL.
May: 47TH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
May 5-6: 17TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION. **Monte Carlo.**
May 31-June 3: 42ND MONACO GRAND PRIX. Internationally famous car race in local streets.
June 21-24: FIRST MONTE CARLO GOLF OPEN.
June 23-24: ST. JOHN'S FEAST. **Old Monaco.**
July 8-15: WORLD BACKGAMMON CHAMPIONSHIP.
July 24; Aug. 4, 7, 9: 19TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS.
Aug. 5: RED CROSS GALA.
Sept. 2, 4, 6: 3RD WORLD FESTIVAL OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS AND GOSPEL SINGERS.
Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27: JAZZ ON THE ROCK.
Oct.-Dec.: CONCERTS, CHAMBER MUSIC, DRAMA. Various venues.
Nov. 18-20: MONACO NATIONAL DAY FESTIVAL. Concerts.
Dec. 6-10: 10TH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. **Fontvieille.**
Dec. 22-31: BALLET. **Monte Carlo.**

NETHERLANDS

April: TULIP SHOW FRANS ROZEN. Tulip nursery with magnificent show garden and bulb fields.
July-Oct.: SUMMERSHOW. Summer flowers and Dutch art expositions.
April-mid-May: BULB FIELDS IN BLOOM. Crocuses, beginning of April; tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils about mid-April. Times of flowering depend on weather and may overlap. Bulb district between **Haarlem** and **Leiden**.
Mid-April-mid-Sept.: Traditional Alkmaar cheese market. **Alkmaar, Waagplein.**
April 30: CELEBRATION OF QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
May-July: HOLLAND FESTIVAL.
May-Sept.: ANTIQUE AND FLOWER MARKET. Every Thursday. **The Hague.**
May 5: NATIONAL WINDMILL AND CYCLING DAY.
May 12: INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.
May 29: MEMORIAL DAY. American Military Cemetery, **Margraten.**
May 31-June 3: INTERNATIONAL OLD-STYLE JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Breda.**
June 1-18: FESTIVAL OF FOOLS.
June 22: OLD DUTCH MARKET. **Hoorn.**
Late July: HOLLAND WEEK 1. International yacht races. **Loosdrecht.**
Late July: SKUTSJESILEN. Races for old cargo yachts and market boats. **Frisian lakes.**
Mid-Aug.: FLORAL PARADE OF THE HAGUE.
Late Aug.: TAPTOE BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Breda.**
Late Aug.: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Maastricht.**
Sept. 1: FLORAL PARADE. **Aalsmeer-Amsterdam.**
Sept. 18: PRINSJESDAG. Includes rides by Her Majesty the Queen in traditional golden coach to Hall of Knights for yearly opening of Parliament. **The Hague.**
Early Oct.: HEFSTFLORA. Autumn flower show. **Laren, Singermuseum.**
Oct. 12-31: OLD ART AND ANTIQUE FAIR. **Delft.**
Nov.: ST. NICOLAS CELEBRATIONS.
Nov. 7-11: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR. **Aalsmeer.**
Dec. 11, 13: GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT.



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- ☐ Heart of Europe. 19 days.
- ☐ Bavaria and Austria. 15 days.
- ☐ The Alps of Europe. 19 days.
- ☐ Five Countries. 22 days.
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- ☐ South Pacific ☐ World's Fair ☐ USA
- ☐ Arizona ☐ Christmas ☐ Fall Foliage
- ☐ Orient/Pacific ☐ Middle East/Egypt

NORWAY

April 10: REINDEER RACES. Finnmark.
 May-June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. Best blooms: May 20-June 10.
 May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. Round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.
 May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 May 25-June 6: 32ND INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE. Norway's chief cultural event. Bergen.
 June 15-25: NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL. Open-air theater, folklore. Harstad.
 June 23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT. Fireworks, dancing.
 June 29-July 1: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Kongsberg.
 July 23-28: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Star performers. Molde.
 July 27-29: ST. OLAV FESTIVAL. Honors King Olav, who died in Viking battle at Stiklestad on July 29, 1030. Historic pageant, folklore, bonfires. Stiklestad, near Trondheim.
 Early Aug.: PEER GYNT FESTIVAL. Folklore, drama, pageantry. Vinstra.
 Aug. 16-23: NORWEGIAN FILM FESTIVAL. Hargesund.
 Oct. 1-31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT. Annual art presentation. Oslo.
 Dec. 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. By invitation. Oslo.

PORTUGAL

April 16-18: FLOWER FESTIVAL. Funchal, Madeira Island.
 April 25: PORTUGAL DAY.
 May-June: GULBENKIAN CONCERTS. Lisbon.

May 1-4: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSSES. Barcelos.
 May 12-13: FIRST ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA.
 May 15: FESTIVAL OF SENHOR SANTO CRISTO, PONTA DELGADA. Cultural and sporting events as well as splendid procession. Azores.
 June: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Lisbon.
 June 10: CAMOES DAY. National holiday, celebrates poet/hero.
 June 11-17: 5TH INTERNATIONAL BACH FESTIVAL. Funchal, Madeira.
 June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE. St. Anthony, more affectionately referred to as "the marrying saint," is the patron saint of young lovers.
 June 12-29: ALL SAINTS FESTIVAL. Lisbon, Oporto.
 July: CONCERTS. Sintra.
 July-Aug.: ESTORIL HANDICRAFTS FAIR.
 July 5-7: MADEIRA WINE RALLY.
 July 6-7: "RED WAISTCOAT" FESTIVAL. Dress parade of cowboys, featuring bulls running through town. Vila Franca de Xira.
 Aug. 3-6: FESTAS GUALTERIANAS. In historic town, enormous markets feature regional specialties, grilled sardines and sparkling green wine (*vinho verde*). Guimaraes.
 Aug. 5-7: MADEIRA WINE RALLY.
 Aug. 10-14: FESTIVAL OF THE GREEN CAP & SALT PANS. Alcochete.
 Early Sept.: WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Palmela.
 Sept. 8-16: SENHORA DA NAZARE FOLK PILGRIMAGE. Nazare.
 Mid-Sept.: FISHERMAN'S FESTIVAL (Festival of Our Lady of Bonanza). Vila Praia de Ancora.
 Sept. 18-26: MADEIRA WINE FESTIVAL.
 Late Sept.: GREAT WINE FESTIVAL. Oporto.
 Oct.: OCTOBER FAIR. Vila Franca de Xira.
 Oct. 5: DAY OF THE REPUBLIC.
 Oct. 12-13: LAST ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA.

Nov. 8-12: NATIONAL HORSE SHOW. Golega.
 Dec. 1: RESTORATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE.
 Dec. 8: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
 Dec. 31: ST. SYLVESTER'S EVE. Funchal, Madeira.

ROMANIA

May: FESTIVAL OF ROMANIAN MUSIC. Iasi.
 June: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. Brasov.
 July: MAIDENS FAIR. At Mount Gaina. Avram Iancu.
 July-Aug.: SEA FESTIVALS. Romanian Riviera resorts.
 July-Aug.: "CEAHLAU" MOUNTAIN FESTIVITY. Durau.
 Aug.: FOLK FESTIVAL. Pasul Prislop.
 Aug.: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONGS AND DANCES. Costume parade. Bucharest.
 Aug. 1: FESTIVAL OF SEAS. Black Sea resort areas.
 Aug. 23: NATIONAL LIBERATION DAY.
 Sept.: 12TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GEORGE ENESCU. Bucharest.
 Sept.: TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL. At foot of hill of Castle of Bran.

SPAIN

April 15-22: HOLY WEEK CELEBRATION. Nationwide.
 April 22-24: FAIR OF THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS. Costumed re-enactment of medieval battle. Alicante.
 April 23: ST. GEORGE DAY and CERVANTES DAY. Barcelona.
 April 30-May 6: APRIL FAIR. Seville.
 May 16-20: HORSE FAIR. Jerez de la Frontera.
 May 30: FESTIVAL OF THE PATIOS. Cordoba.
 June 7-11: THE ROCIO PILGRIMAGE. Almonte.
 June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. Since 1230. Granada, Toledo, Seville.
 June 21-29: ST. JOHN BONFIRES. Alicante.
 June 23-24: FIRE WALK AND MONDIDAS FESTIVAL. San Pedro Manrique.
 June 30: MAJOR FESTIVALS. Ancient dances. Hita, Guadalajara.
 July 6-14: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN. Running of the bulls. Pamplona.
 Aug. 23-Sept. 3: GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Valencia.
 Aug. 24-26: FESTIVAL OF MOORS AND CHRISTIANS. Valencia.
 Sept. 20-27: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF MERCY. Barcelona.
 Sept. 30: JEREZ GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Cadiz.
 Oct. 8-16: FESTIVALS DEL PILAR. Zaragoza.
 Oct. 28: SAFFRON FESTIVAL. Consuegra.

SWEDEN

April 14-Sept. 16: LISEBERG AMUSEMENT PARK. Scandinavia's largest park. Gothenburg.
 April 19-23: HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING. Gothenburg.
 April 21-mid-Sept.: TIVOLI GRONA LUND AMUSEMENT PARK. Stockholm.
 April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires and nighttime revelry welcome spring. Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea.
 May-June: SUMMER SKIING. Lapland.
 May-Sept.: FOLK MUSICIANS MEETINGS.
 June-Aug.: BALLET AND 18TH-CENTURY OPERA. Drottningholm Court Theater, Stockholm.
 June 2: STOCKHOLM MARATHON.
 June 22-24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS.
 June 23-July 8: BOAT RACE. Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services. Leksand and other locations.
 July: JULIADEN. Free concerts, entertainment, sports competition. Stockholm.
 July 1-Aug. 10: PETRUS DE DACIA. Pageant performances. Visby, Gotland.



Konya is the site of the Festival of Mevlana, December 14-17, held in honor of the great Moslem mystic, poet, and philosopher Jaleddin Rumi, who founded the order of the Whirling Dervishes. The dervishes' ritual dance, the *soma*, combines a constant turning of the body with a graceful flowing of robes to hold audiences spellbound. Gracefully performed, the dance symbolizes the shedding of earthly ties and union with the divine.

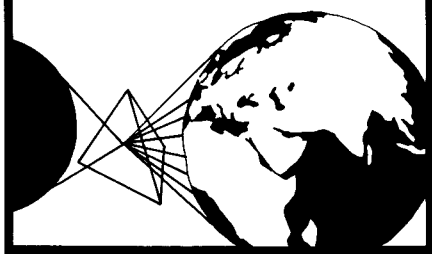
July 7: HALSINGEHAMBON. Folk-dance festival.
 July 14-22: SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Volvo Grand Prix. Bastad.
 July 29: JOHN ERICSSON DAY. Sweden-America Day.
 Aug. 21-26: STOCKHOLM JAZZ DAYS 1984.
 Aug. 26: HOMESTEAD DAY. Homestead Year's activities culminate at Skanden, open-air museum. Stockholm.
 Sept. 24-Oct. 7: 5TH WORLD MUSIC WEEKS.
 Late Nov.-mid-Dec.: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS FAIR. Stockholm.
 Dec. 10: NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. By invitation. Stockholm.
 Dec. 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Queen of Light and her court wear candle crowns for festive processions. Nationwide.
 Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

SWITZERLAND

April: ANTIC '84: 9TH INTERNATIONAL ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. Zurich.
 April-July: LOCARNO CONCERTS.
 April 5-12: 12TH EUROPEAN WATCH AND JEWELRY FAIR. Basel.
 April 15-16: SECHSELAUTEN. Spring festival. Zurich.
 April 21-29: 21ST INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL. Montreux.

HIGHLIGHT '84

PHENOMENA is an exhibition devised by scientists and artists to help people better understand their relationship to science, technology, and universal phenomena. Exhibits related to water, air, optics, acoustics, wind, and others will be open May 12-Oct. 23 in Zurich.



May: INTERNATIONAL TV FESTIVAL. "Golden Rose of Montreux."
 May-June: 29TH LAUSANNE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Opera, ballet, concerts.
 May 6-9: ARTISWISS. Fair for Swiss handicrafts. Lucerne.
 May 9-13: 9TH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Berne.
 June: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL. Concerts, theater, music courses, art exhibitions. Zurich.
 June-July: 23RD INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS. Murren.
 June 13-18: ART 15 '84: 15TH INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF 20TH-CENTURY ART. Basel.
 Late June-mid-July: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Meiringen.
 July-Aug.: WILLIAM TELL FESTIVAL PLAYS. Altdorf, Interlaken.
 July 6-22: 18TH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Montreux.
 July 10-17: 40TH BRAUNWALD MUSIC WEEK.
 July 28-29: WIND-SURFING MARATHON. St. Moritz.
 Aug.: FETES DE GENEVE.
 Aug.: 24TH INTERLAKEN MUSIC WEEKS.
 Aug.: WILLISAU INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.
 Aug. 15-Sept. 8: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Lucerne.
 Aug. 25-Oct. 4: 39TH MONTREUX-VEVEY MUSIC FESTIVAL.

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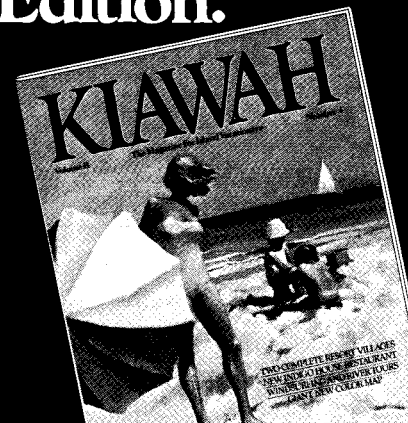
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Sept.: 65TH COMPTOIR SUISSE. National autumn fair of Swiss products. **Lausanne.**
 Sept. 29-30: WINE FESTIVAL. **Neuchâtel.**
 Oct.: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Zurich.**
 Oct. 5-7: WINE FESTIVAL. **Lugano, Morges.**
 Oct. 27-Nov. 11: BASEL AUTUMN MARKET AND WINE FAIR.
 Nov. 1-15: EXPOVINA: ZURICH WINE EXHIBITION.
 Nov. 28-Dec. 12: 12TH GENEVA ANTIQUES FAIR.
 Mid-Dec.: ESCALADE. **Geneva.**

TURKEY

April 1-8: SELCUK-EPHESUS FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ART.
 April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY.
 Late April-early May: EMIRGAN TULIP FESTIVAL. **Istanbul.**
 May-Oct.: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES at the Blue Mosque, **Istanbul.**
 May 20-June 5: KIRKPINAR OILED WRESTLING MATCHES. **Edirne.**
 Late May: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM. Drama, folk dancing, and handicrafts exhibits. **Izmir.**
 June: RAMAZAN. Moslem holy month.
 June 4-5: ROSE-GROWING COMPETITION. **Konya.**
 June 7-13: MUSIC AND ART FESTIVAL. **Marmaris.**
 June 20-July 15: ISTANBUL INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.
 June 30-July 2: SEKER BAYRAMI. Candy festival at end of Ramazan.
 July 5-10: NASREDDIN HOCA CELEBRATIONS. Honors semilegendary humorous master of Turkish folklore legends and tales. **Akşehir.**
 July 7-12: BURSA FOLKLORE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 Aug.-Sept.: SOUND AND LIGHT IN ATATURK'S MAUSOLEUM (Anitkabir). **Ankara.**
 Aug. 15: CELEBRATION OF MASS OF THE VIRGIN MARY. In little house near Ephesus, in which Virgin Mary is said to have spent her last days.
 Aug. 15-18: CANAKKALE TROY FESTIVAL.
 Aug. 20-Sept. 20: IZMIR INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

Aug. 30: VICTORY DAY. Commemoration of victory over invading armies during War of Independence (1923). **Izmir.**
 Sept. 1-9: BODRUM CULTURE AND ART WEEK.
 Sept. 2-4: AHI EVRAN CRAFTS AND FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Kirsehir.**
 Sept. 6-9: KURBAN BAYRAMI. Year's most important religious festival and public holiday.
 Sept. 11-12: CORUM HITTITE FESTIVAL.
 Sept. 15-18: CAPPADOCIA TOURISM FESTIVAL.
 Sept. 15-Oct. 5: TEXTILE AND FASHION FAIR. **Mersin.**
 Sept. 24: CULINARY CONTEST. **Konya.**
 Oct. 29: REPUBLIC DAY.
 Dec.: CAMEL WRESTLING. **Aydin.**
 Dec. 6-8: SAINT NICHOLAS FESTIVAL. Commemorative ceremonies held in the 4th-century church of St. Nicholas, the original Santa Claus. **Demre, near Antalya.**
 Dec. 14-17: FESTIVAL OF MEVLANA. The great Moslem mystic, poet, and philosopher Jelâleddin Rumi (Mevlana), founder of order of Whirling Dervishes, is remembered. Dervishes whirl to traditional music. (Reservations should be made in advance through the local tourist office.) **Konya.**

U.S.S.R.

April: U.S.S.R. FIGURE-SKATING CUP. **Tashkent.**
 May 1-2: INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY OF WORKING PEOPLE. Official May Day celebrations.
 May 5-13: MOSCOW STARS ART FESTIVAL.
 May 9: VICTORY DAY. Public holiday honoring veterans and commemorating World War II.
 May 17-22: U.S.S.R. EQUESTRIAN SPORT FINALS. **Minsk.**
 May 28-Aug. 6: U.S.S.R. PEOPLES' SPARTAKIAD. International events of track and field and other sports. **Moscow.**
 Late May-early June: KIEV SPRING ART FESTIVAL.
 June 21-29: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL. Arts under the midnight sun. **Leningrad.**
 Aug.: SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Riga.**

Aug.: CRIMEAN DAWN SOVIET SONG FESTIVAL. **Yalta.**
 Sept. 19-25: U.S.S.R. GYMNASTICS CUP. **Kiev.**
 Oct. 5-13: MELODIES OF SOVIET TRANSCAUCASIA. Arts festival. **Tbilisi, Erevan, Baku.**
 Nov. 7-8: ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCTOBER SOCIALIST REVOLUTION.
 Nov. 20-27: BLACK SEA REGATTA. **Sochi.**
 Nov. 20-30: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN. Arts festival. **Minsk.**
 Dec. 20-25: ALL-UNION FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP. **Leningrad.**
 Dec. 25-Jan. 5, 1985: RUSSIAN WINTER ART FESTIVAL. Sports, arts. **Moscow.**

YUGOSLAVIA

April-Sept.: FOLKLORE PERFORMANCES. **Cilipe.**
 May: LAKES WEDDING. 10 couples from different European countries are married in native costume. **Plitvice.**
 May-Sept.: MORESKA SWORD DANCE. **Korcula.**
 May-Oct.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Bled.**
 May-Dec.: SKADARLIJA EVENINGS. Folk and gypsy music, theater, art exhibits. **Belgrade.**
 June: KMECKA OHCET. Country wedding festivities. **Ljubljana.**
 June-Sept.: BELGRADE SUMMER. Youth festival.
 June-Oct.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Opatija.**
 July: ZAGREB EVENINGS. Classical and pop music, folklore, international dance performances.
 July-Aug.: LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL. Chamber music, pantomime, folklore.
 July 10-Aug. 24: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Dubrovnik.**
 Mid-July-Aug.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Split.**
 July 24-28: INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE. **Zagreb.**
 Late July: FESTIVAL OF THE CHILD. International festival celebrating children's theater, music, dance, art. **Sibenick.**
 Sept.: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Contemporary works. **Belgrade.**
 Sept.: INTERNATIONAL GRAND FAIR. **Zagreb.**
 Oct.: FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. **Belgrade.**

CANADA

HIGHLIGHT '84

- This year Canada is observing many anniversaries. Among the highlights:
- 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's arrival in New World.
 - 350th anniversary of Trois-Rivières and Beauport.
 - Bicentennial of Province of Ontario.
 - Bicentennial of New Brunswick.
 - 200th anniversary of Loyalists' arrival on Prince Edward Island.
 - 150th anniversary of Toronto.
 - Centennial of Calgary.
 - 50th anniversary of Yellowknife, NWT.
 - 60th anniversary of Royal Canadian Air Force.
 - 25th anniversary of St. Lawrence Seaway.
 - First visit of a pope to Canada.



Newfoundland & Labrador

July 16-Aug. 4: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. Plays.
 Aug. 1: ST. JOHN'S REGATTA. One of North America's oldest sporting events; plus Folk Festival of traditional music, songs, dance, and storytelling.

Prince Edward Island

June 22-Sept. 1: CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL. Musical theater.
 July 15-22: LOBSTER CARNIVAL AND LIVESTOCK EXHIBITION. Ecumenical church service, step dancing and fiddling championships, parade, Miss P.E.I. Pageant. **Summerside.**
 Aug.: HIGHLAND GAMES AND GATHERING OF SCOTTISH CLANS. **Eldon.**
 Aug. 9-18: COUNTRY DAYS/OLD HOME WEEK. Fiddling and step dance competitions, harness racing, horse show, livestock exhibition, concerts, race, parade. **Charlottetown.**

Nova Scotia

May-Oct.: Events marking 75th anniversary of first powered flight in Canada; replica of the Silver Dart on display. **Baddeck.**
 June 10-13: 1984 PARADE OF SAIL. Return of the Tall Ships, which sail for Gaspe on June 13. **Halifax.**

June 27-July 1: NOVA SCOTIA TATTOO. **Halifax.**
 July 7-11: TALL SHIPS PARADE OF SAIL. **Sydney.**
 July 30-Aug. 3: NOVA SCOTIA GAELIC MOD. Annual Scottish gathering with dancing, bagpipes, and singing competition. **Cape Breton.**
 Sept. 21-30: JOSEPH HOWE FESTIVAL. Concerts, bluenose schooner races, regattas, whaler pulling competition, theater festival, craft market, international town crier championships, children's soapbox derby, costume promenade, free pancake breakfast, beer fest. **Halifax.**

New Brunswick

1985: NEW BRUNSWICK BICENTENNIAL.
 July 15-21: LOYALIST DAYS. **St. John.**
 Aug. 10-19: ACADIAN FESTIVAL. Music, drama, cultural activities, Acadian cuisine. **Cararquet.**

Quebec

April 6-Aug. 26: 350TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS. Sports and cultural activities. **Trois-Rivières.**
 June-Aug.: QUEBEC '84. Quebec City is focus of 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's arrival in Canada, welcoming visitors to enjoy regattas, concerts, hundreds of crafts, entertainment.
 June-Aug.: LABATT BLUE FLYING SAILS. Nine national and international championships for dinghies, catamarans, sailboards.
 June 23-30: RETURN OF TALL SHIPS. Ships will be open for public visits. **Old Quebec.**
 June 23-July 20: LABATT CANADA CHALLENGE RACE. First major sailboat race of its kind in North America. Teams will cover 1000 miles from Toronto to Charlottetown.

June 28-July 8: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Montreal.
 June 30: SAIL-PAST. Ships parade past Old Quebec to say *au revoir*.
 July 5-15: SUMMER FESTIVAL. Quebec City.
 July 6-16: 3RD ANNUAL WORLD FOLK FESTIVAL. Drummondville.
 Aug. 2-12: 350TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS. Exhibition of pioneer artifacts, marathon, theater, jamboree. Beauport.
 Aug. 11-18: TRANSAT TAG PRELIMINARIES. Transatlantic sailing race from Quebec City to St. Malo, France (approx. 3000 miles). Departure date, Aug. 19.
 Aug. 17-18, 20-23: WESTERN HEMISPHERE WINDSURFER CHAMPIONSHIP.
 Sept. 23: INTERNATIONAL MARATHON. Montreal.

Ontario

More than 700 Ontario municipalities are sponsoring bicentennial celebrations throughout year.
 1984: 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF CORNWALL.
 1984: TORONTO SESQUICENTENNIAL.
 May: THIRD ANNUAL TORONTO INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. Mime, music, and theater companies from around the world.
 May 1-Oct. 14: SHAW FESTIVAL. Niagara-on-the-Lake.
 May 13-21: FESTIVAL OF SPRING. Ottawa.
 June 1-30: TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Over 200 performances by many of the world's finest musicians, singers, and dancers.
 June 10-Oct. 27: STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Plays by Shakespeare and other prominent writers.
 June 22-30: CARAVAN '84. International exhibition representing Toronto's many cultures with food, drink, handicrafts, and entertainment.
 June 25-July 1: CANADA WEEK. Ends with major concert and spectacular fireworks. Toronto.
 June 28-July 8: INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM FESTIVAL. Joint Canada Day and Independence Day celebrations, cultural events, fireworks. Windsor (Ontario) and Detroit (Michigan).
 July-Aug.: CANADIAN OPERA COMPANY SUMMER FESTIVAL. Toronto.
 July-Sept.: PORT ARTHUR'S CENTENNIAL. Thunder Bay.
 July 1-3: OLD FORT WILLIAM'S GREAT RENDEZ-VOUS PAGEANT. Re-enactment of *voyageurs'* arrival, cannon and musket salutes, feasts, singing and dancing, international canoe race. Thunder Bay.
 July 2-8: JAZZ FESTIVAL. Ottawa.
 July 7-10: TALL SHIPS VISIT TORONTO HARBOR.
 July 13-22: 150TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS. Culminating in military pageant re-enacting American-British battles of American Brigade of Revolution. Prescott.
 Late July: ROYAL VISIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP. Ontario.
 July 26-Aug. 6: CARIBANA '84. Toronto.
 Aug.: SPECIAL BIRTHDAY WEEK. Honoring all this year's Canadian anniversaries. Toronto.
 Aug. 4: GLENGARRY HIGHLAND GAMES. Largest Highland gathering in North America. Maxville.
 Aug. 11-19: CANADIAN MEN'S OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Toronto.
 Sept. 14: VISIT OF POPE JOHN PAUL II. Toronto.
 Oct. 5-13: OKTOBERFEST. Kitchener/Waterloo.

Manitoba

June 17: MANITOBA MARATHON. Winnipeg.
 June 29-July 2: FLIN FLON TROUT FESTIVAL.
 July 6-8: WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL. Three evening concerts, craft village, workshop stages, and special children's area. Winnipeg.
 July 20-22: CALL OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Country and blue-grass music. Boggy Creek.
 Late July: ROYAL VISIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP. Manitoba.



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The *Changing of the Guard* at *Buckingham Palace* takes place at 11:30 every morning beginning in April (every other morning until then), but be there by 11 to ensure a good view. The guards also stand duty at *St. James's Palace* and *Windsor Castle*.

On June 16, see a 41-gun salute fired in honor of the *Queen's Official Birthday*. And *Trooping the Colour*—a ceremony in which the Colour of one of the Foot Guards' Regiments is paraded before the Queen. Even en route to the ceremony, the guards are a spectacular sight to see.

Visit the *Royal Mews* and see all the Queen's coaches and horses, including the *Coronation Coach*.

There will be over fifty Highland Gatherings in Scotland. The largest is the *Royal Highland Gathering* at Braemar, Deeside, on September 1.

The *Edinburgh International Festival* featuring music and drama will be held from August 12 through September 1.

Don't miss the *Military Tattoo* which takes place from August 10 to September 1 on the floodlit esplanade of *Edinburgh Castle*.

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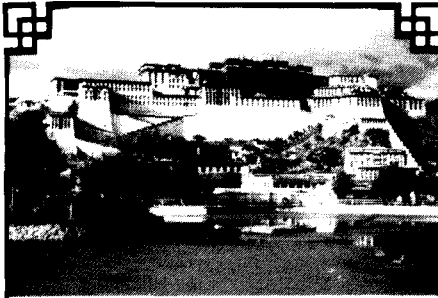
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Aug. 2-5: NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL.
Dauphin.

Aug. 12-18: FOLKLORAMA. Multicultural celebra-
tion. Winnipeg.

Saskatchewan

May 17-19: KINSMEN INTERNATIONAL BAND FES-
TIVAL. 35th annual and largest of its kind in
North America, with 7000 musicians, 110
bands, and 50 choral groups. Moose Jaw.

July, Aug.: "THE TRIAL OF LOUIS RIEL." Dramatic
re-enactment of Canada's most famous trial,
staged three nights per week in Government
House. Regina.

Aug.: BIG VALLEY RODEO AND STAMPEDE. Second
annual professional rodeo with big chuckwagon
finals, world finals in pony chuckwagons, pa-
rade, handicraft displays, Saskatchewan's larg-
est beer garden. Craven.

Alberta

1984: CENTENNIAL. Calgary.

May-Aug.: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. Opera, drama,
musical theater, dance, art exhibits, and work-
shops. Banff.

July 6-15: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE.
Largest professional rodeo in the world.

July 18-28: KLONDIKE DAYS EXPOSITION. Parade,
street dances, horse racing, sporting events,
King of Klondike competition. Edmonton.

British Columbia

1984: 125TH ANNIVERSARY. New Westminster.

1984: CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. Largest event of its
kind. Dozens of performing companies from
around the world present a week of mime, pup-
petry, singing, and plays.

June 28-July 1: WILLIAMS LAKE STAMPEDE. Can-
ada's second-largest rodeo.

Sept. 29-Oct. 7: SEPTEMBER WINE FESTIVAL.
Okanagan-Similkameen.

Yukon

May 18-20: BREAK-UP DRAMA FESTIVAL. Original
plays performed by groups from Yukon, north-
ern British Columbia, Alaska. Dawson City.

Aug. 18-20: DISCOVERY DAYS. Parades, dances,
sporting events, raft and canoe races, ball tour-
naments. Dawson City, Watson Lake.

Sept. 3-9: WORLD GOLD-PANNING CHAMPION-
SHIPS. Competitors from 22 countries. Dawson
City.

Northwest Territories

1984: CAPITAL OF NORTHWEST TERRITORIES' 50TH
ANNIVERSARY. Yellowknife.

April 14-15: TOP OF THE WORLD SKI CHAMPION-
SHIPS. Cross-country ski races for all classes of
skiers. Inuvik.

June 22-24: FOLK ON THE ROCKS. Inuit and Dene
performers, throat singers, drum dancers, fid-
dlers, and folk artists from the NWT, Yukon,
southern Canada, and USA. Yellowknife.

June 23-July 7: GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY HOME-
COMING. Annual 10-kilometer run, June 24.
Yellowknife.

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

May-Sept.: OPERA SEASON. Buenos Aires.

May 25: NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE CA-
BILDO BIERTO.

Mid-June: GAUCHO WEEK. Salia.

June 20: FLAG DAY.

July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE.

Aug.: RURAL EXPOSITION. Buenos Aires.

Aug. 17: ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL SAN MARTIN,
liberator of Argentina.

Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.

BOLIVIA

April: INITIATION OF THE SKI SEASON. La Paz.

April 19-23: NATIONAL HOLY WEEK.

May: SANTA VERA CRUZ. Folklore dances, fire-
works. Oruro.

May: VIRGEN DE FATIMA. Procession, folklore
dances. Tarija.

May: ASCENSION DAY.

June: GRAN PODER. Parade, folklore dances. La
Paz.

June: SAN JUAN FESTIVAL. Bonfire, fireworks.

June: REGATTAS OF TOTORA RAFTS. La Paz.

June: COMMERCIAL FAIRS. Dancing and games.
Oruro (Turco).

July: PROCESSION OF TYPICAL DANCES. Oruro,
Challapata.

July: CRAFTSMANSHIP SALE. Tarija, Santa Ana.

Aug.: VIRGEN DE LAS NIEVES. Procession, dances.
La Paz.

Aug.: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Aug.: VIRGEN DE COPACABANA. Processions,
dance, religious excursion. La Paz.

Aug.: VIRGEN DE URKUPINA. Religious excursion,
dance. Cochabamba (Quillacollo).

Sept.: SAN ROQUE FESTIVAL. Processions. Tarija.

Sept.: BULL RUN. La Paz, Viachi.

Sept.: HORSE RACES. Foods. Tarija, Yacuiba.

Oct.: FOLKLORE DANCES. La Paz.

Nov.: ALL SOULS DAY. Nationwide.

BRAZIL

April 14-21: INTERNATIONAL HANDICRAFT
WEEK/FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Caruaru.

April 15-22: HOLY WEEK. Ouro Preto.

May-Oct.: FISHING SEASON IN ARAGUAIA VAL-
LEY. Sao Miguel do Araguaia.

June 10-Aug. 10: WINTER FESTIVAL. Petropolis.

June 12-July 3: AMAZON FOLKLORE FESTIVAL.

Manaus.

June 29: FEAST OF ST. PETER.

July: 3RD INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL OF
GRAMADO.

July 2-5: BAHIAN INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
Salvador.

Aug. 5: BRAZILIAN GRAND PRIX. Rio de Janeiro.

Aug. 15: IEMANJA FESTIVAL. Fortaleza.

Aug. 18-22: FOLKLORE WEEK. Sao Luis.

Sept.: CARUARU FESTIVAL AND RODEO. Caruaru.

Sept. 7: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Oct. 27-28: INTERNATIONAL DOURADO FISHING
OPEN CONTEST. Foz do Iguacu.

Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.

Nov. 12-18: ALEIJADINHO WEEK. Ouro Preto.

Nov. 15: PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

Dec. 4-6: FEAST OF SANTA BARBARA. Salvador.

CHILE

May 21: CELEBRATION OF NAVAL BATTLE OF IQUI-
QUE. Iquique and nationwide.

June: CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Arica.
 June 29: FEAST OF SAN PEDRO.
 July 16: FEAST OF VIRGIN OF CARMEN. Tirana and other towns.
 Aug. 20: BIRTHDAY OF BERNARDO O'HIGGINS.
 Sept. 18: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Oct.: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Santiago.

COLOMBIA

June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.
 June 29: STS. PETER AND PAUL CELEBRATION.
 July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Bogota.
 July 16: PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN. Cartagena.
 July 20: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY.
 Aug.: INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW. Bogota.
 Late Sept.-early Oct.: FESTIVAL OF SAN PACHO. Folklore. Quibdo.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
 Nov. 11: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Cartagena.
 Dec. 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

ECUADOR

April 19-21: RIOBAMBA FAIR MARKET. Folkloric dancing, parades. Chimborazo.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 2-3: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS. Quito.
 May 21-June 24: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. Followed by Septenario Week, then La Octava. Masked dancers, fireworks, religious observances.
 May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA, 1822. Quito.
 June 24: FESTIVAL OF SAN JUAN. Otavalo.
 June 28-29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY.
 July 16: FEAST OF THE VIRGIN OF CARMAN. Ibarra.
 July 23-25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL.
 July 24: BIRTHDAY OF SIMON BOLIVAR.
 Aug. 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Sept. 2-15: FEAST OF YAMOUR. Folklore and costume dances, parades. Otavalo.
 Sept. 6-14: JORA FESTIVITIES. Cotacachi.
 Sept. 20-26: BANANA'S WORLD FAIR.
 Sept. 27: INDIAN HANDICRAFT FAIR. Espejo.
 Oct. 9: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Guayaquil.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Nov. 2: MEMORIAL DAY/ALL SOULS DAY. Religious observances at graveyards. Best example is at Calderon, near Quito.
 Nov. 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY OF CUENCA.
 Nov. 21: FEAST DAY OF VIRGIN OF EL QUINCHE. El Quinche.
 Dec. 6: FOUNDING OF QUITO. One of major celebrations of South America.
 Dec. 28. ALL FOOLS' DAY. Masquerades, clowns.
 Dec. 31: FIN DE AÑO. Burning of the dolls, Año Viejo; dancing, clowns. Guayaquil.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL. Boquette.
 April 26-May 1: AZUERO FAIR. Villa de los Santos.
 May 7-8: PILGRIMAGE TO VENERATE JESUS NAZARENE OF ATALAYA. Atalaya.
 Aug.: PANAMA DERBY.
 Sept. 24-27: MEJORANA FESTIVAL. Features colorful song contest. Guarraire.
 Oct. 11: DAY OF THE REVOLUTION.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Oct. 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST. Procession. Portobelo.
 Nov. 2: MEMORIAL DAY.
 Nov. 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Nov. 4-5: FESTIVAL DE LA POLLERA. Colon.
 Nov. 28: EMANCIPATION FROM SPAIN.

PARAGUAY

May 14-15: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
 June 12: CHACO PEACE DAY.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Promiers walk barefoot over hot flames. Asuncion.
 Aug. 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Early Dec.: FESTIVAL OF VIRGIN OF THE MIRACLES OF CUACUPE.

PERU

April 15: PALM SUNDAY. Procession of Our Lord through streets, followed by apostles and thousands of participants.
 April 25: NATIONAL CONTEST OF PERUVIAN PASO HORSES.
 May 1-4: FEAST OF OUR LORD OF MURUGUAY. Songs, dances. Acobamba-Tarma.
 May 2: FEAST OF THE CROSS. Lima.
 May 3: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS and ALASITAS FAIR. Festivals, Cuzco and Cajamarca. Magnificent demonstration of religious folklore with procession of Corpus Christi, Puno.
 June 23-24: ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST: A FEAST OF RIVER. Boats of all sizes decorated with lights parade on Amazon. Iquitos.
 June 24: INCA FESTIVAL OF THE SUN. Cuzco.
 July: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL. Huanuco.
 July 26-29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU FESTIVAL.
 July 28-29: ST. PEDRO FEASTS. Lima environs, Cuzco, Puno.
 Aug. 6-12: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORIC DANCE FESTIVAL. Celebrates founding by Spaniards of Arequipa.
 Aug. 29-30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA.
 Sept. 8: INCA FESTIVAL OF THE QUEEN. Cajamarca.

Sept. 20-30: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL. Trujillo.
 Oct. 12: DAY OF THE RACE. Honors Columbus.
 Oct. 18: PROCESSION OF LORD OF MIRACLES. Image of Christ placed on frame of gold over platform of silver weighing more than a ton.
 Nov. 1-2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS DAY.
 Nov. 1-8: INCA KING FESTIVAL. Honors emergence of Inca Manco Capac from waters of Lake Titicaca. Craft fair and folkloric dances. Puno.
 Nov. 19-30: BULLFIGHT FAIR.
 Dec. 6-8: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE SHRINE.
 Dec. 24-31: SANTURANTICUY POPULAR FAIR. Artisans' products from region for sale. Cuzco.

URUGUAY

April 19: LANDING OF THE THIRTY-THREE DAY.
 May 18: BATTLE OF LAS PIEDRAS DAY.
 June 19: BIRTH OF THE HERO DON JOSE GERVACIO ARTIGAS.
 Aug.: LIVESTOCK FAIR. Montevideo.
 Aug. 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
 Dec. 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

VENEZUELA

April: ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF MERIDA.
 April 19: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE HOLIDAY.
 June 1: DEVILS FEAST. San Francisco de Yare.
 June 24: BATTLE OF CARABOBO (1821).
 July 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY (1811).
 July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
 Oct. 12: DISCOVERY OF AMERICA/COLUMBUS DAY.
 Nov.-Feb. 1985: BULLFIGHT SEASON.

PERU. IT'S ABOUT TIME.

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THE CARIBBEAN



Brilliantly colored flowers are as much a part of the Haitian landscape as the clear blue sky and aquamarine waters, but for two weeks, from April 15 to 30, the Garden Club of Haiti is holding special floral exhibitions in the capital, Port-au-Prince. Visitors will be able to appreciate the island's hibiscus, olean-der, and bougainvillea as well as numerous more exotic blooms.

ANGUILLA

April 1: CONSTITUTION DAY.
May 30: ANGUILLA DAY. Marks 1967 Anguilla revolution and secession from Associated State of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla.
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
June 13: QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.
July 27-Aug. 4: CARNIVAL AND RACE WEEK.
Aug. 6: AUGUST MONDAY. Commemorates emancipation of slaves in 1834.
Dec. 19: SEPARATION DAY. Celebrates Anguilla's formal separation from Associated State.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

ANTIGUA

April 7-14: 18TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK.
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
June 24-30: TOURISM WEEK.
July 20-27: EMANCIPATION WEEK.
July 28-Aug. 7: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL. 10-day festival highlights culture of island with beauty pageants, calypso, and steel-band shows.
Oct. 28-Nov. 1: MARATHON.
Nov. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

ARUBA

Mid-April-mid-Dec.: WATAPANA FESTIVAL. Music, folkloric dancing, local foods and drinks, arts and crafts. Oranjestad.

April 30: QUEEN'S DAY. Parades, sports events, fireworks.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 31: ASCENSION DAY.
June 10: PENTECOST (Whitsunday).
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric celebration.
Dec. 5: ST. NICOLAAS DAY.
Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY. Observance of semi-autonomy of the Netherlands Antilles.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

BARBADOS

HIGHLIGHT '84

The Crop Over Festival, July 14-Aug. 4, traces its origins to the 17th century, when, on the last day of the sugar harvest, slaves decorated themselves and sang that "the crop was over." The modern festival concludes with Kadooment Day, when Barbadians burn an effigy of "Mr. Harding," the evil plantation owner.



April 21-23: OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL.
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
Aug. 4: KADOOMENT DAY.
Aug. 6: CARICOM DAY.
Sept. 15-30: CARIBBEAN RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIPS.
Nov. 18-Dec. 9: WORLD WINDSURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS.
Nov. 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

BONAIRE

April 30: CORONATION DAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric events.
June 28-29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Local fishermen honored by songs, dances in seaside villages.
Oct. 8-13: 17TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA. Kralendijk.
Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April: SPRING REGATTA. Sir Francis Drake Channel.
April 23: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL. Virgin Gorda.
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
July 1: TERRITORY DAY.
Early Aug.: B.V.I. FESTIVAL. Tortola.
Oct. 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

HIGHLIGHT '84

June is Million-Dollar Month for sports-fishermen, who may compete for a first prize of \$1 million for catching an Atlantic blue marlin weighing more than 1282 pounds, the current IGFA all-tackle world record.



April 23: EASTER MONDAY SAILING. Regatta.
May: GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY. George Town, Grand Cayman.
May 7-8: ANNUAL POLICE FISHING TOURNAMENT.
May 21: DISCOVERY DAY. Regattas. Grand Cayman.
June 13: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
July 4: CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA.
Late Oct.: PIRATES' WEEK.
Late Oct.: ANNUAL ROTARY PIRATES' WEEK FISHING TOURNAMENT.
Oct. 31: HALLOWEEN PARTIES.
Nov. 12: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

CURAÇAO

April 17: PASSOVER.
April 23: EASTER MONDAY.
April 30: PRINCESS JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parade.
May 4: MEMORIAL DAY.
June: MISS CURAÇAO ELECTION.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY OF THE USA. Reception at Franklin Delano Roosevelt House.
 July 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY OF THE REPUBLIC OF VENEZUELA. Wreath-laying ceremonies, cultural events, and receptions.
 July 26: CURAÇAO DAY. Commemorates discovery of Curaçao by Alonso de Ojeda, a companion of Christopher Columbus, in 1499.
 Sept. 27: ROSH HASHANAH.
 Oct. 6: YOM KIPPUR.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 Oct. 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
 Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 Dec. 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY.
 Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY. Commemorates the Charter of Kingdom, signed in Knight's Hall in The Hague on Dec. 15, 1954, granting Netherlands Antilles complete autonomy.
 Dec. 26: DOS DIA DE PASCU (Boxing Day).

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

July 20-Aug. 4: MERENGUE FESTIVAL. Dance competition.
 Aug. 4: FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO.
 Aug. 16: RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE.
 Late Aug.: SIBONEY CUP INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Casa de Campo.
 Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Flowers placed on tomb of Christopher Columbus in Cathedral of Santo Domingo.
 Nov.: FEAST OF SAN ANDRES. Santo Domingo.
 Nov. 2: MEMORIAL DAY.
 Dec. 5: DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA.
 Dec. 23: CHRIST OF MIRACLES. Religious ceremonies. Bayaguana, San Cristobel Province.
 Dec. 27: ST. YEAR'S EVE.

GRENADA

April 21-23: EASTER WEEKEND. Traditional Big Drum Dance, kite flying. Carriacou.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June 11: WHIT MONDAY. Sporting activities.
 June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI. Religious processions.
 Aug. 5-6: ANNUAL CARRIACOU REGATTA.
 Aug. 13-14: CARNIVAL DAYS. Pageant, steel band and calypso jump-up.

GUADELOUPE

HIGHLIGHT '84

One of Guadeloupe's most colorful events is the Fête des Cuisinières, held this year on August 11. Dressed in colorful Creole costumes, women carry decorated stuffed lobsters and other island specialties in baskets trimmed with miniature kitchen utensils.



April 23: EASTER MONDAY. Families picnic at beaches and rivers.
 May 1: LABOR DAY. Workers parade through Pointe-à-Pitre.
 May 31: ASCENSION THURSDAY.
 June 11: PENTECOST MONDAY.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks, and public celebrations.

July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.
 Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
 Aug. 15: FESTIVAL OF THE SEA. Parades, boat races, celebrations. Terre de Haut, Iles des Saintes.
 Nov.-April 1985: COCKFIGHTING SEASON.
 Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Illumination with candles of all island cemeteries.
 Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.
 Nov. 22: SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.
 Dec. 28: YOUNG SAINTS DAY. Mass, parade for costumed children carrying toys.
 Dec. 31: REVEILLON DE LA SAINTE SYLVESTRE. New Year's Eve celebration.

HAITI

April 1-3: RARA'S FOLKLORIC FEAST. Leogane. Mystical voodoo celebrations, Souvenance (Gonaves).
 April 14: PAN AMERICAN DAY.
 April 15-30: FLORAL EXHIBITIONS. Port-au-Prince.
 May 1: LABOR DAY. Patron saints celebration and folkloric dance. Jacmel.
 May 22: SOVEREIGNTY DAY.
 June 15-July 15: DANCE SCHOOLS PERFORMANCE. Classical ballet, folkloric and modern dance. Port-au-Prince.
 June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.
 July 1-Sept. 30: HAITIAN POP MUSIC SEASON.
 July 16: PATRON SAINT CELEBRATION. Ville Bonheur, with mystical pilgrimage at Saut-D'Eau.
 July 25: PATRON SAINT CELEBRATION. Folkloric dancing. Plaine-du-Nord.
 July 26: PATRON SAINT CELEBRATION. Folkloric dancing. Limonade, Camp Perrin.
 Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Folkloric dancing. Cap-Haitien, Petit Goave.

Aug. 30: PATRON SAINT CELEBRATION. Leogane.
 Oct. 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
 Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Voodoo, mystical happenings. Guede.
 Nov. 15-Dec. 31: ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM EXHIBITS. Port-au-Prince, Petion-Ville.
 Nov. 18: VERTIERES NATIONAL CELEBRATION.
 Dec.: CONCERT SEASON. Port-au-Prince, Petion-Ville.
 Dec. 5: DISCOVERY DAY.
 Dec. 31: NEW YEAR FAIR.

JAMAICA

April 28-29: ANNUAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.
 May 11: BOB MARLEY DAY CEREMONIES.
 May 23: INTERNATIONAL TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Kingston.
 May 23: LABOR DAY.
 July: FESTIVAL COMPETITION FINALS. Culinary arts, dance, drama, song, arts and crafts.
 July-Sept.: NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY SEASON. Kingston.
 Aug. 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Aug. 7-10: REGGAE SUNSPASH FESTIVAL. Montego Bay.
 Late Sept.: INTERNATIONAL MARLIN FISHING TOURNAMENT. Port Antonio.
 Oct.-Dec.: ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION. Kingston.
 Oct. 8-15: HERITAGE WEEK.
 Oct. 15: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
 Nov.: JAMAICA PRO-AM GOLF and JAMAICA OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENTS.
 Nov.: WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL. Montego Bay.
 Dec.: CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCES.
 Dec. 31: GOVERNOR GENERAL'S NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL.
 Polo every Saturday at Drax Hall, St. Ann's Bay.

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MARTINIQUE

April 23: EASTER MONDAY. Soccer games between Martinique and Guadeloupe, classic sports event of the year.

May 1: LABOR DAY. Workers' parades in Fort-de-France; yawl races and skeet shoots in island towns and villages.

May 31: ASCENSION THURSDAY.

June 11: PENTECOST MONDAY.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY.

Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

Sept. 30: FÊTE NAUTIQUE DE ROBERT. Nighttime celebration on Atlantic coast. Robert.

Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.

Dec. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE. Even more festive revelion than that of Christmas Eve.

PUERTO RICO

April 16: DE DIEGO DAY. Fairs and festivals.

May: ANNUAL PUERTO RICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

May: WEAVER'S FAIR. Isabela.

May: DANCE WEEK. Old San Juan.

May-June: PUERTO RICO THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

May 19-20: SOUTH AMERICA TALL SHIPS. Ships stop en route to Bermuda and Canada.

May 28: MEMORIAL DAY.

June 2-16: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL. San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce.

Late June: FIESTA DAY. San Juan.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 17: MUNOZ RIVERA DAY.

July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY. Parade. San Juan.

July 27: BIRTHDAY OF JOSE CELSO BABBOSA.

Late July: ANNUAL CRAFTS FAIR. Barranquitas.

Late July: LOIZA ALDEA FIESTA. Residents honor their patron, Saint James.

Aug.: SUMMER ART FESTIVAL. San Juan.

Sept. BLACK VIRGIN OF MONSERRATE FESTIVAL. Hormiguera.

Sept.-Dec.: SYMPHONY SEASON—PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Most major cities.

Sept. 3: LABOR DAY.

Sept. 23: GRITO DE LARES. San Juan.

Late Sept.: PATRON SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL FESTIVALS. Cabo Rojo.

Oct.: SPORTS FISHING TOURNAMENT. San Juan.

Oct.: FINE ARTS FESTIVAL. Anasco.

Oct.: FESTIVAL OF THE ROOSTER. Isabela.

Oct.-Dec.: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

Oct. 10: COLUMBUS DAY.

Nov. 11: VETERANS DAY.

Nov. 19: DISCOVERY DAY.

Mid-Nov.: PUERTO RICO MUSIC FIESTA. Old San Juan.

Mid-Nov.: JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL.

Nov. 24: THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dec.: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF GUADELUPE. Ponce.

Dec.: FESTIVAL OF MASKS. Hatillo.

Dec.: BACARDI CRAFTS FAIR. Cantano.

Dec. 15-Jan. 6, 1985: NAVIDADES.

ST. BARTHELEMY

June 11: PENTECOST MONDAY.

June 21-July 1: 2ND ANNUAL CHARDONNAY INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA. 10-day event featuring sailing, cruising, wine tasting, dining.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

Aug. 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHÉLEMY. Celebrated for several days in honor of patron saint of island. Colorful booths line little streets and fête looks and feels like a French country fair.

ST. EUSTATIUS

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

Nov. 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. Commemorates first foreign country to recognize American flag in 1776.

Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks granting of autonomy to Netherlands Antilles.

ST. KITTS/NEVIS

April 21-23: DYNARAMA FESTIVAL. Calypso show, Queen show, street dancing. Sandy Point, St. Kitts.

May 7: LABOR DAY.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY. Picnics and dances.

June 11: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PARADE.

Aug. 2-6: CULTURAMA. Music, art, drama, celebrations, food fair, calypso. Nevis.

Aug. 6: AUGUST MONDAY. Horse racing, picnics, dances. Celebrations will mark 150 years of emancipation in 1834. Nevis.

Sept. 19: INDEPENDENCE DAY. First anniversary.

Dec. 24-Jan. 2: CARNIVAL DAYS.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY. Carnival begins. St. Kitts.

ST. LUCIA

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Fishermen and fish vendors celebrate their feast.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Castries.

Aug. 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.

Aug. 30: FÊTE DE LA ROSE. Costumed parades. Castries and some towns.

Oct. 4: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Oct. 17: FEAST OF ST. MARGARET.

Nov. 22: ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Feast of musicians.

Dec. 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports contests.

ST. MAARTEN/ST. MARTIN

Early April: 10TH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE.

Covers 800-mile course. St. Maarten—Virgin Gorda—Martinique—St. Maarten.

April 16-May 1: CARNIVAL.

April 30: CORONATION DAY. Parades, fireworks, and sports events to celebrate coronation of Queen Beatrix of Netherlands.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY FESTIVITIES.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.

Nov. 11: ST. MAARTEN DAY or CONCORDIA DAY. Ceremonies at border observe 1648 agreement between Dutch and French that divided island.

Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY. Celebration marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

ST. VINCENT and the GRENADINES

April: BEQUIA BOAT RACES.

May: WHITSUN REGATTA. Between Kingston Harbour and Port Elizabeth, Bequia.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

June 12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

June 26-July 5: CARNIVAL.

July 5: CARNIVAL TUESDAY.

Aug. 6: AUGUST MONDAY.

Sept. 27: WORLD TOURISM DAY ACTIVITIES.

Oct. 27: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Oct. 30-Nov. 6: TOURISM WEEK.

Nov. 17-20: PETIT ST. VINCENT RACES.

Dec. 18-25: CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

TRINIDAD and TOBAGO

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA. Pastore.

April: PAGWAH. Hindu festival.

May 20-26: TOBAGO RACE WEEK. All classes of sailing, on course covering length of Tobago.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

June 19: LABOR DAY.

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.

June 30: EID-UL-FITR. Moslem festival marking end of Ramadan.

Aug: BIENNIAL NATIONAL STEEL-BAND FESTIVAL.

Aug. 1: DISCOVERY DAY. Commemorates Columbus's discovery of Trinidad.

Aug. 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Sept.-Nov.: TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO BEST-VIL-LAGE COMPETITIONS. Countrywide.

Sept. 24: REPUBLIC DAY.

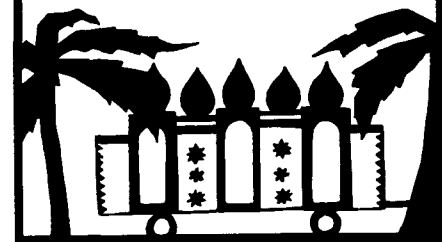
Oct.: RAMILLILLA. Folk festival featuring Indian epic dramas. Several villages.

Oct. 23: DEWALI. Festival of lights.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

HIGHLIGHT '84

Hosay, the Moslem feast of sacrifice, marks the end of the pilgrimage to Mecca. It is celebrated in Trinidad with a parade of brightly colored floats.



U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Mid-April: ROLEX REGATTA. Sailing race for yachts of all classes.

April 23-30: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT. Week-long calypso song competition. St. Thomas.

April 30-May 5: CARNIVAL WEEK. Coronation of Carnival Queen, market square food fair, steel-band tramp, and two colorful parades.

May 31: MEMORIAL DAY. St. Croix.

June 18: ORGANIC ACT DAY. Commemorates granting of right to elect legislature and make own laws in 1945.

July 3: DANISH WEST INDIES EMANCIPATION DAY. Commemorates freeing of slaves in Danish West Indies in 1848. Frederiksted, St. Croix.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 25: HURRICANE SUPPLICATION DAY. Residents of all three islands attend church services to pray to be spared the ravages of hurricanes (it has worked since 1932).

Sept. 3: LABOR DAY. Coral Bay, St. John.

Oct. 8: COLUMBUS DAY and PUERTO RICO/VIRGIN ISLANDS FRIENDSHIP DAY. Residents of Puerto Rico and U.S. Virgin Islands remember strong ties.

Oct. 15: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 1: LIBERTY DAY.

Mid-Nov.: VIRGIN ISLANDS CHARTERBOAT LEAGUE SHOW. St. Thomas.

Nov. 11: VETERANS' DAY.

Nov. 22: THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dec.: CHRISTMAS. St. Croix.

Dec. 27: CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FIESTA. Annual celebration featuring native food, entertainment, and parade on Three Kings' Day, January 6, 1985. St. Croix.

BERMUDA & THE BAHAMAS

THE BAHAMAS

April 6: SUPREME COURT OPENING. Colorful ceremony opens second quarterly session. Nassau.

April 11-14: HEMINGWAY BILLFISH TOURNAMENT. Bimini.

April 23-25: FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA. Bahamian work sloops compete for prizes. George-towne, Exuma.

April 23-27: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT. Walker's Cay.

May: TUNA TOURNAMENT. Bimini.

June: BIG-GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. Bimini.

June: PRO-AM GOLF CLASSIC. Grand Bahama.

June 1: LABOR DAY.

June 11: WHIT MONDAY.

July: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS. Chub Cay, Cat Cay.

July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Aug. 6: EMANCIPATION DAY.

Aug. 10: FOX HILL DAY. Old-fashioned carnival, Bahamian cuisine.

Oct. 12: DISCOVERY DAY. Columbus landed on San Salvador, Bahamas, in 1492.

Nov.: ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL PRO-AM GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. Nassau.

Nov. 6: REMEMBRANCE DAY. Nassau.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY. Junkanoo parade. Festivities on all islands.

BERMUDA

1984: 375TH ANNIVERSARY: BERMUDA'S HERITAGE 1984. During 1984 Bermuda is celebrating its 375th year of colonization with special events and activities, including visit of Tall Ships, artistic productions, exhibitions, and sports. Commemorative events indicated by an asterisk.

Jan. 1-May 16: OPEN HOUSES AND GARDEN TOURS. Bermudians open a different set of homes and gardens to visitors each Wednesday afternoon during annual tour sponsored by Garden Club of Bermuda.

Early April: SCHAEFER ANNUAL GRAND PRIX. Cycle races open to all. Southampton.

April 7, 8: PERRIER/ELBOW BEACH 10-MILE ROAD RACES.

April 13, 14: WARWICK ACADEMY 5TH ANNUAL BERMUDA HERITAGE FAIR. Two-day fun fair.

April 14-21: BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEKS. Annual spring fling for thousands of college students, with free beach parties, boat cruises, and other events.

April 15: PALM SUNDAY WALK.

April 18, May 30, June 27, July 25, Sept. 26, Oct. 31: BEATING RETREAT CEREMONY. At 9 P.M. under floodlights. Front Street, Hamilton.

April 25: PEPPERCORN CEREMONY. Colorful ceremony when Masonic Lodge of Bermuda pays annual rent for its headquarters, the Old State House. St. George's.

April 29-May 5: INVITATIONAL INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK. Yachtsmen compete in four or five classes of yachts.

***May:** BERMUDA HERITAGE MONTH.

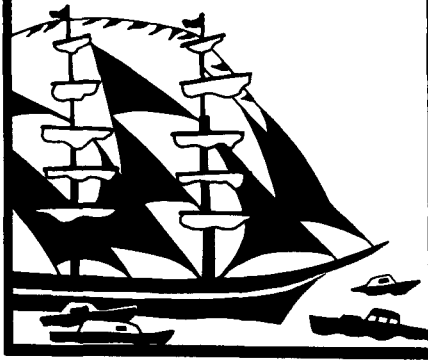
May 1-Nov. 30: 42ND ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT. Top catches of 17 varieties of game fish found in local waters. Open to visitors, no license or entry fee required. Fleet Parade May 6.

May 6: BERMUDA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

May 7, June 18, July 9, Sept. 10, Oct. 8: BEATING RETREAT CEREMONY. At 9 P.M. under floodlights. King's Square, St. George's.

HIGHLIGHT '84

Bermuda's history will be honored with special events and festivities throughout 1984 as part of the island's 375th birthday celebrations. A statue of Sir George Somers, who landed here in 1609, will be unveiled in St. George on Somers Day, July 28. Bermuda will also host the Tall Ships, May 29-June 2.



May 10-14, 17-21: 11TH ANNUAL BERMUDA SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL.

***May 15-26:** "THE GUNPOWDER STEAL," HERITAGE PLAY. Historical play about gunpowder

stolen from Bermuda and given to George Washington's rebels in America in 1775. Hamilton.

***May 24:** BERMUDA DAY. Highlight of month-long heritage festivities. Full day of scheduled events, first race of season of Bermuda fitted dinghies, festival parade in Hamilton.

May 26: JUNIOR SERVICE LEAGUE'S MUSICAL EVENING. At *Deliverance* (17th-century ship replica). St. George's.

May 29: TALL SHIPS RACE. Tall Ships arrive from France en route to Canada.

June 11: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Parade, Hamilton. Second round of Bermuda fitted dinghy races, Somers.

June 22: BERMUDA RACE. Yachts leave Newport, Rhode Island, and sail to Bermuda.

***July 28:** SOMERS DAY. Sir George Somers's statue unveiled; special service at St. Peter's Church, followed by event in square; reunion of descendants of families of the *Sea Venture*; special events at the *Deliverance*. St. George's.

Sept. 3: LABOUR DAY.

Sept. 10-15: STEVENS CUP. Coral Beach and Tennis Club.

Oct. 11-14: INTERNATIONAL BERMUDA OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR MEN. Port Royal Golf Course.

Oct. 20: CANNONBALL CEREMONY. Ceremonial payment of annual rent of one cannonball by Bermuda National Trust to Bermuda government for rental of Maritime Museum. Sandy's Parish.

Oct. 31-Nov. 4: BERMUDA DOG SHOW. Paget.

Nov. 11-16: BIBLE CONFERENCE.

Nov. 12: REMEMBRANCE DAY. Hamilton.

Nov. 24-Dec. 1: 21ST ANNUAL CASTLE HARBOUR INVITATION PRO-AMATEUR AND MICHELOB PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY. Variety of sporting activities; Bermuda's Gombey Dancers.

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MEXICO

April 25–May 5: SAN MARCOS FAIR. Largest provincial fair in Mexico. Top national performers, bullfights, cockfights, and casinos.

Aguascalientes.

April 26–May 18: INTERNATIONAL CERVANTES FESTIVAL. Mexico's most important cultural festival. **Guanajuato.**

May 1: LABOR DAY.

May 3: HOLY CROSS DAY. Construction workers mount decorated crosses atop unfinished buildings; fireworks and picnics at building sites.

May 5: CINCO DE MAYO. Celebrates defeat of French at Puebla in 1862.

May 5: FLOWER FESTIVAL. Fortin de las Flores.

May 15: SAN ISIDRO LABRADOR FEAST. Celebrates patron of agricultural workers.

May 31: FIESTA OF VIRGIN OF SANTA FE. **Guanajuato.**

June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. "Flying dancers" do mystic pole dance. **Papantla, Veracruz.**

June 24: SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST DAY.

June 24: DEER DANCE. Performed by Yaqui Indians. **Navojua, Vicam, Sonora.**

June 29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL FIESTAS.

July: OUR LADY OF CARMEN. Flower festival. **San Angel, Mexico City.**

July 16: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN.

July 23, 30: GUELAGUETZA. Great colorful Indian festival that began as ritual to honor goddess of corn. Dances include *sandunga* and *rancudos*, performed on stilts.

July 25: DAY OF ST. JAMES. Moors and Christians.

Aug. 13–16: FIESTAS IN RIVAL TOWNS. **Juchitan, Tehuantepec.**

Aug. 14–15: ASSUMPTION OF VIRGIN FEAST. Three miles of floral carpets. **Huamantla, Tlaxcala.**

Aug. 21: CONCHERO DANCE. Cuauhtemoc statue. **Mexico City.**

Aug. 25: SAN LUIS POTOSI FEAST. Dances of Matachines and Malinches.

Sept. 1: STATE OF UNION REPORT.

Sept. 1–8: RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL. Dances and fireworks at world's highest pyramid. **Cholula.**

Sept. 7–8: TEPOZTLAN. Colorful dances.

Sept. 15–16: MEXICO INDEPENDENCE DAY. Starts

on night of 15th with El Grito ceremony; mayors of each city repeat 1810 rallying cry of Father Hidalgo and ring replicas of Bell of Dolores. Firework displays.

Sept. 29: DAY OF SAN MIGUEL. Brilliant fireworks. **San Miguel de Allende.**

Oct. 4: SAN FRANCISCO OF ASSISI FEAST DAY.

Oct. (3 weeks): OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY. **Alvarado, Veracruz.**

Oct. 12: DIA DE LA RAZA, or COLUMBUS DAY.

Oct. 12: VIRGIN OF ZAPOPAN CELEBRATION. **Guadalajara.**

Oct. 24–26: URUAPAN. Tarascan singing, dancing.

Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.

Nov. 11: DAY OF SAN MARTIN.

Nov. 20: REVOLUTION OF 1910 ANNIVERSARY.

Mammoth parade. **Mexico City.**

Nov. 25–Dec. 8: NUESTRA SENORA DE LA SALUD (Our Lady of Health). **Patzcuaro.**

Dec. 8: DAY OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Dec. 12: DAY OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. Patron saint of Mexico. Pilgrims converge at Guadalupe Shrine, **Mexico City.**

Dec. 16–24: POSADAS. Most colorful take place in Queretaro, Oaxaca, San Miguel de Allende, Taxco.

Dec. 28: HOLY INNOCENTES.

THE MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

April 22: COPTIC EASTER.

April 23–25: SHAM-AL-NESSEM. Spring festival.

May 31–June 29: RAMADAN.

June 18: EVACUATION OF THE BRITISH DAY.

June 30–July 2: SMALL BAIRAM (Id-al-Fitr).

July: INTERNATIONAL BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP. **Cairo.**

July 23: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Aug.: INTERNATIONAL GYMNASTICS "PEACE CUP." **Cairo.**

Sept.: GOVERNORATES FESTIVAL. **Cairo.**

Sept.: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1.

Sept. 1–4: GREAT BAIRAM (Id-al-Adha). Feast of sacrifice at end of pilgrimage to Mecca.

Sept. 26: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.

Oct.: 3RD INTERNATIONAL RALLY OF THE PHAROAHs. **Alexandria to Cairo.**

Oct.: NATIONAL WEIGHT-LIFTING CHAMPIONSHIP. **Cairo.**

Oct. 6: ARMED FORCES DAY.

Oct. 24: SUEZ DAY.

Nov.: INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE. **Alexandria.**

Nov.: INTERNATIONAL CINEMA FESTIVAL. **Cairo, Alexandria.**

Nov.–March 1985: DUCK-SHOOTING SEASON. **Fayyum.**

Dec.: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SQUASH. **Cairo/Alexandria.**

Dec.: INTERNATIONAL REGATTA CHAMPIONSHIP. **Cairo, Luxor.**

Dec. 5: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

Dec. 23: VICTORY DAY.

ISRAEL

April–Oct. 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Jerusalem, Masada.**

April 1–9: INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON BIBLICAL ARCHEOLOGY.

April 17–23: PASSOVER OBSERVANCES.

April 17–23: INTERNATIONAL FLOWER EXHIBITION. **Haifa.**

April 17–23: EN GEV FESTIVAL. Israel Philharmonic, music, dance. **Sea of Galilee.**

April 22: EASTER SUNDAY PROCESSION. **Jerusalem.**

May: CITRUS FESTIVAL. **Netanya.**

May 6–7: 36TH INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.

May 18–June 18: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. International and Israeli artists perform at a dozen historic sites, in modern theaters, and on the street. **Jerusalem.**

May 30: JERUSALEM DAY.

June 6: SHAVUOT.

June 9: ISRAELI FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. Groups from all parts of country gather. **Tzemaeh.**

July: SEA OF GALILEE FESTIVAL. **Tiberias.**

July–Aug.: KHUTZOT HA-YOTZER ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR. **Jerusalem.**

July 14–22: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Haifa.**

Aug.: ISRAEL FASHION WEEK.

Sept. 27–28: ROSH HASHANA. Jewish New Year.

Oct. 6: YOM KIPPUR. Day of Atonement.

Nov.: WORLD CONVENTION OF WOMEN IN FILM INTERNATIONAL. **Tel Aviv.**

Nov.–April 1985: ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA.

Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv.

Dec.: SEA OF GALILEE MARATHON.

Dec. 19–26: CHANUKAH. Festival of lights.

Dec. 24: CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES. **Bethlehem, Nazareth.**

JORDAN

May 1: LABOR DAY.

May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

May 31–June 29: RAMADAN.

June 30–July 2: ID-AL-FITR.

July–Aug.: JERASH FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS.

Aug. 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE.

Sept. 6–9: ID-AL-ADHA.

Sept. 26: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.

Oct.: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS. **Amman.**

HIGHLIGHT '84

Water skiing is a favorite sport of King Hussein, who always attends the Water Skiing Festival at Aqaba. Held twice a year, the festival features water-skiing displays and international competitions.



SAUDI ARABIA

April 2: BEGINNING OF FISCAL YEAR.

May 31–June 28: RAMADAN. The exact start of the ninth month of the Islamic calendar, Ramadan, is marked by sighting of new moon. Throughout Ramadan all Moslems refrain completely from eating, drinking (including water), and smoking from dawn until sunset, and working hours are shortened.

June 29: ID-AL-FITR. One of two great festivals of Islamic year.

Aug. 12–Oct. 10: HAJJ SEASON. The Hajj or religious pilgrimage to holy city of Mecca occurs between 8th and 13th days of Zul-Hijja, the last month of the Islamic calendar, but Hajj season extends for nearly three months.

Sept. 4: WAQFAT ARAFAT. Climax of Hajj.

Sept. 5–8: ID-AL-ADHA. Second of two great festivals of Islamic year.

Sept. 23: SAUDI ARABIAN NATIONAL DAY.

Oct. 7: ISLAMIC NEW YEAR (1 Muharram).

AFRICA

ALGERIA

Early May: FEASTS OF RABB. Tlemcen.
May 31–June 29: RAMADAN. Moslem month of fasting.
June: HARVEST FESTIVALS. Miliana.
June 30–July 1: ID-EL-FITR.
July 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Aug.: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT. Tiaret.
Sept.: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Algiers.
Sept. 6–8: ID-EL-ADHA. Feast of sacrifice.
Oct.: ACHOURA.

ETHIOPIA

April 6: ETHIOPIAN PATRIOTS VICTORY DAY.
April 22: ETHIOPIAN EASTER.
May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.
July 1: ID-AL-FATER.
Sept. 6: ID-AL-ADHA. Feast of sacrifice. Arefa.
Sept. 12: ETHIOPIAN NEW YEAR.
Sept. 13: POPULAR REVOLUTION COMMEMORATION DAY.
Sept. 27: MESKAL. Combines commemoration of finding of True Cross with end of big rains.
Dec. 28: ST. GABRIEL'S DAY. 10,000 people gather for prayer and thanksgiving at main church of Saint Kolubi.

GHANA

June 4: AFRC REVOLUTION DAY.
July 1: REPUBLIC DAY.
Aug.–Oct.: TRADITIONAL ODWIRA FESTIVAL OF THE AKWAPIMS.
Sept.–Oct.: KUNTUM FESTIVAL. Western region.
Dec. 31: REVOLUTION DAY.

KENYA

April: EAST AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY. Nairobi.
May–Sept.: AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Nakuru, Mombasa.
June 1: MADARAKA DAY. Anniversary of self-government.
Oct.: KENYA AGRICULTURE SHOW. Nairobi.
Oct. 20: KENYATTA DAY.
Nov.: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL. Malindi.
Dec. 12: JAMHURI DAY.

MOROCCO

May 1: LABOR DAY.
Early May: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. Kelaa M'Gouna, Quarzazate Province.
Mid-May: HORSE FESTIVAL Tissa.
Late May–early June: CHEIKH MOHAMED LAGHDAF FEAST. Tan-Tan.
May 31–June 19: RAMADAN.
Early June: CHERRY FESTIVAL. Sefrou.
Early June: FESTIVAL OF GOULMINE.
Early June: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF POPULAR ARTS. Marrakesh.
June 30–July 2: ID-AL-FITR.
Late July: HONEY FESTIVAL. Agadir.
Aug.–Sept.: MOULAY DRISS DU ZERHOUN FEAST. Meknes.
Aug.: CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Asilah.
Mid-Aug.: FESTIVAL OF ESSAOUIRA.

Mid-Aug.: MUSIC FESTIVAL. Saidia.
Late Aug.: MOULAY ABDELLAH FEAST. El Jadida.
Late Aug.: SIDI AHMED OU MOUSSA FEAST. Tiznit.
Late Aug.–early Sept.: SIDI YAHIA FEAST. Oujda.
Early Sept.: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MEKNES.
Sept. 6–8: ID-AL-ADHA.
Late Sept.: IMILCHIL FEAST. Errachidia.
Oct.: MOULAY IDRESS FEAST. Fez.
Oct. 7: ISLAMIC NEW YEAR.
Late Oct.: DATE FESTIVAL. Erfoud.
Mid-Dec.: OLIVE FESTIVAL. Rafai.

SENEGAL

April: MANIDAN. Men's dance. Kedougou.
April 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
May: KUNYALEN. Feast for the newborn. Casamance (southern Senegal).
May: UFULUNG DYENDENA. Rain feast. Casamance (Essyl Kingdom).
May: FUTAMPAF. Initiation. Casamance.
May: SYNIAAKA. Excision. Casamance.
May: GAMOU. Fertility feast. Kedougou.
May: FAARARO. Initiation. Eastern Senegal.
May: NITY. Bassari people. Eastern Senegal.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 15: ASCENSION DAY. Nationwide.
May 31–June 29: RAMADAN.
June: O'MISS DYO'BAY. Ritual hunting. Kaolack.
June: ZUBANE. Feast for the king of Oussouye. Casamance.
June: FIL. Ritual ceremony. Touba-Toul.

July: JAMEBEL. Traditional ceremony featuring young girls wrestling. Casamance.
July 1: KORITE. Moslem feast at end of Ramadan.
Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
Sept. 6: TABASKI. Moslem feast.
Oct. 7: TAMKHARITE. Islamic New Year.
Nov.: BEWENG. End of harvest. Casamance.
Dec.: FANALS. Procession of children in former capital, St. Louis.
Dec.: MAGAL. Religious feast celebrates return from exile of Cheikh Amadou Bamba, famous Moslem leader.

SOUTH AFRICA

April–May: RAND SHOW. International agricultural and industrial show. Johannesburg.
April 6–21: 5TH ANNUAL ARTS FESTIVAL. Opera, theater, sports, music. Cape Town.
April 24–26: SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND INVESTORS CONFERENCE. Johannesburg.
May: UMLANGA FESTIVAL. Fishing competition billed as "the biggest in the world." Durban.
May 26–June 2: ROYAL SHOW. Industrial and agricultural exhibition. Cape Town.
Late May: CAMRADES' MARATHON. Uphill between Pietermaritzburg and Durban, about 54 miles.
June: ANNUAL OPERA SEASON. Cape Town.
July: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. Grahamstown.
Late Aug.–early Oct.: WILDFLOWER EXPOSITIONS. Namaqualand barrens.
Oct.: WOMEN'S WORLD FAIR. Cape Town.
Oct.: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL. Roodepoort Eisteddfod of South Africa.
Oct.: EVINRUDE CAPE INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT. Cape Town.
Oct.: RAND SPRING TROPHY. Auto racing. Johannesburg.

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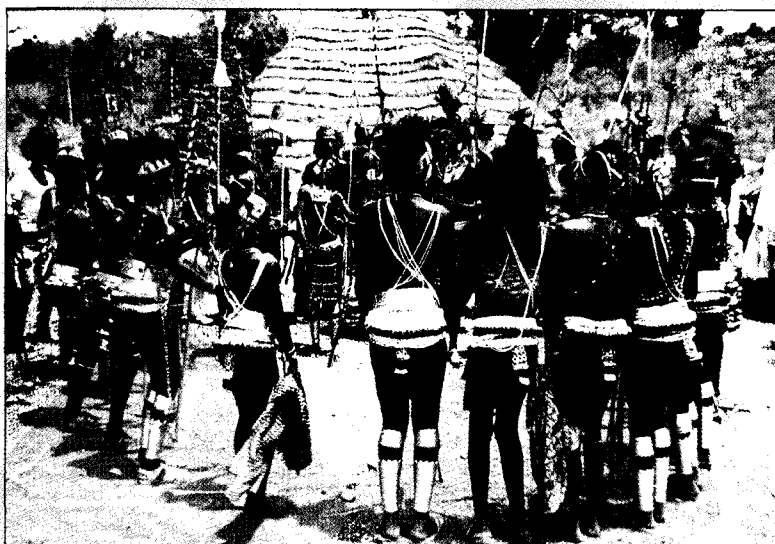
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The Bassaris of eastern Senegal practice numerous initiation rites as well as ceremonies for hunters, farmers, and the dead. During these occasions the whole village gathers around the dancers, who wear fantastic feather-and-bead crests and a great deal of jewelry. Each rite calls for a special outfit.

Oct.: OKTOBERFEST. Johannesburg.
Oct. 4: FIRST INTERNATIONAL Ikebana Symposium. Johannesburg.
Nov.: INTERNATIONAL HOTEL ASSOCIATION CONGRESS. Cape Town.
Early Dec.-mid-Feb. 1985: SUNSHINE CIRCUIT FOR PRO GOLFERS.

TOGO

April 27: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Mid-July: EVALA INITIATION. Ceremony for boys. Kabye region.
Late July: AKPEMA INITIATION. Ceremony for girls. Kabye region.
Early Aug.: AYIZAN. Bean-planting festival.
Late Aug.: KPESSOSSO. New Year celebration of Guin tribe.

Sept. 1: ARBOGBOZAN. Festival of diaspora of Ewe tribe.
Early Sept.: DIPONTRE. Festival of ignames (African vegetable). Bassar region.
Dec.: KAMOU. Festival of harvest. Kabye region.

TUNISIA

April: FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS. Fantasia, folklore of desert areas. Tataouine.
May: FOLK ART FESTIVAL. Tunis.
May: FALCON FESTIVAL. El Haouaria.
May 31-June 29: RAMADAN.
June: MALOUF FESTIVAL. Tunisian traditional music festival. Testour.
June 2: SIREN FESTIVAL. Kerkennah.
July 1-2: ID-ES-SEGHIR (Id-al-Fitr).
July: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE.

July: FESTIVAL OF AOUSSOU. Musical entertainment, folklore, parades. Sousse.
July: SPONGE FESTIVAL. Folklore. Zarzis.
July: MEDITERRANEAN SONG FESTIVAL. Bizerte.
July-Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMMAMET. Music, theater, dance, folklore.
July-Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF TABARKA. Avant-garde music, theater, dance.
July-Aug.: FESTIVAL OF MONASTIR. Theater, music, dance.
July-Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF DOUGGA. Classical plays in Roman theater.
July 25: REPUBLIC DAY OBSERVANCE.
Aug.: ULYSSES FESTIVAL. Traditional songs and dances of island. Djerba.
Aug. 1-13: FESTIVAL FOR THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY. Monastir.
Aug. 13: WOMEN'S DAY.
Sept. 3: MEMORIAL DAY.
Sept. 6-7: ID-EL-KEBIR (Id-al-Adha).
Oct. 7: ISLAMIC NEW YEAR.

ZAMBIA

April: NATIONAL FISHING COMPETITION.
May: COPPERBELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW. Kitwe.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY.
July: ZAMBIA TRADE FAIR. Ndola.
July: LIKUMBI LYAMIZE.
July: MUTOMBOKO CEREMONY. Performed by Lunda people. Luapula Province.
July 6: HEROES DAY.
July 7: UNITY DAY.
Aug.: ZAMBIA AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL SHOW.
Oct.-Nov.: SHIMUNENGA CEREMONY. Maala.
Oct. 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

ZIMBABWE

April: ZIMBABWE CHARITY RAG.
April 18: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Late April-early May: ZIMBABWE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.
May: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR AND CONFERENCE.
May 2: WORKERS' DAY.
May 25: AFRICA DAY.
Aug.-Sept.: HARARE AGRICULTURE SHOW.
Aug. 11-12: HEROES' DAY.
Oct.: KYLE INTERNATIONAL BASS-FISHING CAMP.
Oct.: TIGER-FISHING TOURNAMENT.

ASIA & THE FAR EAST

BHUTAN

April 9-11: TALO FESTIVAL. Punakha district.
April 10, 16: PARO DZONGDAKHA FESTIVAL.
April 11-12: NYIZERGANG DROMCHHOYD. Wangdi district.
April 11-15: PARO FESTIVAL.
May 14-15: PARO NE-PHU FESTIVAL.
May 14-15: KURJAY FESTIVAL. Bumthang.
Sept. 9-10: TYOPA PHENTE CHHOYDPA.
Oct. 3-4: THIMPHU FESTIVAL. Thimphu.
Oct. 4: SHA GANGTEY FESTIVAL.
Oct. 4-6: TAMSING PHALA CHHOYDPA. Bumthang.
Oct. 8-9: THANGJYE MANICHAM. Bumthang.
Oct. 22-24: CHEYISI DROMCHHOYD. Wang.
Nov. 2-4: WANGDIPHODRANG FESTIVAL. Wangdiphodrang.

Nov. 8-12: JAMBEY TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Bumthang.
Dec. 31-Jan. 2: SHEMGANG FESTIVAL.
Dec. 31-Jan. 3: TONGSA FESTIVAL.

HONG KONG

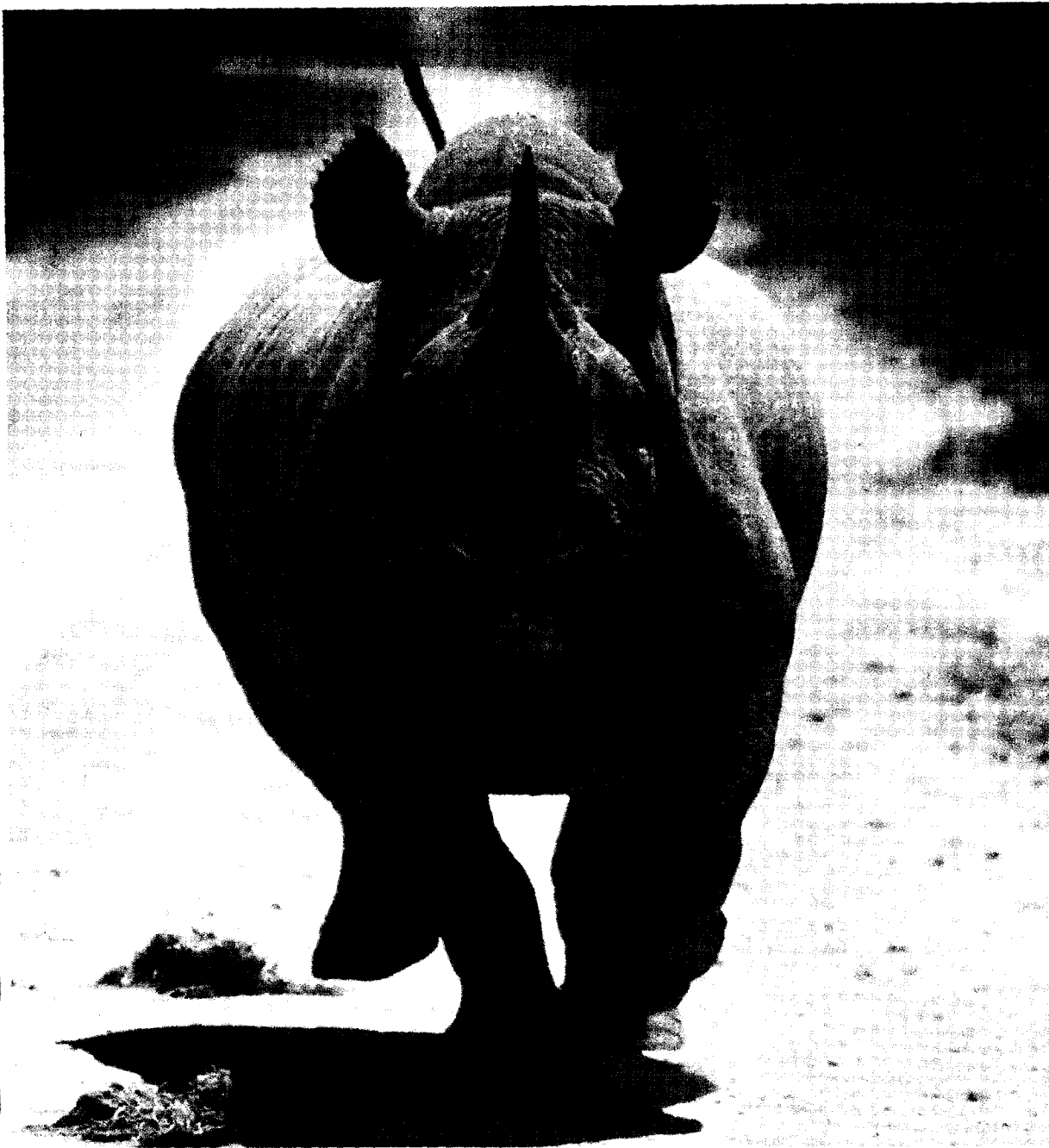
April: BONSAI SHOW.
April: HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL.
April 4: CHING MING FESTIVAL. Families visit graves of ancestors to perform traditional rites.
April 23: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU. Fishing fleet honors goddess of fishermen.
May: CHEUNG CHAU FESTIVAL. Four-day festival includes religious ceremonies, Chinese opera, procession.

May: INTERNATIONAL ASIAN ANTIQUES FAIR.
May 8: TAM KUNG FESTIVAL.
May 8: BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA.
June 4: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in beautifully decorated boats. International competitions.
Aug.: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, master builder. Holiday for those connected with building trades.
Aug. 3: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
Aug. 25: PUBLIC HOLIDAY.
Aug. 27: LIBERATION DAY.
Sept.: BIRTHDAY OF CONFUCIUS.
Sept. 11-12: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL or MOON CAKE FESTIVAL.
Oct.: 8TH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS.
Oct. 3: CHUNG YEUNG FESTIVAL.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

INDIA

April 4: GANGAUR. Festival in honor of Parvati, consort of Lord Shiva. Udaipur, Jaipur.
May 9: POORAM. Spectacular temple festival. Kerala.
May 11: MEENAKSHI KALYANAM. Temple festival. Madurai.

SOUTH AFRICA



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May 15: BUDDHA PURNIMA.
 June 30–July 1: IDUL FITR.
 June 30: RATH YATRA TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Thousands join procession of huge chariots.
 July 31: TEEJ. Rajasthan.
 Aug. 1: NAAG PANCHAMI. Effigies of mythical serpent displayed at colorful fair. Jodhpur.
 Aug. 11: RAKSHA BANDHAM.
 Aug. 11: AMAR NATH YATRA. Hindu gathering at Amarnath cave. Kashmir.
 Aug. 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Aug. 19–20: JANMASHAMI. Celebrates birth of Lord Krishna.
 Aug. 29: GANESH/VINAYAKA CHATURTHI. Festival of elephant-headed god. Bombay, Madras, Pune.
 Sept. 6: ID-UL-ZUHA.
 Sept. 7: ONAM—SNAKE-BOAT RACES. Aranmula, Payipad, Kottayam.
 Oct. 4: DUSSEHRA. 10-day festival based on legend of Rama. Delhi, Mysore, Calcutta.
 Oct. 6: MUHARRAM. Moslem holiday. Lucknow.
 Oct. 24: DIWALI. Hindu festival of lights; marks beginning of Hindu New Year.
 Nov. 8: GURU NAWAK JAYANTI.
 Nov. 8: PUSHKAR FAIR.

INDONESIA

April: ANNIVERSARY OF TAMAN MINL. Performances of traditional music and dance from all regions. Jakarta.
 April 20: GOOD FRIDAY.
 April 21: ASCENSION OF PROPHET MOHAMMED.
 May: GALUNGAN. Colorful Balinese festival celebrating annual reunion of people and their ancestral souls.
 May: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL. Yogyakarta.
 May 14: WAICAK DAY. Birth of Buddha. Mendut and Borobudur Temples, Central Java.

HIGHLIGHT '84

The Bull Races of Madura in East Java are held twice monthly from April to December. Colorfully decorated bulls run in pairs and are ridden by a driver who stands precariously between them on a harness as they dash to the finish line.



May 31: ANNIVERSARY OF SURABAYA. East Java.
 May 31: ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST.
 May 31–June 28: RAMADAN.
 Mid-June: TOBA LAKE FESTIVAL. North Sumatra.
 June 22: ANNIVERSARY OF JAKARTA.
 June 29–July 1: IDUL FITRI.
 July 10: TUMPLAK WAJIK. Ritual preparation of rice mounds of palace. Yogyakarta.
 Aug. 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, fireworks.
 Late Aug.: BULL RACES. Regional championships. Madura.
 Sept. 5–8: IDUL ADHA. Feast of sacrifice.
 Sept. 26: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
 Sept. 27: SURO. Javanese New Year. East Java.
 Dec. 5: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
 Dec. 19: LABUHAN OFFERING CEREMONY. Honors goddess of South Sea. East Java.

JAPAN

April 1: 13TH TOKYO MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 April 8: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY.
 April 14–15: TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. 15th-century festivity noted for gorgeous floats.
 April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY. Start of Golden Week holidays.
 May 3: CONSTITUTION MEMORIAL DAY.
 May 3–5: KITE BATTLES. Hamamatsu.
 May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAMO AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES. Imperial parade and pageantry. Kyoto.
 May 17–18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE. Dazzling parade of 1000 marchers in full samurai warrior regalia. Nikko.
 May 19: 21ST ALL JAPAN AIKIDO DEMONSTRATION. Traditional martial art.
 June 10–16: SANNO FESTIVAL OF THE SHRINE. Tokyo.
 July 16–17: GION MATSURI PROCESSION. One of Kyoto's best-known festivals.
 July 23–25: WILD HORSE CHASE AND ROUNDUP. Haramachi, Fukushima.
 Aug. 1–7: NEBUTA FESTIVAL. Papier-mâché dummies representing men, animals, birds, carriages pulled through streets. Aomori, Hirosaki.
 Aug. 5–7: KANTO FESTIVAL. Parade of men balancing kanto, long bamboo poles hung with lighted lanterns; lively crowds. Akita.
 Aug. 6: PEACE FESTIVAL. Memorial rites. Hiroshima.
 Aug. 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE. Kyoto.
 Sept. 15: RESPECT FOR THE AGED DAY.
 Sept. 16: YABUSAME HORSEBACK ARCHERY. Kamakura.
 Sept. 23 or 24: AUTUMN EQUINOX.
 Oct.–Nov.: CHRYSANTHEMUM DOLL SHOWS.
 Oct. 7–9: OKUNCHI FESTIVAL. Nagasaki.
 Oct. 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY.
 Oct. 22: FESTIVAL OF ERAS. Commemorates Kyoto's founding in 794. Procession of 2000 people.
 Nov. 3: CULTURE DAY.
 Nov. 3–4: OKUNCHI FESTIVAL. Karatsu.
 Nov. 23: LABOR THANKSGIVING DAY.
 Nov. 25: THIRD JAPAN CUP. Thoroughbred racing. Tokyo.
 Dec. 17: ON MATSURI OF KASUGA SHRINE. Nara.

KOREA

April: RITUAL OF UNSAN. Last day of five-day festival honoring mountain spirit.
 April 5: ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.
 Early May: CH'UNHYANG FESTIVAL. Honors traditional heroine and symbol of female virtue.
 May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. National holiday.
 May 6: CHONGMYO CHERYE. Traditional ritual at shrine of Yi Dynasty (1392–1910).
 May 8–10: ARANG FESTIVAL. Milyang-Kun.
 May 20: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY. One of Korea's most colorful celebrations.
 May 28–29: ANDONG FOLK FESTIVAL.
 Early June: KANGNUNG TANO FESTIVAL. Colorful dance procession to mountain shrine to pray for good harvest.
 June 6: MEMORIAL DAY.
 July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 Aug. 15: LIBERATION DAY.
 Sept.: CH'USOK. Traditional harvest and full-moon festival, referred to as Korean Thanksgiving.
 Oct.: MAHAN FOLK FESTIVAL. Iksan, Chonbuk.
 Oct.: HANSAN VICTORY FESTIVAL. Honors naval hero of 16th century. Ch'ungmu.
 Oct.: HALLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Cheju-de Island.
 Oct.: PAKCHE CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Processions and flower crown dance. Puyo, Kongju.
 Oct. 1: ARMED FORCES DAY. Parades.
 Oct. 3: NATIONAL FOUNDATION DAY.
 Oct. 8–10: SILLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Kyongju.



Children's Day, May 5, is the last day of Japan's Golden Week, during which every family hoists a paper carp banner for each of its boys and displays special warrior dolls that represent strength and bravery. Most Japanese spend part of Children's Day visiting the country's many parks, temples, and shrines with the children dressed in their elaborate finery.

Oct. 9: HAN'GUL DAY. Celebrates invention of Korean written script in mid-15th century.
Oct. 10-13: MOYANG CASTLE FESTIVAL.
Nov. 5-8: KAECHON ART FESTIVAL. Chinju.

MACAU

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL.
April 23: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Honors local fishermen.
April 25: ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 8: FEAST OF THE BATHING OF LORD BUDDHA.
May 8: TAM KONG FESTIVAL.
May 8: FEAST OF THE DRUNKEN DRAGON.
May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION.
June: FEAST OF NA CHA.
June 4: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL RACES.
June 10: CAMOES DAY. Honors Portuguese poet and hero.
June 12: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY OF LISBON.
June 12: FEAST OF KUAN TAL. Honors god of justice with police parades.
June 21: CORPUS CHRISTI.
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13. Marks defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910. Taipa, Coloane.
Aug. 3: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
Aug. 15: FEAST OF THE MAIDENS.
Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
Sept. 10-11: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Moon cakes eaten to celebrate autumn equinox.
Oct. 3: CHUNG YEUNG (Festival of Ancestors).
Oct. 5: REPUBLIC DAY.
Late Nov.: 30TH MACAU GRAND PRIX.
Dec. 1: RESTORATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
Dec. 8: FEAST OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
Dec. 22: WINTER SOLSTICE.

MALAYSIA

May-Sept.: MIGRATION OF GIANT TURTLES. East coast, Malay Peninsula.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 15: VESAK DAY (except Sabah).
June: BIRD-SINGING COMPETITION.
June: KITE-FLYING COMPETITION.
June 1-2: DAYAK FESTIVAL. End-of-harvest prayers, poems, dances.
June 2: BIRTHDAY OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
June 4: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Major event. Penang.
June 27: FEAST OF ST. PETER.
June 30-July 1: HARI RAYA PUASA.
Aug. 11: HUNGRY GHOSTS FESTIVAL.
Aug. 31: NATIONAL DAY.
Sept. 6: HARI RAYA HAJI. Moslem feasts.
Sept. 10: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL.
Sept. 25-Oct. 3: FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS. Penang.
Oct. 23: DEEPAVALI (except Sabah and Sarawak).
Dec.: PENANG FESTIVAL. Month-long celebration.
Dec. 5: BIRTHDAY OF PROPHET MOHAMMED.

NEPAL

April: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL. Bhadagaon.
April: NAVABARSHA. Nepalese New Year's Day.
May 8: BUDDHA JAYANTI. Marks birth, death, and enlightenment of Buddha.
Aug.: MATAYAA BUDDHIST CEREMONIES AND PROCESSION. Patan.
Aug.: LORD KRISHNA'S BIRTHDAY. Krishnastami.
Aug.: INDRAJATRA. Colorful festival marks end of monsoon season. Katmandu.
Oct.: BADA DASAL. Major day of 15-day feast.
Dec.: VIVAHA PANCHAMI. Festival commemorating marriage of Sita to Ram. Janakpur.

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PAKISTAN

May 1: MAY DAY.
 May 31–June 28: RAMADAN.
 June 29–July 1: EID-UL-FITR.
 July 8: JUMMATUL-WIDA.
 Aug. 14: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Sept. 5–8: EID-UL-ADHA. Feast of sacrifice.
 Sept. 6: DEFENSE OF PAKISTAN DAY.
 Sept. 11: DEATH ANNIVERSARY OF QUIAD-I-AZAM.
 Sept. 26: ASHURA.
 Nov. 9: IQBAL DAY.
 Dec. 5: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
 Dec. 25: BIRTHDAY OF QUIAD-I-AZAM.
 Dec. 25: CHRISTMAS.

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

Mid-April–mid-May; mid-Oct.–mid-Nov.:
 TRADE FAIR. Canton.
 May 1: INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY. Labor Day observances. Parades.
 Aug. 1: RED ARMY DAY. Parades.
 Oct. 1: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, theatrical performances, fireworks, special events.

PHILIPPINES

April 9: BATAAN DAY.
 April 15–22: MORIONES FESTIVAL. Spectacular Holy Week street pageant recalling passion of Christ and legend of Longinus. **Marinduque.**
 April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING. Commemorates landing in 1521. Cebu.
 May: SANTACRUZAN FESTIVAL.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 6: MEMORIAL DAY.
 May 14–15: CARABAO FESTIVAL. Farmers' thanksgiving. Various villages.
 May 15: PAHIYAS HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Quezon.**
 May 17–19: FERTILITY RITES. Childless couples dance in streets in belief they will be blessed with a child. **Obando, Bulacan.**
 June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 July 4: PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP DAY.
 Sept. 21: THANKSGIVING DAY.
 Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS' DAY.
 Nov. 2: ALL SOULS' DAY.
 Nov. 28–Dec. 2: GRAND CANAO. Tribes of mountain provinces gather to give thanks to their gods. **Baguio.**
 Nov. 30: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
 Dec. 16–24: SIMBANG GABI (Midnight Mass). Nine-day novena of predawn masses ushers in world's longest Christmas celebration.
 Dec. 24: LANTERN FESTIVAL. **San Fernando, Pampanga.**
 Dec. 28–30: BINIRAYAN. Mountain tribes come to town to join celebration. **San Jose, Antique.**
 Dec. 30: RIZAL DAY. Celebrates greatest Filipino hero, Dr. Jose Rizal.

SINGAPORE

April 4: BIRTHDAY OF THE SAINT OF THE POOR. Image of saint is carried through streets.
 April 13–15: SONGKRANT FESTIVAL. Thai water festival to welcome new year.
 May 8–9: BIRTHDAY OF THE THIRD PRINCE. Third Prince of the Lotus, a child god, is worshiped as hero and miracle worker.
 May 15: VESAK DAY. Celebrates Buddha's birth, death, and enlightenment.
 May 31–June 29: RAMADAN.
 June: SINGAPORE FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS.
 June 3–4: INTERNATIONAL DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Honors hero of ancient China, poet Ch'u Yuan, who drowned himself in protest against

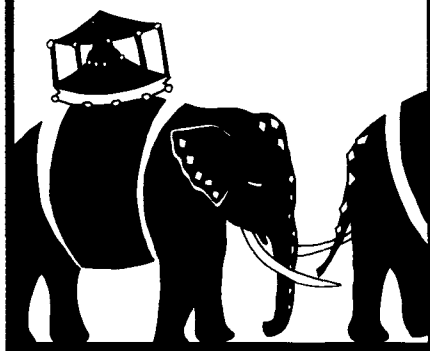
injustice and corruption. Exciting dragon-boat race.

June 30: HARI RAYA PUASA (Aidil Fitri).
 July 28–Aug. 26: MARKET FESTIVAL.
 Aug. 9: NATIONAL DAY.
 Aug. 11: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
 Sept.–Oct.: NAVARATHRI FESTIVAL. Indian dances, musical performances, and recitals.
 Sept. 6: HARI RAYA HAJI.
 Sept. 10: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Overthrow of tyrannical Mongol overlords in ancient China is commemorated.
 Sept. 11: BIRTHDAY OF MONKEY GOD.
 Sept. 25–Oct. 3: FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS. Celebrated with Chinese operas, processions of decorated floats, and flag carriers.
 Sept. 25–Oct. 23: PILGRIMAGE TO KUSU ISLAND. Chinese Taoists' annual pilgrimage in brightly decorated boats to Tua Pek Kong Temple.
 Oct. 15: THIMITHY (Fire Walking) FESTIVAL. Hindu honor goddess Droba-Devi.
 Oct. 23: DEEPAVALI. Festival of lights.
 Dec. 5: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

SRI LANKA

HIGHLIGHT '84

The Esala Kandy Perahera of late July is a medieval festival venerating the Sacred Tooth Relic of the Buddha. The chieftains, lay custodians of the relic, dress in the regalia of ancient noblemen to receive the homage of frenzied dancers and drummers, while 80 or more bejeweled elephants pass by.



April: HOLIDAY SEASON. Special events in hill resort. **Nuwara Eliya.**
 April 2–6: PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE AND WORKSHOP.
 April 13–14: NATIONAL NEW YEAR. Begins after harvest season. Folk dances.
 April 15: BAK FULL MOON POYA DAY. Buddhist religious observances. Repeated at full moon throughout year.
 May 1: MAY DAY. Parades.
 May 14–15: VESAK FESTIVAL.
 May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
 June 13: POSON FULL MOON POYA DAY. Commemorates introduction of Buddhism to Sri Lanka in 247 B.C. **Mihintale, Anuradhapura.**
 June 30: SPECIAL BANK HOLIDAY.
 July 1: ID-UL-FITR. Ends Moslem month of fasting.
 July–Aug.: KATARAGAMA FESTIVAL. Pilgrims pay penance to Hindu god of war; fire-walking ceremony. **Kataragama.**
 July–Aug.: VEL FESTIVAL. Procession carrying insignia of Hindu god of war, Skanda, in gilded chariot. **Colombo.**
 July–Aug.: DONDRA FESTIVAL. 10-day festival to honor Sri Lanka's guardian deity.
 Sept. 6: ID-UL-AZHA.
 Oct. 23: DEEPAVALI FESTIVAL DAY.
 Dec. 6: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
 Dec. 31: SPECIAL BANK HOLIDAY.

TAIWAN

April 5: CHIN MING FESTIVAL.
 April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY and ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.
 April 8: BUDDHA BATHING FESTIVAL.
 April 23: BIRTHDAY OF MATSU. Goddess of the sea. **Peikang, Tainan.**
 April 29: CHENG CHENG KUNG. Commemorates landing in 1661 of Ming Dynasty Royalists, who ousted Dutch colonists. **Tainan.**
 June 4: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
 June 12: BIRTHDAY OF CHENG HUANG. City god of Taipei.
 July: MONTH OF THE GHOSTS. Gates of Hades are believed to open so spirits can return to earth for month's vacation.
 Sept. 10: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.
 Sept. 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY.
 Sept. 28: TEACHERS' DAY.
 Oct. 10: DOUBLE TENTH NATIONAL DAY.
 Oct. 21: OVERSEAS CHINESE DAY.
 Oct. 25: TAIWAN RESTORATION DAY. Return to Chinese rule after Japanese occupation.
 Oct. 31: CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S BIRTHDAY.
 Oct. 31: VETERANS' DAY.
 Nov. 12: CULTURAL RENAISSANCE DAY. Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's birthday.
 Dec. 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I, founder of Bangkok.
 April 13–15: SONGKRAN WATER FESTIVAL. Thai New Year celebration. **Chiang Mai, Bangkok.**
 May 5: CORONATION DAY.
 May 12–13: ROCKET FESTIVAL. Hails harvest time before start of rainy season. **Yasothon.**
 May 14: WISAKHA BUCHA. Commemorates birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.
 July 12: ASANHA BUCHA. Candlelight procession honors Buddha's first sermon.
 July 13: KHAO PHANSA. Candle festival. Buddhist Lent begins.
 Aug. 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY.
 Oct. 9: THOT KATHIN. End of rainy season and Buddhist Lent.
 Oct. 23: CHULALONGKORN DAY.
 Nov. 7: LOY KRATHONG FESTIVAL. Beautiful lights, candles, and lanterns float on rivers.
 Nov. 17–18: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP. Elephants perform tricks, skills. **Surin.**
 Nov.–Dec.: RIVER KWAI BRIDGE LIGHT AND SOUND FESTIVAL.
 Dec. 3: TROOPING OF THE COLORS.
 Dec. 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY.
 Dec. 10: CONSTITUTION DAY.

HIGHLIGHT '84

The annual Ploughing Ceremony, May 10, is a 2500-year-old Buddhist ritual celebrated in Bangkok. The auspicious day and hour to plough for the new rice crop are forecast by the royal Brahman astrologers, after which women broadcast rice seed from gold and silver baskets.



THE PACIFIC

AMERICAN SAMOA

April 17: FLAG DAY. Deed of cession signed by chiefs of Tutuila in 1900.
May 28: MEMORIAL DAY.
July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Sept. 3: LABOR DAY.
Oct. 8: COLUMBUS DAY.
Oct. 14: WHITE SUNDAY.
Nov. 22: THANKSGIVING DAY.

AUSTRALIA

April: ADELAIDE ARTS FESTIVAL.
April 25: ANZAC DAY.
April 28: SYDNEY CUP. Horse race.
May 5: LABOR DAY. Queensland.
May 7: BANGTAIL MUSTER. Float parade. Alice Springs.
May 19: CAMEL CUP. Camel races. Alice Springs.
June 4: FOUNDATION DAY. Western Australia.
June 5: BEER CAN REGATTA. Darwin.
June 11: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
July 7: ROTHMAN'S 100,000. Motor race.
July 14: FOUREX CUP. Horse race.
July 19: GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.
Aug.: AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS.
Aug.-Oct.: ROYAL SOUTH STREET COMPETITION. All performing arts. Ballarat, Victoria.
Aug. 25: HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA. Mock yacht race on dry river. Alice Springs.
Aug. 28: BANK HOLIDAY.
Aug. 30-Sept. 9: PACIFIC FESTIVAL. Townsville.
Aug. 31-Sept. 8: ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOW.
Sept. 21-Oct. 7: WARANA SPRING CARNIVAL. Concerts, Mardi Gras, arts. Brisbane.
Sept. 22-29: TOOWOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.
Sept. 27: SHOW DAY. Melbourne.
Sept. 30: AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX MOTOR RACE.
Oct. 1: LABOR DAY.
Oct. 4: CELEBRATION DAY. Western Australia.
Oct. 27-29: MCLAREN VALE WINE BUSHING FESTIVAL.
Nov. 6: MELBOURNE CUP. Horse race.
Nov. 28-Dec. 11: AUSTRALIAN OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
Dec. 24: CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT. Melbourne, Sydney.
Dec. 26: SYDNEY-HOBART YACHT RACE.
Dec. 27-Jan. 9: TASMANIAN FIESTA.
Dec. 31: PROCLAMATION DAY.

FIJI

April: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE.
June 11: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY. Suva.
July: BULA FESTIVAL. Nadi area.
Late Aug.-early Sept.: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. Exhibits, entertainment, parade. Suva.
Oct.: SUGAR FESTIVAL.
Early Oct.: FIJI DAY.
Oct. 23: DIWALI. Hindu festival of lights.
Nov.: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

GUAM and MICRONESIA

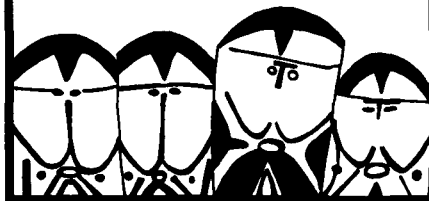
April 17: SAN VICENTE FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
May 15: FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA DAY. Ponape, Truk, Yap, Kosrae.
May 28: ANNUAL FLAME TREE FESTIVAL. Saipan.
May 30: MEMORIAL DAY.
June 12: SAN ANTONIO FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July 4: LIBERATION DAY. Saipan.
July 4-21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION. Guam.
July 21: GUAM LIBERATION DAY.
Aug. 21: SAN ROKE FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
Sept. 3: LABOR DAY.
Sept. 11: RAHN EN MWEI MWAHU (Day of Peace). Ponape.
Sept. 25: CHARTER DAY. Truk.
Sept. 25: SAN MIGUEL FIESTA. Guam.
Oct. 2: SANTA REMEDIOS FIESTA. Saipan.
Oct. 9: SAN FRANCISCO DE BORJA FIESTA. Largest festival in Marianas, honoring Rota's patron saint. Rota.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Nov. 8: NATIONAL CONSTITUTION DAY. Ponape, Truk, Yap, Kosrae.
Nov. 11: VETERANS' DAY.
Nov. 20: CHRIST THE KING FIESTA. Saipan.
Nov. 22: THANKSGIVING.
Dec. 4: SANTA BARBARA FIESTA. Guam.
Dec. 8: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Guam, Saipan, Rota, Tinian.
Dec. 12: OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE FIESTA. Guam.

NEW CALEDONIA

HIGHLIGHT '84

The 4th Pacific Festival of the Arts, Dec. 8-22, will be held in Noumea and surrounding islands. Aimed at preserving the cultural and artistic heritage of Oceania, the festival brings together as many as 2000 performers from 26 participating nations.



April 23: EASTER MONDAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 31: ASCENSION DAY.
June 11: WHIT MONDAY.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
Aug. 15-Sept. 15: AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN BOURAIL. Yearly rendezvous of up-country and city people.
Aug. 25-Sept. 8: NEW CALEDONIA CYCLING TOUR. Bicycle race around the island.
Sept.-Oct.: BRADERIA. Giant bargain day.
Sept. 9: 2ND INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.
Sept. 24: NEW CALEDONIA DAY.
Nov. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.
Dec. 10-17: INTERNATIONAL SAILING WEEK.

NEW ZEALAND

April: VINTAGE CAR CLUB RALLY. Blenheim.
April: NEW ZEALAND PAPER TIGER YACHT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPS. Napier.
April: NATIONAL CYCLE RALLY. Blenheim.
April: 22ND ANNIVERSARY JAZZ FESTIVAL. Tauranga.
April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May: GAME FISHING, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, SOUTH PACIFIC TOURNAMENT. Russell.

May: NEW ZEALAND MAORI GOLF TOURNAMENT. Nelson.
May: NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
May: GAME FISHING SOUTH PACIFIC CHAMPIONSHIPS. Bay Islands.
June: NEW ZEALAND INDOOR BOWLS NATIONAL CHAMPS. Wanganui.
June: NORTH ISLAND OPEN HIGHLAND FLING. Auckland.
June 11: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
July: IRISH JIG OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS. Hamilton.
July: NEW ZEALAND BADMINTON GRAND PRIZE. Manawatu.
Aug.: ADIDAS SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIPS FINAL. Wellington.
Aug.-Sept.: NEW ZEALAND MAORI ARTISTS AND WRITERS EXHIBITION. Whangarei.
Sept.: NEW ZEALAND ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS. Auckland.
Mid-Sept.: ANNUAL BLOOM FESTIVAL. Alexandra, Hastings.
Oct.: LADIES GOLF, NEW ZEALAND AMATEUR CHAMPS. Christchurch.
Oct.: SOUTH ISLAND OPEN HIGHLAND REEL. South Canterbury.
Oct.: WORLD TEAMS SQUASH CHAMPS. Hamilton, Auckland.
Oct.: OLYMPIC WRESTLING; TAIERI HIGHLAND GAMES. Mosgiel.
Oct. 24: LABOR DAY.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

June: MABAROSA FESTIVAL. Madang.
June: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW. Port Moresby.
June-July: FRANGIPANI FESTIVAL. Rabaul.
July: MENDI. Sky-diving, buck jumping, races.
Sept.: PAPUA NEW GUINEA ARTS FESTIVAL.
Sept.: HIRI MOALE FESTIVAL.
Sept. 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Nov.: MALAGAN FESTIVAL. Kavieng.

TAHITI

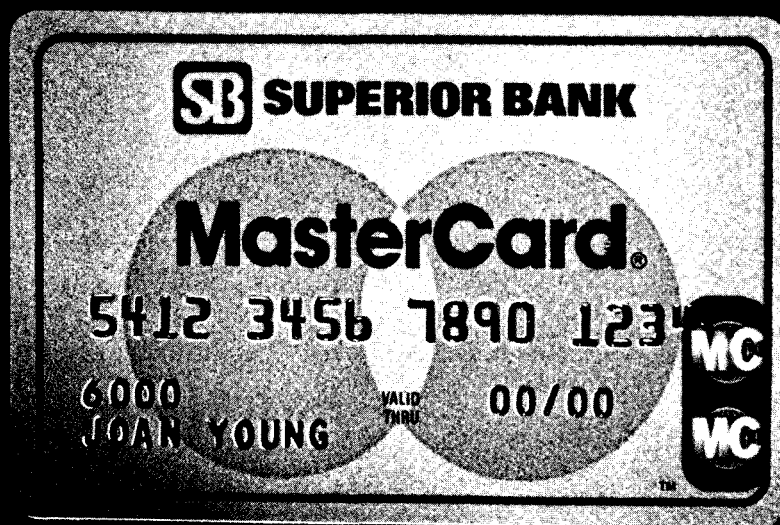
April 30: ANNUAL DAY OF THE MAIRE. Papeete.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
Mid-Aug.: NIGHT OF THE GUITAR AND LUTE. Musical competition.
Nov. 21: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS COMPETITION.
Nov. 21: PAREU DAY.
Dec. 3: TIARE TAHITI DAY.
Dec. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 4: BIRTHDAY OF CROWN PRINCE TAPOUTO'A.
May 13-21: RED CROSS WEEK.
June 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.
July 4: BIRTHDAY AND CORONATION ANNIVERSARY OF KING TAUFA'AHAU TUPOU IV and HEI LALA FESTIVAL. Week-long celebration.
Late Aug.-early Sept.: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.
Nov. 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
Dec. 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.

VANUATU

May 1: LABOR DAY.
June 7: HOLY THURSDAY.
July 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
Oct. 5: CONSTITUTION DAY.
Nov. 29: UNITY DAY.
Dec. 26: FAMILY DAY.
Dec. 27: PUBLIC HOLIDAY.



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BRIDGING

A SHORT STORY BY MAX APPLE

AT THE ASTRODOME, Nolan Ryan is shaving the corners. He's going through the Giants in order. The radio announcer is not even mentioning that, through the sixth, the Giants haven't had a hit. The Ks mount. Tonight, Nolan passes the Big Train and becomes the all-time strikeout king. Ryan is almost as old as I am, and he still throws nothing but smoke. His fast ball is an aspirin; batters seem to tear their tendons lunging for his curve.

My daughter, Jessica, and I have season tickets, but tonight she's home listening and I'm in the basement of St. Anne's Church, watching Kay Randall's fingertips. Kay is holding her hands out from her chest, her fingertips touching. Her fingers move a little as she talks, and I can hear her nails click when they meet. That's how close I'm sitting.

Kay is talking about "bridging"; that's what her arched fingers represent.

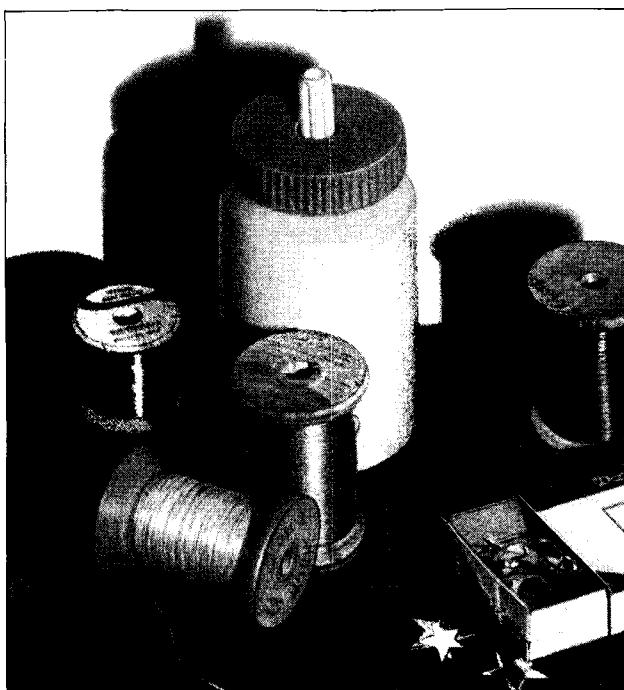
"Bridging," she says, "is the way Brownies become Girl Scouts. It's a slow, steady process. It's not easy, but we allow a whole year for bridging."

Eleven girls in brown jumpers, with orange ties at their necks, are imitating Kay as she talks. They hold their stumpy, chewed fingertips out and bridge them; so do I.

I brought the paste tonight, and the stick-on gold stars, and the thread for sewing buttonholes.

"I feel a little awkward," Kay Randall said on the phone, "asking a man to do these errands . . . but that's my problem, not yours. Just bring the supplies and try to be at the church meeting room a few minutes before seven."

I arrived a half hour early.



"You're off your rocker," Jessica said. She begged me to drop her at the Astrodome on my way to the Girl Scout meeting. "After the game, I'll meet you at the main souvenir stand on the first level. They stay open an hour after the game. I'll be all right. There are cops and ushers every five yards."

She can't believe that I am missing this game to perform my functions as an assistant Girl Scout leader. Our Girl Scout battle has been going on for two months.

"Girl Scouts is stupid," Jessica says. "Who wants to sell cookies and sew buttons and walk around wearing stupid old badges."

When she agreed to go to the first meeting, I was so happy that I volunteered to become an assistant leader. After the meeting, Jessica went directly to the car, the way she does after school, after a birthday party, after a ball game, after anything. A straight line to the car. No jabbering with girlfriends, no smiles, no dallying, just right to the car. She slid into the back seat, belted in, and braced herself for destruction.

I shrugged aside a thousand years of stereotypes and accepted my assistant leader's packet and credentials.

"I'm sure there have been other men in the movement," Kay said. "We just haven't had any in our district. It will be good for the girls."

Not for my Jessica. She won't bridge, she won't budge.

"I know why you're doing this," she said. "You think that because I don't have a mother, Kay Randall and the Girl Scouts will help me. That's crazy. And I know that Sharon is supposed to be like a mother, too. Why don't you just leave me alone."

Sharon is Jessica's therapist. Jessica sees her twice a week. Sharon and I have a meeting once a month.

"We have a lot of shy girls," Kay Randall told me. "Scouting brings them out. Believe me, it's hard to stay

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shy when you're nine years old and you're sharing a tent with four other girls. You have to count on each other, you have to communicate."

I imagined Jessica zipping up her sleeping bag, mumbling good night to anyone who said it to her first, and then closing her eyes and hating me for sending her out among the happy.

"She likes all sports, especially baseball," I told my leader.

"There's room for baseball in scouting," Kay said. "Once a year, the whole district goes to a game. They mention us on the big scoreboard."

"Jessica and I go to all the home games. We're real fans." Kay smiled.

"That's why I want her in Girl Scouts. You know, I want her to go to things with her girlfriends, instead of always hanging around with me at ball games."

"I understand," Kay said; "it's part of bridging."

With Sharon, the word is "separation anxiety." That's the fast ball; "bridging" is the curve. Amid all their magic words, I feel as if Jessica and I were standing at home plate blindfolded.

While I await Kay and the members of Troop 111, District 6, I eye Saint Anne in her grotto and Saint Gregory and Saint Thomas. Their hands are folded as if they started out bridging and ended up praying.

In October, the principal sent Jessica home from school because Mrs. Simmons caught her in spelling class listening to the World Series through an earphone.

"It's against the school policy," Mrs. Simmons said. "Jessica understands school policy. We confiscate radios and send the child home."

"I'm glad," Jessica said. "It was a cheap-o radio. Now I can watch TV with you."

They sent her home in the middle of the sixth game. I let her stay home for the seventh, too.

The Brewers are her favorite American League team. She likes Rollie Fingers, and especially Robin Yount.

"Does Yount go in the hole better than Harvey Kuenn used to?"

"You bet," I told her. "Kuenn was never a great fielder, but he could hit .300 with his eyes closed."

Kuenn was the Brewers' manager. He has an artificial leg and could barely make it up the dugout steps, but when I was Jessica's age and the Tigers were my team, Kuenn used to stand at the plate, tap the corners with his bat, spit some tobacco juice, and knock liners up the alley.

She took it hard when the Brewers lost.

"If Fingers hadn't been hurt, they would have squashed the Cards, wouldn't they?"

I agreed.

"But, I'm glad for Andujar."

We had Andujar's autograph. Once, we met him at a McDonald's. He was a relief pitcher then, and an erratic right-hander, though in St. Louis he improved. I was happy to get his name on a napkin. Jessica shook his hand.

One night, after I had read her a story, she said, "Daddy, if we were rich, could we go to the away games, too? I mean, if you didn't have to be at work every day?"

"Probably we could," I said, "but wouldn't it get boring? We'd have to stay at hotels and eat in restaurants. Even the players get sick of it."

"Are you kidding?" she said. "I'd never get sick of it."

"Jessica has fantasies of being with you forever, following baseball or whatever," Sharon says. "All she's trying to do is please you. Since she lost her mother, she feels that you and she are alone in the world. She doesn't want to let anyone or anything else into that unit, the two of you. She's afraid of any more losses. And, of course, her greatest worry is about losing you."

"You know," I tell Sharon, "that's pretty much how I feel, too."

"Of course it is," she says. "I'm glad to hear you say it."

Sharon is glad to hear me say almost anything. When I complain that her \$100-a-week fee would buy a lot of peanut-butter sandwiches, she says she is "glad to hear" me expressing my anger.

"Sharon's not fooling me," Jessica says. "I know that she thinks drawing those pictures is supposed to make me feel better or something. You're just wasting your money. There's nothing wrong with me."

"It's a long, difficult, expensive process," Sharon says. "You and Jessica have lost a lot. Jessica is going to have to learn to trust the world again. It would help if you could do it, too."

So I decide to trust Girl Scouts. First Girl Scouts, then the world. I make my stand at the meeting of Kay Randall's fingertips. While Nolan Ryan breaks Walter Johnson's strikeout record and pitches a two-hit shutout, I hand paste and thread to nine-year-olds who are sticking and sewing their lives together in ways Jessica and I can't.

SCOUTING IS NOT ALTOGETHER NEW TO ME. I WAS A Cub Scout. I owned a blue beanie, and I remember my den mother, Mrs. Clark, very well. A den mother made perfect sense to me then, and still does. Maybe that's why I don't feel uncomfortable being a Girl Scout assistant leader.

We had no den father. Mr. Clark was only a photograph on a wall in the tiny living room where we held our weekly meetings. Mr. Clark had been killed in the Korean War. His son, John, was in the troop. John was stocky, but Mrs. Clark was huge. She couldn't sit on a regular chair, only on a couch or a stool without sides. She was the cashier in the convenience store beneath their apartment. The story we heard was that Walt, the old man who owned the store, felt sorry for her and gave her the job. He was her landlord, too. She sat on a swivel stool and rang up the purchases.

We met at the store and watched while she locked the door; then we followed her up the steep staircase to her three-room apartment. She carried two wet glass bottles

of milk. Her body took up the entire width of the staircase. She passed the banisters the way trucks pass each other on a narrow highway.

We were ten years old, a time when everything is funny, especially fat people. But I don't remember ever laughing about Mrs. Clark. She had great dignity and character, and so did John. I didn't know what to call it then, but I knew John was someone you could always trust.

She passed out milk and cookies; then John collected the cups and washed them. They didn't have a television set. The only decoration in the room that barely held all of us was Mr. Clark's picture on the wall. We saw him in his uniform, and we knew he had died in Korea defending his country. We were little boys in blue beanies, drinking milk in the apartment of a hero. Through that aura I came to scouting. I wanted Kay Randall to have all of Mrs. Clark's dignity.

When she takes a deep breath and then bridges, Kay Randall has noticeable armpits. Her wide shoulders narrow into a tiny rib cage. Her armpits are like bridges. She says "bridging" as if it were a mantra, holding her hands before her for about thirty seconds at the start of each meeting.

"A promise is a promise," I told Jessica. "I signed up to be a leader and I'm going to do it, with you or without you."

"But you didn't even ask me if I liked it. You just signed up without talking it over."

"That's true. That's why I'm not going to force you to go along. It was my choice."

"What can you like about it? I hate Melissa Randall. She always has a cold."

"Her mother is a good leader."

"How do you know?"

"She's my boss. I have to like her, don't I?"

I hugged Jessica. "C'mon, honey, give it a chance. What do you have to lose?"

"If you make me go I'll do it, but if I have a choice I won't."

Every other Tuesday, Maria, the fifteen-year-old Greek girl who lives on the corner, babysits Jessica while I go to the Scout meetings. We talk about field trips and about how to earn merit badges. The girls giggle when Kay pins a "Ready Helpers" badge on me, my first merit award.

Jessica thinks it's hilarious. She tells me to wear it to work.

Sometimes, when I watch Jessica brush her hair and tie her ponytail and make her lunch, I start to think that maybe I should just relax and stop the therapy and the scouting and all my not-so-subtle attempts to get her to invite friends over. I start to think that, in spite of everything, she's a good student and she's got a sense of humor. She's barely nine years old; she'll grow up, just as everyone does. John Clark did it without a father; she'll do it without a mother. I start to wonder if Jessica seems to the girls in her class what John Clark seemed to me: dignified, seri-

ous, almost an adult, even while we were playing. I admired him; maybe the girls in her class admire her. But John had that hero on the wall, his father in a uniform, dead for reasons John and all the rest of us understood. My Jessica had to explain a neurological disease that she couldn't even pronounce. "I hate it when people ask me about Mom," she said. "I just tell them she fell off the Empire State Building."

BEFORE OUR FIRST FIELD TRIP, I GO TO KAY'S HOUSE for a planning session. We're going to collect wildflowers in East Texas. It's a one-day trip; I arranged to rent the school bus.

I told Jessica that she could go on the trip even though she wasn't a member, but she refused.

We sit on colonial furniture in Kay's den. She brings in coffee and we go over the list of sachet supplies. Another troop is joining ours, so there will be a busload among the bluebonnets—twenty-two girls, three women, and me.

"We have to be sure the girls understand that the bluebonnets they pick are on private land and that we have permission to pick them. Otherwise, they might go pick them from along the roadside, which is against the law."

I imagine all twenty-two of them behind bars for picking bluebonnets, and Jessica laughing while I scramble for bail money.

I keep noticing Kay's hands. I notice them as she pours coffee, as she checks off the items on the list, as she gestures. I keep expecting her to bridge. She has large, solid, confident hands. When she finishes bridging, I sometimes feel like clapping, the way people do after the national anthem.

"I admire you," she tells me. "I admire you for going ahead with Scouts even though your daughter rejects it. She'll get a lot out of it indirectly, from you."

Kay is thirty-three, divorced, and has two daughters. One is a Blue Bird; the older, Melissa, is one of the stubby-fingered girls. Jessica is right; Melissa always has a cold.

Kay teaches fifth grade and has been divorced for three years. I am the first assistant she's ever had.

"My husband, Bill, never helped with Scouts," Kay says. "He was pretty much turned off to everything except his business and drinking. When we separated, I can't honestly say I missed him; he'd never been there. I don't think the girls miss him, either. He only sees them about once a month. He has girlfriends, and his business is doing very well. I guess he has what he wants."

"And you?"

She uses one of those wonderful hands to move the hair away from her eyes, a gesture that makes her seem very young.

"I guess I do, too. I've got the girls and my job. I'm lonesome, though."

We both think about what might have been as we sit beside her glass coffee pot with our lists of supplies that

the girls will need to make sachets with their flowers. If she were Barbra Streisand and I were Robert Redford, and the music started playing in the background to give us a clue, and there were a long close-up of our lips, we might just fade into middle age together. But Melissa calls for Mom because her mosquito bite is bleeding where she has scratched it. And I have an angry daughter waiting at home for me. All Kay and I have in common is Girl Scouts. We are both smart enough to know it. When Kay looks at me before going to put alcohol on the mosquito bite, our mutual sadness drips from us like the last drops of coffee through the grounds.

"You really missed something tonight," Jessica tells me. "The Astros did a double steal. I've never seen one before. In the fourth, they sent both Thon and Moreno, and Moreno stole home." She knows batting averages and won-lost percentages, too, just like the older boys. But they go out to play; Jessica stays in and waits for me.

During the field trip, while the girls pick the flowers, I think about Jessica at home, probably beside the radio. Juana, our once-a-week cleaning lady, agreed to work on Saturday so that she could stay with Jessica while I took the all-day field trip.

It was no small event. In the eight months since Vicki had died, I had not yet gone away for an entire day.

I made waffles in the waffle iron for Jessica before I left, but she hardly ate. "If you want anything, just ask Juana."

"Juana doesn't speak English."

"She understands; that's enough."

"Maybe for you it's enough."

"Honey, I told you, you can come. There's plenty of room on the bus. It's not too late for you to change your mind."

"It's not too late for you, either. There's going to be plenty of other leaders there. You don't have to go. You're just doing this to be mean to me."

I was ready for this. I had spent an hour with Sharon steeling myself. "Before she can leave you," Sharon said, "you'll have to show her that you can leave. Nothing's going to happen to her. And don't let her be sick that day."

Jessica is too smart to pull the "I don't feel good" routine. Instead, she became more silent and more unhappy-looking than usual. She stayed in her pajamas while I washed the dishes and got ready to leave.

I hadn't noticed the sadness as it was coming upon Jessica. It must have happened gradually, in the years of Vicki's decline, the years when I paid so little attention to my daughter. At times, Jessica seemed to recognize the truth more than I did.

As my Scouts picked their wildflowers, I remembered the last outing I had planned for Jessica, Vicki, and me. It was to have been a Fourth of July picnic with some friends in Austin. I stopped at the bank and withdrew \$150 in cash for the long weekend. But when I came home, Vicki was too sick to move and the air-conditioner had broken. I called our friends to cancel the picnic; then I took Jessica

with me to the mall to buy a fan. I bought the biggest one they had, a fifty-eight-inch model that sounded like a hurricane. It could cool 10,000 square feet, but it wasn't enough. Vicki was home sitting blankly in front of the TV set. The fan could move eight tons of air an hour, but I wanted it to save my wife. I wanted a fan that would blow the whole earth out of its orbit.

I had \$50 left. I gave it to Jessica and told her to buy anything she wanted.

"Whenever you're sad, Daddy, you want to buy me things." She put the money back in my pocket. "It won't help." She was seven years old, holding my hand tightly in the appliance department at J. C. Penney's.

I watched Melissa sniffle among the wildflowers, and I identified various flowers for Carol and JoAnn and Sue and Linda and Rebecca, who were by now used to me and treated me pretty much as they treated Kay. I noticed that the flower book they were using had very accurate photographs, making it easy to identify the bluebonnets and buttercups and poppies. The Scouts also found several varieties of wild grasses.

We were only seventy miles from home, on some land a wealthy rancher had long ago donated to the Girl Scouts. The girls, bending among the flowers, seemed to have been quickly transformed by the colorful meadow. The gigglers and monotonous singers on the bus were now, like the bees, sucking strength from the beauty around them. Kay was in the midst of them, and so, I realized, was I, not watching and keeping score and admiring from a distance, but participating, becoming a player.

JoAnn and Carol sneaked up from behind me and dropped some dandelions down my back. I chased them; then I helped the other leaders pour the Kool-Aid and distribute the Baggies and the name tags for each girl's flowers.

My daughter is home listening to a ball game, I thought, and I'm out here having fun with nine-year-olds. My life is upside down.

When I came home, with dandelion fragments still on my back, Juana had cleaned the house and I could smell taco sauce in the kitchen. Jessica was in her room. I suspected that she had spent the day listless and tearful, although I had urged her to invite a friend over.

"I had a lot of fun, honey, but I missed you."

She hugged me and cried against my shoulder. I felt like holding her the way I used to when she was an infant, the way I had rocked her to sleep. But she was a big girl now, and she needed not sleep but wakefulness.

"I heard on the news that the Rockets signed Ralph Sampson," she sobbed, "and you hardly ever take me to any pro basketball games."

"But if they have a new center, things will be different. With Sampson, we'll be contenders. Sure, I'll take you."

"Promise?"

"Promise." I promise to take you everywhere, my lovely child, and then to leave you. I'm learning to be a leader. □



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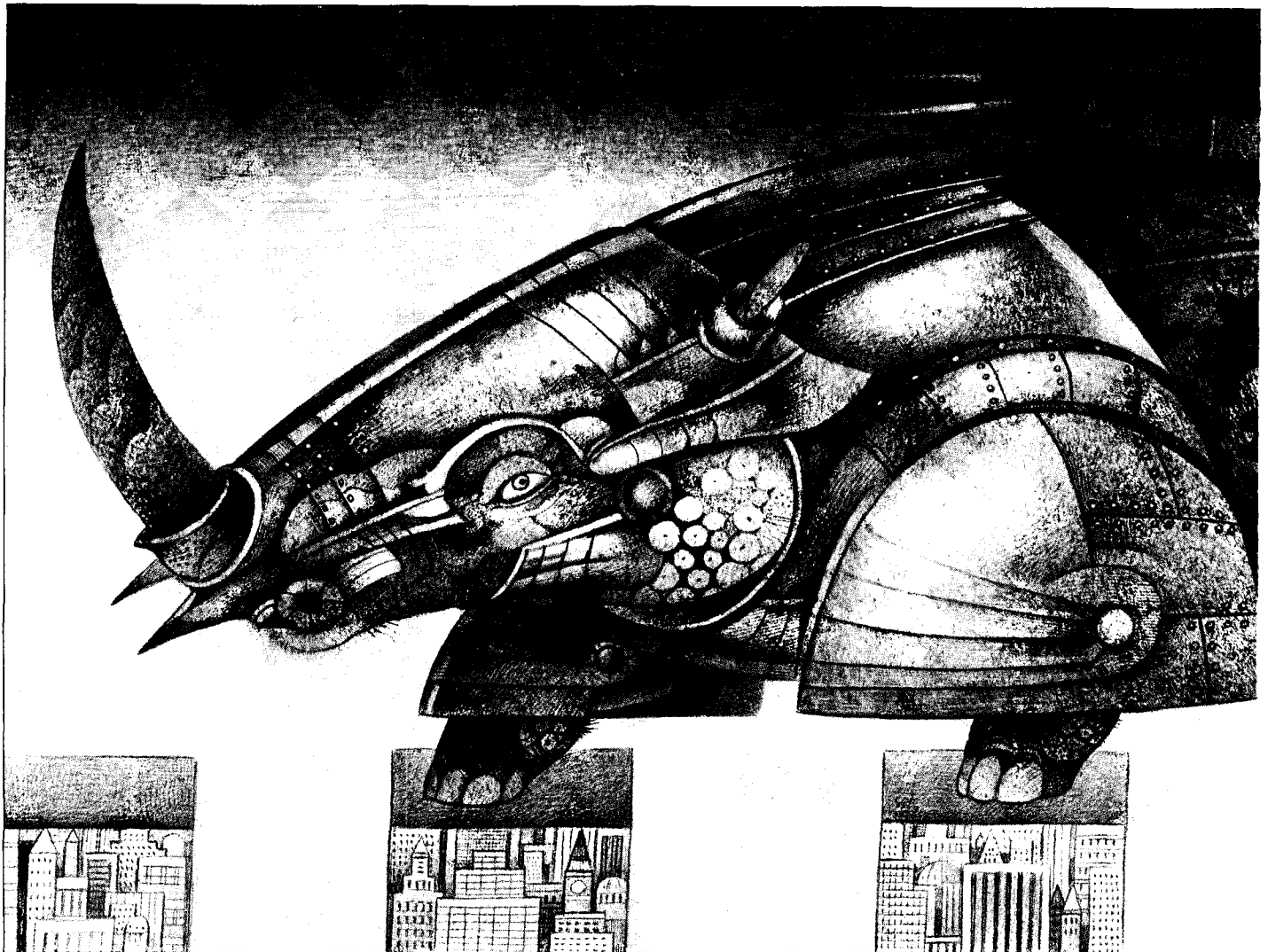
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*An examination of two ironies of the world economy:
the military spending necessary for imperial success assures imperial failure; national
programs to foster development and attack poverty bring about stagnation*

THE DYNAMIC OF DECLINE

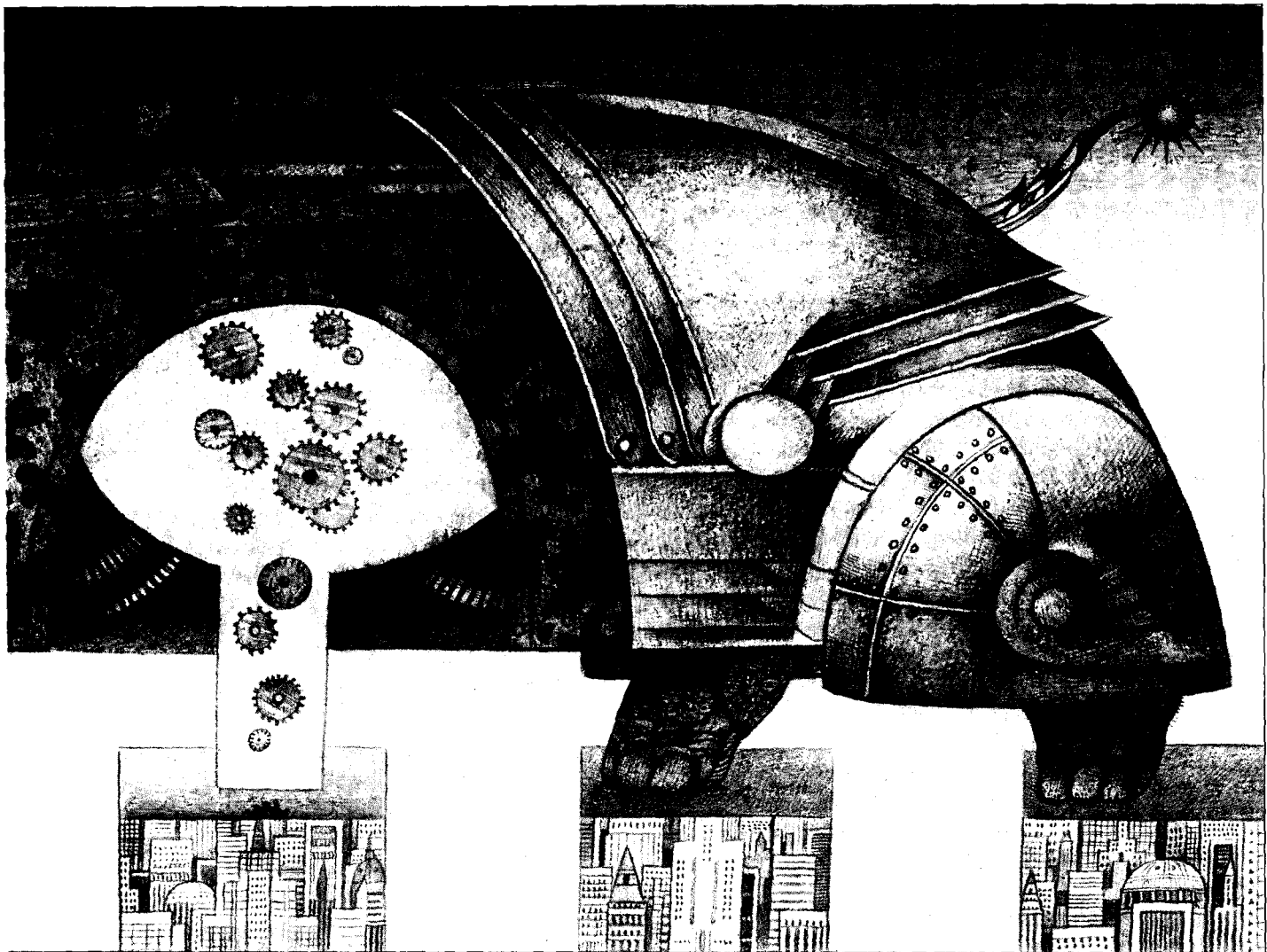
BY JANE JACOBS

ALTHOUGH SUCCESSFUL IMPERIALISM WINS WEALTH, successful empires such as Persia, Rome, Byzantium, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, France, and Britain have not remained rich. Indeed, it seems to be the fate of empires to become too poor to sustain their costs. The longer an empire holds together, the poorer and more economically backward it tends to become. I am going to argue that the very policies and transactions that are necessary to win, hold, and exploit empires are destructive to an imperial power's own cities and cannot avoid leading to their stagnation and decay. Imperial decline is built right into imperial success; the two are part and parcel of each

other. Furthermore, the same types of policies and transactions that make the decline of empires inevitable can also speed stagnation and decay in nonimperial powers that adopt them.

These policies and transactions, no matter what the motives behind them, are killers of city economies. They fall into three main groups: prolonged and unremitting military production; prolonged and unremitting subsidies to poor regions; and heavy promotion of trade between advanced and backward economies.

Unremitting, prolonged military production is a voracious feeder upon the earnings of city economies—so much



so that, historically, sustained militarism has been impossible for a realm until it has become reasonably well urbanized for its time. Ancient empires that contained rich, productive cities could afford to go in for unremitting militarism and typically did just that. However, in the European economic tradition that has shaped so much of the world as we know it, sustained military efforts have been possible only within the past four centuries.

From our perspective, it may seem that European warfare was all but continual during medieval and Renaissance times, but that is not so. For more than a thousand years after the disintegration of Rome, Europe was simply too poor and too rural to support military efforts lasting for even a few years at a stretch, to say nothing of permanent standing armies and navies. Fighting was sporadic to an extreme. Armies and even navies were spasmodically levied, supplied, and disbanded with bewildering rapidity. Mercenaries had to scramble to find employment, under first one warlord, then another. Though much of the soldiers' pay came in the form of opportunities for plunder, the pickings were slim.

Not until the sixteenth century did European realms be-

come economically capable of waging uninterrupted warfare lasting several years at a stretch, Spain taking the lead, and England and France following. And not until the beginning of the seventeenth century was there any power in Europe other than Turkey that could afford standing armies in our sense: effective fighting or garrison forces maintained at strength, with no occupation other than soldiering even when there was no fighting for them to do at the moment. During that century, unremitting production for permanent military establishments finally emerged, Spain again taking the lead, and France and England following.

The United States, from the time it won independence, was prosperous enough to afford a standing navy and army, but these were small and so was American military production except in time of war. Starting in 1950, however, with the Korean War, America has supported unremitting military production, which, with minor ups and downs, has become heavier as time has passed. If we discount the pause of five years after the Second World War (a pause during which Marshall Plan aid partially took the place of military production), we can think of military ex-

penditures as having been incessant drains upon the earnings of American cities since early 1941, when lend-lease production for Britain began.

The Second World War military-production boom brought the country bounding out of the Great Depression. Any enormous increase in export work, in any settlement, creates a boom there from the combined effect of the soaring export production and its multiplier: the secondary jobs and incomes that arise from serving the workers and their families and from supplying and servicing the exporting enterprises. But prolonged military production does not create prolonged booms, because once the multiplier effect of the military work is assimilated, things settle down. Thereafter, any further economic expansion to come from that source requires that the military work itself be expanded. And once a city, or any other settlement, comes to depend upon prolonged military work as an appreciable, normal part of its economic base, the military production must be maintained indefinitely or the economy will shrink. To sustain the work, city earnings must continually be diverted to the cause; and to expand it, still more earnings must be diverted to the cause.

Almost all the military export work of cities represents production automatically rendered sterile and useless for the vital process of import replacing—the process that keeps not only the economies of cities diversified, well rounded, and flexible but those of their regions, too. City import replacing, as I argued in the first of my two articles, is one of the two master processes of economic life, the other being innovation, which itself requires the context provided by import replacing within the economies of cities. Goods produced for the military are lost to this process even when the production is undertaken in time of peace and the goods are never used in combat. Furthermore, this is true not only of weapons but also of goods no different in kind from civilian production.

To see why this is so, one need only notice the kinds of economies possessed by military bases and garrison towns: they import, but they don't replace wide ranges of their imports with local production. At Camp Lejeune, the great United States Marine Corps base in Onslow County, North Carolina, loaded trucks rumble through the gates, bumper to bumper, throughout the cargo-receiving hours of the day, bringing in their freights of peanut butter, business machines, dental drills, mattresses, chain-link fencing, shoes, file folders, light bulbs, detergents, cooking ware, spaghetti . . . A rail line interminably drops off its deposits, too. This has been going on day after day, year after year, decade after decade—and all the production is irretrievably useless for stimulating or feeding the import-replacing process anywhere, owing to its very destination.

Like the camp itself, the nearby garrison town, Jacksonville, North Carolina, is not an import-replacing settlement nor is it a city. The five-mile strip of road between Jacksonville and the camp's main gate is lined with highly decorated bars, nightclubs, and restaurants, but that doesn't mean Jacksonville is capable of producing neon tubes, red and yellow paint, or beer coolers. The town sports a number of tattoo parlors and is a splendid consumer of electric tattoo needles and inks imported from New York, but those facts don't render the place capable of making these producers' goods for itself.

Camp Lejeune is equipped with, among other things, U.S. post exchanges, the retail stores established for the convenience of American military personnel and their families at garrisons and bases at home and abroad. The pay of the servicemen who patronize the exchanges is financed by distant taxpayers, and insofar as those taxpayers are city people and city enterprises, the goods on the shelves and in the warehouses of the exchanges are actually imports earned by cities—or, rather, their equivalents in value—that have been lost to cities. By 1970, the U.S. post exchanges had become the third largest merchandising enterprise in the world: a lot of production was thus rendered impotent for import replacing because of its destinations.

What I have said of the kinds of military supplies similar to civilian goods and services applies more stringently still to weapons. Whether their destinations are storage depots, readiness-alert stations, training bases, testing or maneuver grounds, patrol units, surveillance centers, or naval or air bases, the fact that the weapons are imported to these locales doesn't make the destinations capable of replacing them with local production even if such a thing were wanted, which it isn't. The only exceptions to this rule are instances in which arms producers acquire other producers' weapons and then proceed to copy or adapt them—but at that point the production becomes sterile. Although I have used the U.S. military in my examples, military establishments everywhere are not that different.

In sum, then, to the extent that city earnings support unremitting military production, military programs take from cities imports they have earned and give the equivalent in value to settlements that don't and can't replace imports the way cities can. Some cities get a trade-off of export work, but to sustain this a nation's or empire's cities must constantly surrender earned imports. This naturally makes cities poorer customers for one another than they would otherwise be. It also inescapably makes them feebler or more dilatory at replacing imports from one another, or from any other source, than they would otherwise be, a deficiency that undermines both their capacity to generate new kinds of goods and services and their capacity to afford innovative exports from one another, assuming these are devised.

Now consider that there are three master characteristics of all developing and expanding economies, three

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kinds of major changes taking place as economies rise and flourish.

First, taken as a whole, economic life becomes more urbanized and less rural. City work and intercity trade increase the most, both absolutely and proportionally. Rural production and trade increase as well, but as by-products of the activity of the cities.

Second, as city trade expands, it sparks additional cities into life. They are located mainly in regions that had been devoted to subsistence agriculture or to supplying raw materials to distant cities, and are drawn into volatile city trading networks.

Third, more of the goods and services being produced are imported into cities, where they become available to the process of import replacing. The increase is both absolute and proportional. It is a consequence of the first and second changes and also a condition for their continuation.

These changes are nothing less than economic development and expansion: the very dynamic of development in action.

When economic life is declining and contracting, exactly the opposite changes are occurring.

First, taken as a whole, economic life becomes less urbanized, more rural. City work and intercity trade decline proportionally as a share of total economic activity, while rural production and trade increase their proportional share.

Second, existing cities stagnate and decline, while insufficient new cities arise to compensate for the losses.

Third, fewer goods and services being produced are imported into cities, and thus more fall outside the import-replacing process. As cities stagnate and stop replacing imports significantly, even the imports they still receive do not serve import replacing. This is a consequence of the two preceding great changes.

We can think of that second set of changes or deteriorations of economic life as being the dynamic of decline. They are decline, the very ruin itself in action. Those are the changes that reduce formerly developing and expanding economies to inertia, poverty, and backwardness, as fewer varieties and smaller quantities of new goods and services are cast up and injected into everyday economic life, and as pressing practical problems merely mount up unsolved. When stagnation becomes total, the economy then lives on residues of former development.

Unremitting heavy military production is one means by which the characteristics of developing economic life become the opposite characteristics of degenerating economic life. Understanding this helps us understand another paradox associated with the decline of empires. War and production for war have often stimulated the development of metallurgy, communications, epidemiology, surgery, engineering, chemistry, shipbuilding and navigation, aeronautics, weather forecasting, footgear and other clothing, mapmaking, transport . . . the list could go on and on. This being so, one might suppose that heavily militarized na-

tions or empires would be likely to continue in the forefront of economic development, perhaps to remain there indefinitely, aided as they are by spin-offs from military work and its pressures to innovate.

Yet where military developments do spur civilian economic developments and, conversely, civilian technology spurs military technology, this occurs only when production oscillates between the two. There is little oscillation when military production continues on and on, providing producers with permanent customers for the war goods. But still more important, a stagnating economy becomes generally poor at injecting innovations, from whatever source, into everyday economic life. It is also worth noting that nonmilitary work doesn't need militarism and the pressures it creates in order to develop: witness Switzerland, or Japan in the years since the Second World War. Cities, not war production, develop economic life.



THE HISTORICAL SPECTACLE OF ECONOMIES managing to develop and expand and then putting their wealth to the service of agony, destruction, and bluster is depressing, to say the least, and, of course, nowadays carries with it the terror of ultimate extinction. So why not, as humane and reasonable people are constantly suggesting, redirect national military spending to constructive and kindly ends? Think of the good to be done with the money a single battleship costs. If we can go to the moon, why can't we solve the easier problems of building for the ill-housed, feeding the hungry, overcoming poverty and fear of poverty . . . ?

Welfare programs with these aims, and grants and subsidies to bring standards of living and services in poor regions into line with those of prospering city regions, unfortunately also work out as transactions of decline. If they are constant, they, too, drain city earnings constantly. If they are at all generous, then they feed even more voraciously on cities than military programs do. That is probably one reason why modern welfare states have emerged in economic life even more recently than standing armies or navies. Until a nation has a well-developed and productive city or cities, it can't afford appreciable transfer payments and other welfare programs. The welfare state of modern times was not pioneered until a century ago, in Bismarck's newly unified Germany. Bismarck envisioned universal, centrally administered national insurance for

the working classes, but he was not able to bring this off, so he accepted decentralized joint worker-industry accident-insurance funds, which expanded, as income permitted, to cover sickness, disability, and old-age retirement. From this beginning have come the hundreds of varieties of national insurance, welfare benefits, and special grants and subsidies that are now distributed by most governments able to afford them (not all: the Swiss have scant national subsidies and grants, because, on the whole, Swiss regions are sufficiently prosperous not to require much aid). Agricultural price supports and other agricultural subsidies are like welfare programs in drawing upon the economies of city regions to support poorer regions.

The discrepancy between what any individual city and its region pay toward national and provincial welfare, agricultural, and other subsidy programs and what they get back represents losses of city earnings to other economies that don't replace wide ranges of their imports with local production (if they did, they would be on the giving rather than the receiving end of these transactions). Thus, goods and services that the subsidies buy fetch up, just as military goods and services do, at destinations that don't and can't replace imports with local production, and so do nothing to contribute to economic expansion. To be sure, some cities get an economic trade-off for their subsidy contributions, in the shape of orders for consumer goods from settlements and regions that would not otherwise be able to afford such goods, and orders for construction and equipment from hospitals, schools, universities, water and sewage systems, fire departments, farms, electric utilities, and other establishments in subsidized poor regions, which would not otherwise be placing such orders.

Superficially, that suggests a rather wonderful perpetual-motion machine, the subsidy transactions extracting contributions from cities while simultaneously stimulating orders for city export work. Such transactions, it might seem, would only need to be kept going indefinitely and, behold, economic life would chug away indefinitely. Demand-side economics would really work. In a perpetual-motion machine of this kind, the significance of city economies would merely be that they are especially good at generating wealth and especially adept at some kinds of production and services. But the vital function of cities is to serve as primary developers and expanders of economic life, a function not in the least like perpetual motion. Cities require continually repeated inputs of energy in two specific forms: innovations, which at bottom are inputs of human insight; and replacements of imports, which at bottom are inputs of the human capacity to make adaptive imitations. The usefulness of cities is that they supply contexts in which those inputs—insights and adaptations—can be injected into everyday economic life.

The trouble, then, with transfer payments and other subsidies as means of keeping economic life chugging away is that they reduce intercity trade in favor of trade between cities and inert economies, divert earned city im-

ports to economies that cannot replace imports, and reduce cities' ability to serve as good customers for one another's innovations. For these reasons, subsidy transactions are profoundly anti-development.

When cities and their regions give sporadic emergency aid—for example, flood, earthquake, fire, or war relief—the aid is analogous to sporadic military production. It doesn't distort city economies permanently or drain them endlessly, nor does it make them dependent upon the very work of supplying goods and services for the aid of inert economies as a substitute for volatile intercity trade.

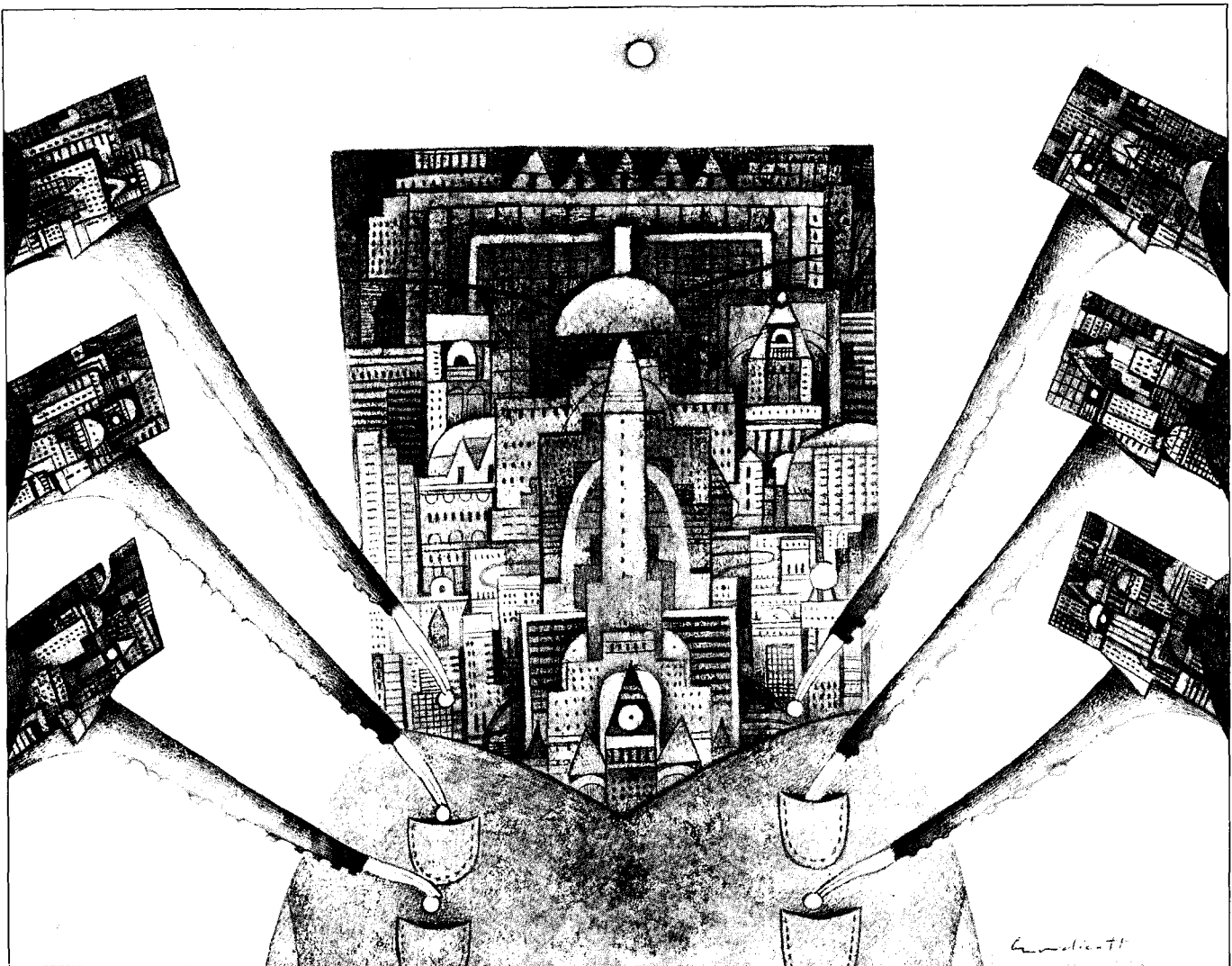
When welfare and agricultural subsidies are first undertaken by careful and responsible governments, they are affordable. Yet remarkably soon—present experience suggests within two generations—the economy of a welfare state becomes perilously insecure. The programs turn out to be no longer affordable on their former scale or else affordable only by means of permanent, rather than emergency, deficit financing. That is why nations with generous, comprehensive welfare programs must either drastically curtail benefits that were earlier affordable or allow inflation to make the curtailments.

It seems unfair that programs undertaken out of compassion, to combat the injustice of poverty in regions that remain obdurately poor, should unwittingly work as instruments for spreading stagnation and deepening poverty. But one might as well say that it isn't fair for unfertilized soil to deplete itself when it is exploited to feed the hungry rather than for less defensible purposes. The soil doesn't know the difference; neither do city economies being drained of the nourishment they need to remain creative and productive.

Furthermore, subsidy programs are not necessarily always compassionate. Empires and large nations plagued with active or latent separatist movements use subsidies to contain restiveness and discontent. Governments use them to stay in power. Empires use them to retain the loyalty of client states, when that is necessary, and to outbid rival imperial powers. Subsidies, precisely because they are transactions of decline, are economic time bombs. They help buy tranquillity as long as they can be afforded—but no longer. When they must be drastically curtailed, or when inflation renders them meaningless, societies that have depended on them become distraught socially and politically.

So far I have mentioned only tax-supported transactions as draining city earnings, but investments can have the same effect, which is why supply-side economics, too, is an illusory conception of how economic life chugs along.

TO UNDERSTAND THE PRINCIPLE OF INVESTMENTS as transactions of decline, consider what happens when a factory is transplanted from a city or its region into a region that does not generate its own industries. At the site of the transplanted factory, much is im-



ported: window glass; utility pipes and wires; construction machinery, lathes, looms, refinery tanks, or whatever else may be required to build and equip it; consumer goods for the construction workers to buy with some of their pay. Those imports have not been earned by the export work of the transplant economy, which is why a transplanted factory is customarily financed either by its parent company or by distant banks, from which it borrows. A transplanted factory is customarily expected to pay back its capital costs and to yield interest and profits, as well. If the costs are indeed economically justified, and hence repayable over the course of time, either, or both, of two things can happen next.

On the one hand, the repayments, as they come in, can be invested in the city or cities from which the financing came. They can be used, for example, to re-equip an existing city enterprise so that it doesn't become obsolete, or to buy imported materials for a new enterprise, or to sustain some innovative work until (perhaps) it proves practical and finds local or export markets, or to feed capital into enterprises replacing imports but needing new imports of raw materials and some other producers' goods. If the re-

payments are reinvested where the capital first came from, then the transaction of the relocated factory has not depleted the city of earned imports; they have merely been deferred temporarily. The drain is not unremitting.

On the other hand, when the costs of the transplanted factory are not reinvested within the city or its region but are reinvested in another distant transplant, and another, and still another, indefinitely, then these repeated similar investments permanently drain the city of earnings and the goods those earnings represent—goods that are also permanently lost to the import-replacing process. That is how even investments for production can work as transactions of decline.

The most destructive city-financed investments in rural production are those that finance labor-saving equipment in regions where displaced workers have no access to either jobs in the city or jobs transplanted from the city. These investments are, of course, often subsidized, but whether or not they are, city earnings are diverted, and it often follows that more and more city earnings must be diverted to the region to support people who have been made redundant or to lure subsidized factory transplants.

Sophisticated city-produced goods and services exported to backward cities are also sterile as far as import replacing is concerned. The gulf between these goods and what backward cities are capable of producing is too great to be bridged, which is why backward cities need volatile trade with one another. When dead-end advanced-backward trade is pay-as-you-go, then at least the transactions do not drain the advanced cities of earnings and the imports those earnings buy.

However, when advanced-backward trade is maintained on credit, instead of being paid for with products of the backward economies, the cities at the advanced pole of the trade are being drained of earnings. Even when the loans are paid back, if they are repeatedly renewed for the sake of further advanced-backward trade, they indefinitely drain the cities providing the financing. When the loans are not paid back, or when the trade is financed by grants, the transactions work like subsidies: earnings of advanced cities are diverted to inert economies. Advanced-backward trade that depends on grants or credit (much of which cannot be repaid) is no negligible factor in international trade today. By the middle of 1982, U.S. banks' loans to Brazil and Mexico amounted to 95 percent of the capital of the nine largest U.S. banks and 74 percent of the capital of the next fifteen largest, according to *The Wall Street Journal*. Of course, that doesn't mean that 95 percent and 74 percent of those banks' lending powers are committed to Brazil and Mexico, because banks lend multiples of their capital. But the amount is sufficient to cause the banks to crash if the loans are defaulted on instead of interminably renewed. Add the many other U.S. loans for promoting advanced-backward trade—with Argentina, Chile, the Philippines, Venezuela, Spain, Poland, Yugoslavia—and you begin to understand what a chimera this trade would be if it were not continually fed by city earnings. Western European countries, Canada, Japan, and the Soviet Union are financing advanced-backward trade on credit as well, in behalf of "sales" of their own products; and the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank are also financing such trade, largely in behalf of "sales" by their contributing nations. Those sales are the trade-offs for cities in these transactions of decline.

TRANS ACTIONS OF DECLINE ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY to empires. Consider, for example, the kinds of transactions that made the British Empire possible. Throughout Britain's period of imperial expansion, England continually made public and private investments in the conquest and shaping of far-flung colonial regions. The trade-off was work for export to obdurately backward economies, and while most of this was pay-as-you-go, still it rendered a great and growing share of British production sterile for import replacing either in Britain or anywhere else. To maintain the entire political and economic contraption, Britain had to maintain numerous far-flung

garrisons, produce weapons and other supplies for them, and build up its expensive naval power. The trade-off for that was naval and other military work for many British cities and smaller settlements. The cities, as time passed, came to live increasingly on military work and exports to inert economies, and decreasingly on their trade with one another. These were the cities that, as volatile reciprocal trading partners, had created the Industrial Revolution. But their capacity to develop further gradually atrophied. Their existing industries and services became increasingly obsolete, their innovations scant, and their ability to serve as prosperous customers for one another feeble.

All the wealth of the Indies could not compensate for the stagnation and decline of Britain's own city economies. But the stagnation and decline were built right into the very transactions necessary to win, hold, administer, and exploit the wealth of the Indies. Suppose Britain had been more generous to its empire, giving out grants, lending bountifully to further promote and intensify advanced-backward trade, subsidizing the poor in poor regions? The British Empire would only have declined sooner.

From an economic point of view, there are two types of empires, which we can think of as the English and the Roman model. In the English model, the imperial power concentrates almost exclusively on winning and holding control over economies more backward than its own. This is what the English did, first with possessions close by—Wales, Scotland, Ireland—then with possessions far distant. Other European powers' conquests in Asia, Africa, the Americas, and the Middle East were on this model, the conquered realms being more backward economically than the conquerors'.

The Roman model of imperialism also takes backward economies into the fold, but in addition it incorporates and dominates economies as advanced as its own, or more so. That is what Rome did in the course of bringing the entire ancient Mediterranean world under its control. It is what Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain did in bringing the more economically advanced Moorish portion of Iberia under the control of Castile and Aragon. When Russia expanded far into Siberia during the nineteenth century, it was following the English model, but when the Soviet Union took East Germany, the Baltic republics, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary under its control after the Second World War, it was employing the Roman model, these economies—especially Czechoslovakia's and East Germany's—being more advanced than its own.

Successful imperialism on either model drains cities by means of the necessary transactions of decline, the difference between the two being that an empire on the Roman model can temporize longer with decline because it has acquired wealth-yielding cities along with backward, inert economies. But in either case, the empire's cities are drained in the interests of empire.

Today, the Soviet Union and the United States each pre-

diet and anticipate the economic decline of the other. Neither will be disappointed.

The Soviet government, ever since it came to power, has voraciously gobbled its cities' earnings as fast as they could be earned. It has unremittingly converted those earnings into extravagant (and ineffectual) capital and operating subsidies for agriculture, into industrial investments in rural settings, into national welfare programs, and, of course, into heavy militarism for policing its domains and borders and for sustaining its arms race with the United States. Precious little has been left, either before the Second World War or after, for intercity trade, and little indeed for feeding cities' import-replacing processes. When the Soviet Union acquired economic control of East Berlin and the other cities of East Germany and Danzig, Warsaw, Kraków, Prague, Bratislava, and Budapest, it acquired an additional supply of city earnings to drain for transactions of decline. The chief trade-off for these cities has been export work destined for inert economies in the Soviet Union.

The United States, for its part, has been milking its cities even more prodigiously, a feat possible because, being more numerous, more highly developed, and richer, they have had more to yield than Soviet cities. Besides being drained for the arms race, they have been contributing disproportionately large shares to a nationwide pension plan (rapidly approaching insolvency unless the scope of its benefits can be reduced) and to various other domestic subsidies, which by 1976 were being distributed through more than one thousand different federal benefit and grant programs. Foreign loans, public and private, have been promoting advanced-backward trade, and numerous grants have been made for the same purpose. American multinational and domestic corporations have gone on protracted sprees of factory transplanting, which have by no means always paid off, and many of which have been undertaken to cash in on subsidies. The drains on city earnings add up. American brains and skills haven't unaccountably evaporated, but the contexts in which Americans can expand and develop economic life have been constricting.

The Sun Belt cities of the American South and Southwest are trade-off cities in two senses. Their economic bases consist largely of trade-offs given cities in transactions of decline: military work, goods and services for advanced-backward trade, and city work financed at one remove by rural subsidies. Retirement pensions are also an important economic base for some of them. The trade-offs for the Sun Belt have been financed by draining older cities of their earnings. In effect, one set of cities has been traded off for another set. Sun Belt-city prosperity is not a net addition to American economic activity, as it would be if the dynamic of development were responsible for it.

Now that so many of America's older cities are in decline and themselves need subsidies to keep going and to contain discontent, support for transactions of decline must,

ironically, shift increasingly to the Sun Belt cities. There go their earnings in the cause of more transactions of decline; and yet they must support those transactions—the military work, the subsidies, the advanced-backward trade—or else lose their own economic reasons for being. Transactions of decline are powerful traps. We seem to have no ways of extricating ourselves from anti-development traps, because by now so many people, so many enterprises, so many governments, and, too, so many once vigorous cities have come to depend on incomes contrived through city-killing policies and transactions.

Transactions of decline have not come into being because of lack of concern about development, or because governments accept stagnation and poverty. On the contrary, they are meant to foster development and attack poverty. But no matter what guise they take, they are not remedies for stagnation and don't address causes of poverty; yet they are precisely what national governments have become well fitted to deliver, and what empires and nations aspiring to empire must deliver.



EVEN AS PROSPEROUS A COUNTRY AS JAPAN IS troubled with inequalities among its different regions. Central Japan is well equipped with creative, import-replacing cities and their well-diversified regions. However, things are different on the northern and southern islands of Japan, which make up a geographically large part of the nation, contain much of the population, and are dotted with long-established hamlets, villages, towns, and some cities, as well. These peripheral cities differ from cities in central Japan. They aren't good at replacing wide ranges of their city-made imports, which of course come primarily from central Japan. Since they are not import-replacing cities, they haven't generated significant city regions, either. It follows that these peripheral regions do not produce amply and diversely for their own producers and people as well as for others. It also follows that, because they do not shift to new import purchases by replacing wide ranges of older ones, these peripheral cities are less-important markets than they would otherwise be for innovative exports cast up in central Japan's cities.

One consequence of the lack of import-replacing cities on the northern and southern islands is that a high proportion of young people seeking work must leave them. In trying to provide more local work, officials in northern and south-

ern Japan behave much like those in other countries, competing to lure transplanted industries. But, as elsewhere in the world, the demand for transplants outruns the supply. To be sure, people in northern and southern Japan are far better off economically than they were in the past. Nevertheless, their economies are poor relative to those of central Japan and have persisted in remaining so. Their troubled officials note that in some mysterious way development has passed them by.

So it has. The solution would, of course, be the emergence of import-replacing cities in these regions, too. But this hasn't happened, and as time passes it becomes increasingly unlikely that it will happen. By now, potentially

import-replacing cities in the stunted regions would need tariffs or their equivalent on products from more highly developed cities in central Japan, much as the cities of central Japan themselves once required tariffs to get them started on replacing imports from the then more highly developed cities of America and Europe.

If the northern and southern regions of Japan had their own currencies, they would automatically be provided with the equivalents of tariffs and export subsidies, as I explained in the first of these two articles. However, if their agricultural exports skewed the value of those currencies too heavily, as exports of silk did when Japan was beginning its modern development, actual tariffs would be needed as well. Both individualized currencies and the power to lay tariffs—if they were necessary initially—would imply new sovereignties, a family of Japanese sovereignties in place of a single unified one. As it is, the fact of a single unified sovereignty ensures that these regions will remain persistently stunted relative to central Japan. This same analysis applies to all other nations that contain both city regions and persistently stunted regions in which import-replacing cities fail to emerge.

In Japan, as elsewhere, regional disparities cause discontent, as well as a feeling in the nation at large that the inequalities must somehow be redressed as far as possible. Just like the response elsewhere, the response of the Japanese government has been to start heavily subsidizing the peripheral regions. Here we see why nations often embark upon transactions of decline and why those transactions, once begun, have no end. They mitigate regional inequalities but can't eliminate the causes.

Between the early 1950s and 1977, national tax rates were reduced every few years in Japan almost as a matter of course. During that period, the production of wealth outpaced the demand for national expenditures. But since 1977, Japanese tax rates have been rising, and deficit financing has begun; both are unmistakable evidence that national expenditures have started to outpace the production of wealth. The chief increases have been for social subsidies, agricultural subsidies, special economic grants, and support of the nationalized railroad system.

While the Japanese have been rapidly increasing domestic subsidies, they have also increasingly promoted trade with backward countries, not merely in order to import resource and rural goods but also to sell these nations sophisticated goods on credit. Cities in central Japan get the usual trade-offs from these transactions: sales of exports destined for inert economies that can't replace what they are receiving with their own production. Promotion of this dead-end type of trade has become necessary in Japan, as in other advanced nations, precisely because the cities of central Japan can find too few vigorous, solvent city trading partners, too few both domestically and internationally. But again, these transactions of decline are not remedies for their cause. They make distant inert economies more dependent instead of self-developing.

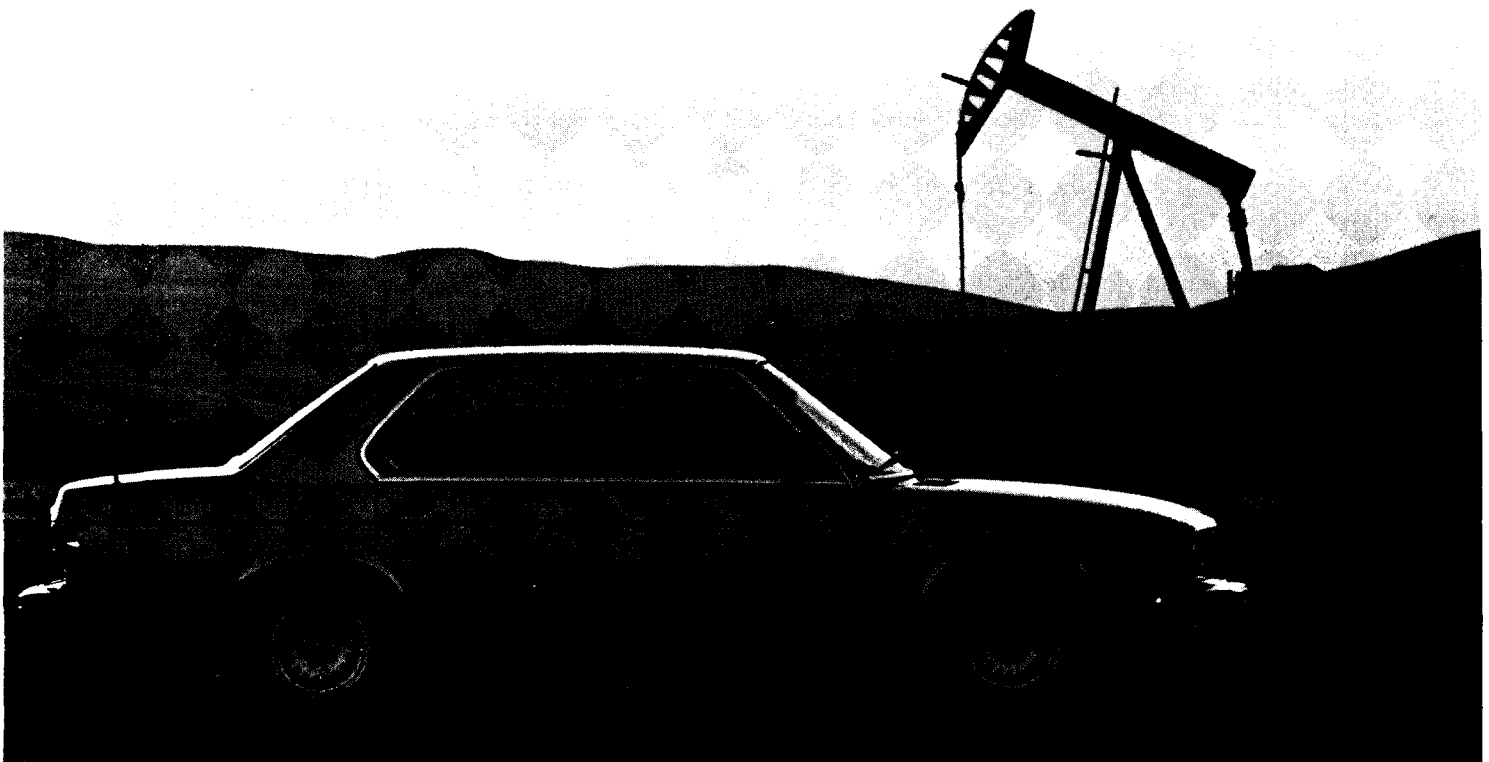


THE LAST TIME SHORTY TOWERS FETCHED THE COWS

In the only story we have
of Shorty Towers, it is five o'clock
and he is dead drunk on his roof,
deciding to fetch the cows. How
he got in this condition, shingling
all afternoon, is what the son-in-law,
the one who made the back pasture
into a golf course, can't figure out. So,
with an expression somewhere between shock
and recognition, he just watches Shorty
pull himself up to his not-so-
full height, square his shoulders,
and sigh that small sigh as if caught
once again in an invisible swarm
of bees. Let us imagine, in that moment
just before he turns to the roof's edge
and the abrupt end of the joke
which is all anyone thought to remember
of his life, Shorty is listening
to what seems to be the voice
of a lost heifer, just breaking
upward. And let us think that when he walks
with such odd purpose down that hill
jagged with shingles, he suddenly feels it
open into the wide, incredibly green
meadow where all the cows are.

—Wesley McNair

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DME is the basis for the system used in the BMW-powered race car that captured the 1983 Grand Prix Formula One World Championship. It monitors an endless stream of facts revealed by the engine—such as air/fuel mixtures, throttle openings and idling speeds—

then calculates the optimum timing for fuel ignition.

The result is a car that makes superior use of conventional energy sources. It delivers an EPA-estimated [25] mpg, 32 highway.*

But information doesn't only help the BMW 528e run. It also helps keep it running.

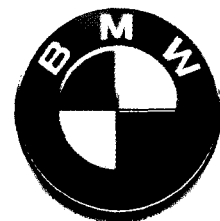
The BMW Service Indicator evaluates how the car is driven, then determines when routine service is needed—based on such hard facts as engine speeds and the number of cold starts, not the arbitrary dictates of a maintenance schedule.

The 528e assumes that information is equally vital to the driver. That's why other systems provide such valu-

able insights as accurate fuel-mileage figures and 7 different readings on the car's operational readiness.

So for those who are sensitive to the ever-increasing importance of information in this world, the BMW 528e qualifies as a well-informed choice.

After all, it's a car built with the same sensitivity.



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History does not repeat itself in detail, but certain patterns of economic history are so repetitious as to suggest that they are almost laws. If the usual patterns work themselves out, we may anticipate that Japan will ever more heavily subsidize its obdurately stunted regions, promote its international advanced-backward trade, and in due course adopt a long-term program of heavy military production. Unlikely as that last step might now seem, given Japan's pacifist convictions, pressures (largely, but not entirely, exerted by the United States) are mounting right now to bring Japan's currently small military expenditures up to a level at which they would absorb 2.5 percent of national production. This would put Japan in third place among nations for value of military production, behind only the United States and the Soviet Union.

We may also anticipate, if the customary patterns work themselves out, that as Japan's various transactions of decline increase, Japanese cities, now so creative and vigorous, will gradually stagnate and come to depend more and more upon trade-offs from these transactions, rather than upon their own and one another's creativity and their volatile reciprocal trade.

If, a century from now, historians seek a date for the beginning of Japan's decline, 1977 will serve as well as any. A comparable date for the United States is 1933, when the nation began ever more heavily subsidizing its persistently poor, inert regions and followed up with ever-heavier promotion of international advanced-backward trade and ever-heavier programs of prolonged military production: transactions of decline, one and all.

TRANSACTIONS OF DECLINE, AT THE TIME THEY GET under way, are interventions, abrupt discontinuities, that put an increasingly unstable situation on a footing that is temporarily more stable. In nature, for an analogy, stresses and instabilities gradually build up in various portions of the earth's crust. When the accumulating stress reaches a certain level, it is abruptly disposed of by a discontinuity, in this case an earthquake or a volcanic eruption. The same sort of phenomenon is constantly at work in human affairs. An enterprise that moves out of the city because of accumulating stresses—say, congestion, makeshift space, rising costs—is experiencing an abrupt discontinuity. When surface traffic in a city becomes insupportable and is relieved by a subway, the city has had recourse to a discontinuity.

Mathematicians grappling with the difficult and mathematically controversial subject of discontinuities call the kind I am describing bifurcations. What bifurcations have in common is that they are responses to instabilities and stresses; they are discontinuous with what has gone immediately before; and they leave things radically changed.

Is there any kind of radical intervention or discontinuity other than transactions of decline to which nations might resort, to contend with their inexorable, built-in, cumula-

tive instabilities? Theoretically, there may be another way out—but only theoretically, for reasons I shall touch on. Nevertheless, let us take a look at this theoretical possibility.

A metaphor used by some mathematicians to illustrate discontinuity is a dog that realizes that he is the object of an approaching hostile advance. The dog is just standing around at the time, but the one thing he can't do is continue to stand around. He must do something radically different: prepare to attack, or run, either of which is a discontinuity.

This is the situation of a nation in which instabilities and stresses have reached the point where they demand action. The one thing the nation cannot do is stand around and do nothing. It must either leap to attack its difficulties by instituting transactions of decline, or . . . or what?

Can it run away from the difficulties that are becoming intolerable? If so, *how*? Could running away dispose of the accumulating instabilities and stresses, actually put things on a new footing, if only temporarily? We are taught that running away from a problem doesn't solve it. However, in real life it occasionally does, as the metaphor of the dog suggests and as we know from experience if we have ever disposed of a potentially disastrous temptation by running away from it or if in retrospect we have sorely wished we had.

The equivalent of running away for a political unit would be resisting the temptation to engage in transactions of decline by not trying to hold itself together. The radical discontinuity would thus be the division of the single sovereignty into a family of smaller sovereignties, not after things had reached a stage of disintegration but long before, while things were still going reasonably well. In a society behaving like this, multiplication of sovereignties by division would be a normal, untraumatic accompaniment to economic development, and to the increasing complexity of economic and social life. Some of the sovereignties in the family would in their turn divide, as evidence of the need to do so appeared. A nation behaving like this would substitute for one great life force, sheer survival, that other great life force, reproduction. In this utopian fantasy, young sovereignties splitting off from the parent nation would be told, in effect: Good luck to you in your independence! Now do try your very best to generate (or maintain, as the case may be) a creative city and its region, and we'll all be better off. We won't discriminate against you in our trade, and if you should need to raise tariff barriers against our manufactured goods to get a start, we will put up with it without rancor.

A chief advantage, although not the only one, of this incredible national behavior would be the multiplication of currencies, which would give cities and their regions accurate corrective feedback on their economies. The technical difficulties and inconveniences that this would entail are surmountable, ever more readily so with the aid of computers, instantaneous communications systems, and such



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devices as credit cards, which—even in their current rudimentary and limited state—are already convenient for simultaneous transactions involving diverse currencies.

The difficulty is precisely that multiple currencies imply multiple sovereignties; indeed, they would be only cosmetic currencies otherwise, like the Scottish pound, which is the English pound with different pictures. Thus, this type of discontinuity as an alternative to transactions of decline would be at the expense of unified nations. It addresses the survival of societies, cultures, civilizations, and cities, but at the expense of nations.

With almost no exceptions, our current nations came into being through bloody military force. Most have been held together from time to time with bloodshed. Many are still held together so. The mystique of the nation is the powerful gruesome glamour of human sacrifice. To betray the nation and its unity is to betray all that shed blood; to do so to be better off economically would seem to render the most glorious pages of national history mere sound and fury. Virtually all national governments, it seems fair to say, and most citizens would sooner decline and decay unified, true to the sacrifices by which their unity was won, than seek to prosper and develop in division. Even separatists, when they manage to gain sovereignties of their own, bitterly resist any further division. Perhaps sovereignties with separatist histories do so most of all. This is why my suggested alternative to transactions of decline is theoretical only.

Even what I have suggested theoretically is no economic panacea. There is no magic in mere smallness or division of sovereignties per se, especially when division is a last resort after the demands on the political unit have outrun its capabilities. The world today is littered with the pitiable fragments of stagnated empires, both old and recent. My utopian proposal is, in any case, no substitute for the volatile trade backward cities must have with one another if they are to develop. Nor is it any substitute for creativity in cities. Its virtue, rather, is that it could serve as a way of preventing or evading the decline that must surely come to the people of any nation who attempt to hold their political unit together with transactions of decline.

From time to time the world casts up new “pattern states.” The phrase belongs to Sir George Clark, an English historian who specialized in seventeenth-century Europe, and who pointed out that the strong monarchy of France’s Louis XIV became a pattern state of the time. It was adopted as a model by Frederick I, of Brandenburg-Prussia, which later became the nucleus of Germany, after many wars of unification. England’s success with a parliamentary system gave the world another influential pattern state. The rise of the United States as a great and successful republic made that country an influential pattern state, and to some extent the United States has even served as a model for the European Economic Community, which, at the time of its formation, was commonly explained as “a United States of Europe.” The success of Lenin and his

followers, first in overthrowing the short-lived government that supplanted the old regime of the Russian empire, and then in establishing a mighty socialist government in its stead, made the Soviet Union a pattern state for revolutionaries and would-be revolutionaries elsewhere. Sweden, owing to its extraordinarily thorough system of transfer payments and other domestic subsidies, has also been an influential pattern state.

So unsatisfactory, in their various ways, have all the existing patterns become that nowadays merely the promise of a different dispensation is sufficient for a new pattern to be hailed. Thus, Maoist China was briefly influential as a pattern for the Third World, even though its persuasiveness rested on wishful thinking, rhetoric, and zeal, not on workable development policies.

No pattern state, or rather pattern family of states, now exists for the theoretical possibility I have sketched out: the expedient multiplication of sovereignties (not semi-sovereignties or provinces) as an alternative to transactions of decline. The separation of Norway from Sweden in 1905 was a step in that direction, for it occurred before Norway and Sweden were enmeshed in transactions of decline. The separation was not Sweden’s choice; rather, nineteenth-century Norway, though it was very poor, rejected even the beginnings of subsidization and insisted on supporting itself on its own budget. Sweden, for its part, though its attitude toward the separation was unwilling, did not resort to military force to prevent it. Afterward, as its former possession developed economically, Sweden engaged in volatile intercity trade with it. However, Sweden did not follow up this experience of division with further divisions as alternatives to transactions of decline. Quite the opposite: ironically, insofar as Sweden has become a pattern state, what has been copied is not that solitary example of an alternative to transactions of decline but rather the country’s thoroughgoing domestic use of such transactions.

Singapore’s separation from Malaysia, since it occurred before the Malay States had become enmeshed in domestic transactions of decline, is another small instance of division as an alternative. The separation gave a former depot city, Singapore, an individualized, appropriate currency; this meant that it did not have to victimize rural Malaysia with tariffs to protect its own manufacturing. This example of a practical approach to a big problem has been ignored, however, by what Clark called “imitative states.”

If the people of a sovereignty large enough to engage the attention and interest of the world were ever to experiment with expedient division, those pioneers would have to have great confidence in their culture and abilities, enough confidence to dispense with centralized control and centralized problem-solving. By definition, such a people would also have to be politically inventive and capable of evolving institutions in a fashion both realistic and original. No doubt, if such a pattern were ever to emerge, it would influence less-original societies and less-confident

cultures—deservedly so, if it actually worked out as a successful alternative to transactions of decline.

Since it does seem that sooner or later human beings get around to trying everything within their capacities, no doubt somewhere, sometime, in some culture or civilization, this alternative form of discontinuity will be tried—if it really is within human capacities to divide large sovereignties before they have reached a dead end of disarray. In the meantime, things being as they are, we have no choice but to live with our economically deadly predicament as best we can.



A JAPANESE ANTHROPOLOGIST, TADAO UMESAO, HAS observed that historically the Japanese have always done better when they have drifted in an empirical, practical fashion than when they have attempted to operate by “resolute purpose” and “determined will.” This is true of other peoples, too, although Umesao believes that what he calls “an aesthetic of drift” is distinctively Japanese and one of the major differences between Japanese and Western cultures. Had he been looking at the past rather than the present of Europe and America, he would have seen, I think, that “an aesthetic of drift” was Western, too, and worked better for Western cultures than “resolute purpose” and “determined will.”

By its very nature, successful economic development has to be open-ended rather than goal-oriented, and it has to make itself up expediently and empirically as it goes along. For one thing, unforeseeable problems arise. The people who developed agriculture couldn’t foresee soil depletion. The people who developed the automobile couldn’t foresee acid rain. “Industrial strategies” to meet “targets” using “resolute purpose,” “long-range planning,” and “determined will” express a military kind of thinking. Behind that thinking lies a conscious or unconscious assumption that economic life can be conquered, mobilized, bullied, as indeed it can be when it is directed toward warfare but not when it directs itself to development and expansion.

An emeritus professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cyril Stanley Smith, has pointed out that, historically, necessity has not been the mother of invention. Rather, necessity opportunistically picks up invention and improvises improvements on it and new uses for it, but the roots of invention are to be found elsewhere, in motives like curiosity, and especially, Smith notes, “aes-

thetic curiosity.” Metallurgy, he explains, began with hammering copper into necklace beads and other ornaments “long before ‘useful’ knives and weapons” were made from copper or bronze. Alloying and heat treatment of metals started in jewelry-making and sculpture, as did casting in complicated molds. Pigments (which, incidentally, were the first known products of iron ore), porcelain and many other ceramics, glass, and the practice of welding—all started with luxury or decorative goods. Possibly even wheels were at first frivolities: the most ancient known to us are parts of toys. Hydraulics and many mechanical ingenuities and tricks were first developed for toys or other amusements. The lathe was being used to make snuffboxes “a century before heavy industry used it.” “Rockets for fun came before their military use or space travel,” Smith notes.

Many of us can remember when plastics were used for little except toys and kitchen gadgets, and as a lower-cost replacement for ivory in piano keys. Tennis rackets, golf clubs, and fishing rods afforded the first uses of strong, lightweight composites of plastic reinforced with fibers of glass, boron, and carbon; now such composites are starting to replace metals in some construction materials and in some types of springs, pipelines, and aircraft and automobile body parts. Computer games preceded personal computers for workaday use. For years before artificial voices were incorporated into computerized work tools to call out the temperatures of equipment or to give warnings, they were being used in computerized toys and gimmickry for children (for example, *Speak & Spell*) and were being prematurely written off by “serious” developers and users of computers as cute but useless.

“All big things grow from little things,” Smith comments, adding: “but new little things are destroyed by their environment unless they are cherished for reasons more like aesthetic appreciation than practical utility.” One is reminded of Umesao’s aesthetic of drift.

Scientists are used to the fact that discoveries are often the unanticipated by-products of other intentions. Economic drift works the same way. The first oil wells were drilled to get lamp fuel only a few decades before electricity began making oil lamps obsolete, but other uses kept turning up for petroleum, once oil wells existed. The glue with which sand is stuck to paper has turned out to have far more ramifications and much more economic utility than sandpaper itself. Edison, an inventor of the phonograph, thought the device would be used chiefly for business dictation.

There is an order to the open-ended drift by which economic life develops and expands, but it is not the order of “challenge” and “response” found in military thinking or in Arnold Toynbee’s idea that civilizations die because they fail to respond to challenge. Rather, the order at work is more like biological evolution, whose purpose, if any, we cannot see unless we are satisfied to think that we are its purpose.



Many of the root processes at work in natural ecologies and in our economies are amazingly similar, and we can learn much about success and failure by noticing, for example, that the more niches in a given natural ecology, the more efficient use it usually makes of the energy at its disposal and the richer it is in the means for supporting life. Just so with our own economies: the more diverse are the niches they contain, the richer they are in the means for supporting life. That is another way of saying that economies that produce diversely and amply for their own people and producers, and for others, are better off than specialized economies. In a natural ecology, the more diversity there is, the more resilience, too, because of the greater number of what ecologists call "homeostatic feedback loops," meaning feedback controls for automatic self-correction. Our economies work the same way.

The other animals don't add new kinds of activities to older kinds in an open-ended way. But we aren't other animals. It is natural for human beings to add new kinds of work and skills to earlier kinds, because the capacity to do this is built right into us, like the related capacity to understand and use language in an open-ended way. Without the

capacity to add new work to our earlier work, new skills to our earlier skills—as all normal human beings do individually, starting in infancy, and as we do collectively in developing human economic life—we might be something else, but we wouldn't be human beings.

Cities are the open-ended kinds of economies in which our capacity for open-ended economic creation is able not only to establish "new little things" but also to inject them into everyday life. Unfortunately, given the deadly interplay between nations and their cities, we human beings are doomed to economic development only in spurts—sporadic and relatively brief episodes, now here, now there, followed by stagnation and deterioration. This must continue unless we drift into the means of overcoming that deadly interplay. In this sense, we human beings are still in a primitive stage indeed of using our capacity for open-ended creation and development.

Nevertheless, though we may now be faced with economic deterioration, we can use beneficial drift to keep city economies creative a little longer than they would otherwise be, and thus to buy a little more time for nations, as well. Even as the deadly interplay proceeds, there are ex-

pedient opportunities for slowing down the ruin, many little things that can be done.

Consider, in this light, nationwide or international product standards, beyond the relatively few strictly required for health and safety. These standards harm cities as well as hamper economic development and expansion generally. How can city producers undertake differentiations for their local markets and perhaps for exports from the city as well if deviations from standards are discouraged or forbidden? And who knows what further ramifications in methods of production, materials, and purposes are also being blocked. Similarly, nationally or internationally mandated solutions to practical problems, whether in transportation, energy production, pollution prevention, or almost anything else, are at cross-purposes with development. For example, though performance standards for polluters are necessary both nationally and internationally, since pollution spreads in air and water, such controls are quite different from mandating products and methods to meet the performance standards. As far as those are concerned, the more experimentation and diversification, the better.

Monopolies gratuitously harm cities and suppress what their economies are capable of achieving. The usual objection to monopolies is that they charge extortionate prices and make unconscionable profits by cornering a market. To this the usual answer is that monopolies are rendered harmless if their prices or profits are regulated. If, at the same time, a case is made for economies of scale that result from protecting monopolies from competition, then they can be thought of as beneficial. But extortionate prices, harmful though they most certainly are, are the least of the disadvantages of monopolies, for monopolies forestall alternate methods, products, and services.

Even though economic life is sliding into decline, cities, too, can find expedient opportunities for open-ended drift. Historically, Boston and its region had been creative for some two hundred years, but at the beginning of the twentieth century Boston was stagnating. The old textile, shoe, and railroad fortunes were tied up in routinely invested trusts; the city as a whole had become an exporter of capital, rather than a place in which capital was being put to work productively and diversely. Of course, it kept losing its older export work, as cities do, but it was neither replacing wide ranges of imports nor generating new export work to compensate for the losses. As Boston's economy thinned and declined, so did that of its region. The popular explanation for the plight of the city and of New England generally was that difficulties beyond the region's control were responsible: cheaper labor in places like the South, foreign competition, and local industries past their prime.

However, one man, Ralph Flanders (who later became a U.S. senator from Vermont), had a different insight and fortunately was in a position to act upon it. Flanders reasoned that Boston's trouble was what he called its low

birthrate of enterprises. He brought a handful of moneyed colleagues around to his point of view, and in 1946 they formed a small venture-capital firm to do what used to be called merchant banking. Its object was specifically to invest in small new enterprises in and around Boston. For this purpose they had capital of almost \$4 million, which would be the equivalent of about \$28 million today.

Apart from the aim of increasing Boston's business birthrate, Flanders and his colleagues had no preconceived idea of what they were doing. The last thing that would have entered their heads was a vision of what we now call a high-tech city economy, for the good reason that no such thing existed. Indeed, if that vision had occurred to them, they might well have ridiculed it. Although local universities produced quantities of technologists and scientists, the industry of the region was by this time pathetically antiquated. Furthermore, at the time, scientists typically either taught in universities or were employed by large corporations like Du Pont and Eastman Kodak. Scientist-entrepreneurs were extremely rare, and the conventional view held by bankers and other financiers and investors was that highly educated scientists or technologists dwelt in an ivory tower and "couldn't meet a payroll."

However, it so happened that the first applicants for capital were three young scientists who had started a tiny, high-technology enterprise, using their own and their families' savings. They couldn't continue without additional investment and were about to give up, because they had been unable to interest investors in Boston and New York. The new Flanders group, their last hope, agreed to invest in the fledgling business. They then rapidly invested in several other tiny, innovative technological enterprises, which had been the next applicants. Flanders and his colleagues weren't scientists or technologists themselves, but it wasn't necessary for them to be, since they were trying not to control or mastermind or second-guess the people they were financing but merely to give them a chance to create their enterprises, whatever those might be and wherever they might lead.

The enterprises they financed—because these were what offered themselves, and because their proprietors seemed both realistic and devoted to what they were trying—began to multiply by division: employees broke away and started new enterprises of their own, many of which Flanders and his colleagues also financed. Upon this base, upon its many subsequent ramifications and breakaways, and upon the multiplying firms supplying the new enterprises with materials, instruments, tools, and services, the Boston regional economy was stunningly rejuvenated. Today Boston has one of the few vigorously extending and intensifying city-regional economies in the United States. What happened tells us a number of things useful to know.

First, cities are capable of bouncing back if their faltering economies are corrected. Historically, stagnant cities

have seldom recovered, and they seldom do so today; but that is because their economies are seldom corrected, either automatically, by appropriate feedback, or by germane assistance, as occurred in Boston.

Second, city economies that aren't self-correcting can be helped to correct themselves.

Third, correction depends on fostering creativity in whatever forms it happens to take in a given city at a given time. It is impossible to know in advance what will turn up except that—especially if it is to prove important—it is apt to be unexpected. Investors in another city today, attempting to duplicate what Flanders and his group accomplished, could not duplicate it, because the events in Boston happened almost forty years ago. All that could be duplicated would be the process of open-ended drift, taking up opportunities whatever they might be and wherever they might lead. That drift is the diametrical opposite of placing faith in the ready-made, as people do when their idea of helping city economies is to woo transplants from other cities, lobby for military contracts, or work up projects because grants for them are available. The style, or form, in which Flanders and his group operated was part and parcel of the substantive result, as form is always related to substance. Umesao's phrase, "an aesthetic of drift," is thus precisely to the point, implying, as it does, style, or form.

Boston's recovery was good as far as it went, but, being an exception, the recovery is limited by a generally declining economy. From time to time, engineers and scientists hold conferences, often enough in Boston, where they trot out ideas they have developed, frequently ideas germane to solving practical problems. But most of these ideas are never even tried, let alone injected into everyday economic life. The same is true of even many technological advances that have already been proved out and put into production but that barely work their way into the economy. In the United States, new types of equipment to protect firefighters from injury and death, or to put out fires faster, are available, yet little used. Few American cities can afford them. America is no longer a country that puts new products like these to use as fast as they come on the market. Even when a new product pays for itself, by reducing the number of firefighters needed to handle cumbersome hoses, for example, or by quickly revealing live cinders in concealed places, the equipment is little adopted because there is no alternate work for the firemen who would be displaced. Unless many, many cities in a trading network keep their economies going, the creativity of any given city is inhibited. To the extent that the process of import replacement is diminished, the market for innovations declines and new and needed kinds of everyday work are forgone. In place of that market and those kinds of work, even creative cities like Boston must depend at least in part on trade-offs from transactions of decline. Boston,

tellingly, now depends partly upon trade-offs from military production.

Historically, in nations where city economies are dying and where, as well, cities are drained in the service of transactions of decline, one city remains vital longest: the capital city. This is because capital cities thrive on transactions of decline. When a city's principal function is being a capital—as is Washington's in the United States and Ottawa's in Canada—it is obvious that the more transfer payments, subsidies, grants, military contracts, and promotion of international advanced-backward trade there are, the greater the work and prosperity in the capital city will be. However, the connection is not so obvious when the capital city happens to be, or to have once been, a major industrial and commercial city, as well, like London, say, or Paris, Lisbon, Madrid, Stockholm.

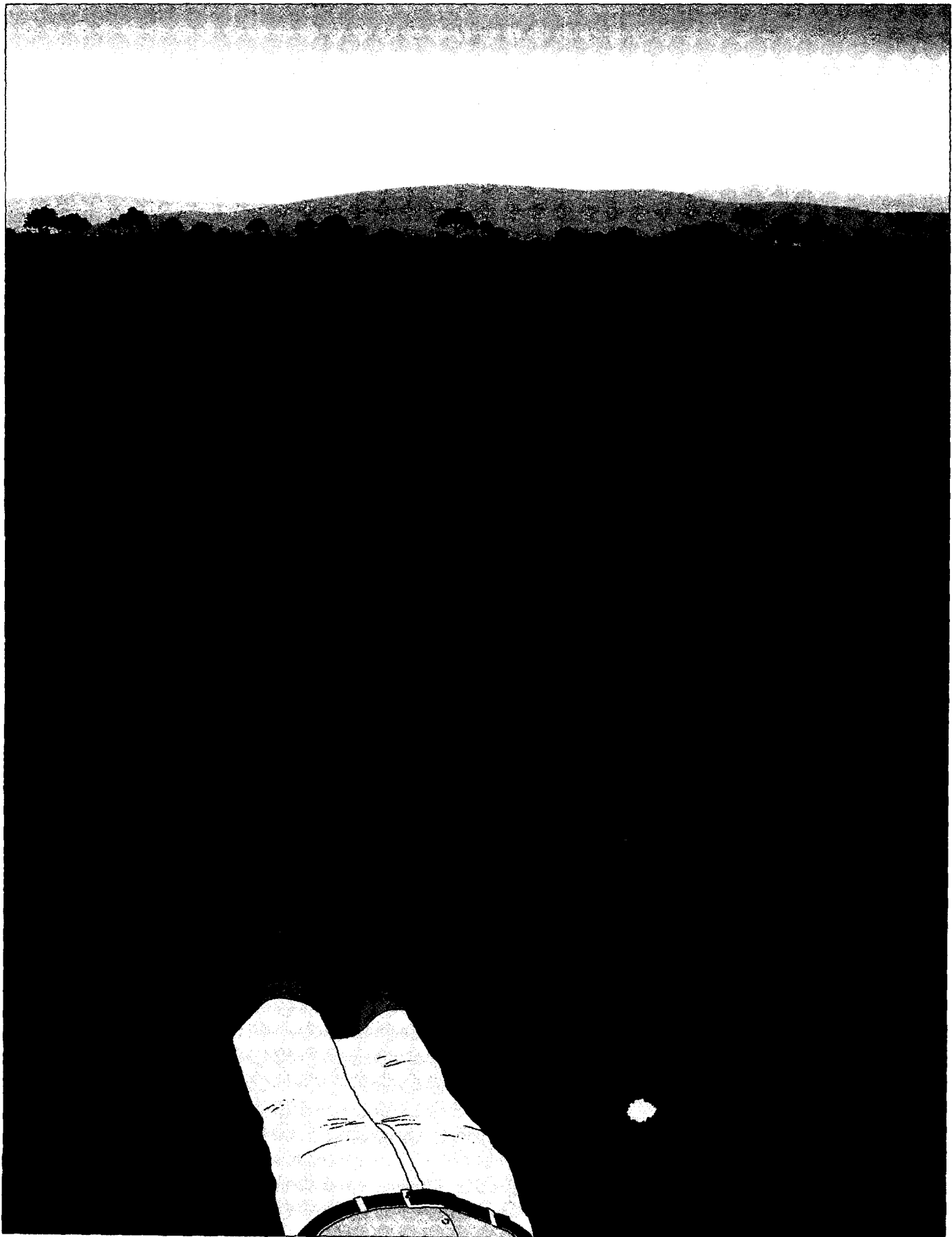
In that case, the increasing prosperity associated with presiding over transactions of decline can cloak the simultaneous shrinkage, obsolescence, and impoverishment of the city's other functions. For example, while Washington's economy has been growing over the past forty years, New York's once outstandingly diverse and creative manufacturing economy has grown obsolete and very thin, and the growth of service and financial activities in the city has not compensated for the losses of older exports and employment, much less for the city's loss of the very capacity to solve pressing practical problems. But suppose the capital of the United States had happened to be New York (as, in fact, it was briefly in the country's early history): suppose New York, in effect, were both New York and Washington. In that case, New York's economic decline would have been well veiled indeed by its concurrently booming government work in the service of transactions of decline.

Thus, although capital cities would seem, typically, to be the last places in their nations whose economies require rejuvenation and correction, appearances are deceptive. Behind their busyness at ruling, capital cities of nations and empires, apparently vital to the last, at length reveal themselves as surprisingly inert, backward, and pitiable places. So it was with Lisbon, Madrid, Istanbul. So it is becoming, one suspects, with London, Paris, Stockholm . . .

Let us fantasize a Big Experimental System of which we are all a part. Information feeds back into the system, and from time to time the burden of the feedback is that such-and-such a society has allowed its cities to languish, or that in such-and-such a civilization the cities are already down the drain. The feedback seems to operate on the premise that people who have lost the civilized art of maintaining creative cities are not civilized enough to be trusted with the risks of further open-ended development. This fantasy is not *entirely* metaphor. If we strip it of the judgmental words "civilized" and "trusted," we are left with a hard, plain truth. Societies and civilizations whose cities stagnate don't develop and flourish. They deteriorate. □

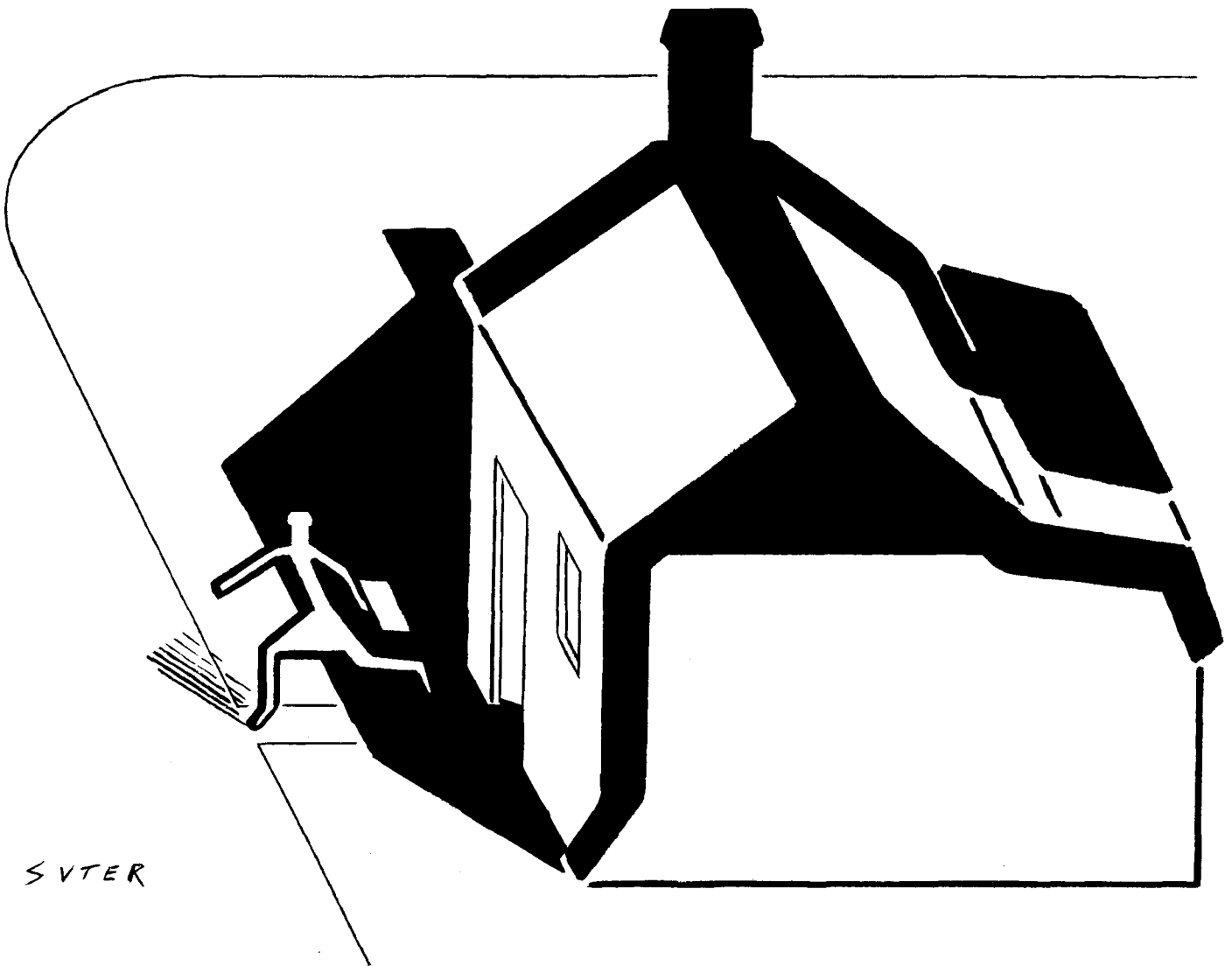
PERFECTIONISM

BY GUY BILLOUT



RUNNING AWAY

A SHORT STORY
BY WILLIAM TREVOR



IT IS, HENRIETTA CONSIDERS, RIDICULOUS. EVEN SO, she feels sorry for the girl, that slack wan face, the whine in her voice. And, as if to add insult to injury, Sharon, as a name, is far from attractive.

"Now, I'm sure," Henrietta says gently, "you must simply forget all this. Sharon, why not go away for a little? To . . . to . . ." Where would a girl like Sharon Tamm want to go? Margate? Benidorm? "I could help you if you'd like me to. We could call it a little loan."

The girl shakes her head. Hair, in need of washing, flaps. She doesn't want to go away, her whine protests. She wants to stay because she feels she belongs here.

"It's only, Sharon, that I thought it might be easier. A change of scene for a week or two. I know it's hard for you."

Again the head is shaken, the lank hair flaps. Granny spectacles are removed and wiped carefully on a patchwork skirt, or perhaps a skirt that is simply patched. Sharon's loose, soiled sandals have been kicked off, and she plays with them as she converses. She is sitting on the floor because she never sits on chairs.

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"We understand each other, you see," Henrietta continues softly. "My dear, I do want you to realize that."

"It's all over, that thing I had with the Orange People. I'm not like that anymore. I'm perfectly responsible."

"I know the Orange thing is over. I know you've got your feet quite on the ground, Sharon."

"It was awful, 'smatter of fact, all that."

The Orange People offer a form of Eastern mysticism about which Henrietta knows very little. Someone once told her that the mysticism is an excuse for sexual license, but explained no further. The sect is apparently quite different from the Hare Krishna people, who sometimes also wear orange but who eat food of such poor quality that sexual excess is out of the question. The Orange People had camped in a field and upset the locals, but all that was ages ago.

"And I know you're working hard, my dear. I know you've turned over a new leaf." The trouble is that the leaf has been turned, absurdly, in the direction of Henrietta's husband.

"I just want to stay here," Sharon repeats. "Ever since it happened I feel I don't belong anywhere else."

"Well, strictly speaking, nothing *has* happened, dear."

"It has to me, though, Henrietta."

Sharon never smiles. Henrietta can't remember ever having seen a smile enliven the slack features any more than a hint of makeup has ever freshened the pale skin that stretches over them. Henrietta, who dresses well and maintains with care the considerable good looks she possesses, can understand none of it. Unpresentable Sharon Tamm is certainly no floozy, and hardly a gold digger. Perhaps such creatures do not exist, Henrietta speculates: perhaps one only reads about them.

"I thought I'd better tell you," Sharon Tamm says. "I thought it only fair, Henrietta."

"Yes, I'm glad you did."

"*He* never would."

The girl stands up and puts her sandals on her grimy feet. There is a little white plastic bow, a kind of clasp, in her hair; Henrietta hasn't noticed it before because the hair covered it in a way it wasn't meant to. The girl sorts all that out now, shaking her head again, taking the bow out and replacing it.

"He can't hurt people," she tells Henrietta, speaking of the man to whom Henrietta has been married for more than twenty years.

Sharon Tamm leaves the room then, and Henrietta, who has been sitting in a high-backed chair during the conversation, does not move from it. She is flabbergasted by the girl's last two impertinent statements. How dare she say he never would! How dare she imply some knowledge of him by coyly remarking that he cannot hurt people! For a moment she experiences a desire to hurry after the girl, to catch her in the hall and to smack her on the face with the palm of her hand. But she is so taken aback, so outraged by the whole bizarre conversation, that she cannot move.

The girl—a whispery whine on the telephone—had asked to come to see her "about something urgent." And although Henrietta had intended to go out that afternoon, she had at once agreed to remain in, imagining that Sharon Tamm was in some kind of pickle.

The hall door bangs. Henrietta—forty-three last month, dressed now in a blue jersey and skirt, with a necklace of pink coral at her throat and several rings on the fingers of either hand, her hair touched with a preparation that brings out the reddish brown in it—still does not move. She stares at the place on the carpet where the girl has been crouched. There was a time when Sharon Tamm came quite often to the house, when she talked a lot about her family, when Henrietta first felt sorry for her. She ceased to come rather abruptly, going off to the Orange People instead.

In the garden, Henrietta's dog, a cairn called Ka-Ki, touches the glass of the French windows with her nose, asking to be let in. Henrietta's husband, Roy, has trained her to do that, but the training has not been difficult, because the dog is intelligent. Henrietta crosses the room to open the French windows, not answering in her usual way the fuss the dog makes of her, scampering at her feet, offering some kind of gratitude. The awful thing is, the girl seemed genuinely to believe in the extraordinary fantasy that possesses her. She would have told Roy, of course, and Roy being Roy wouldn't have known what to do.

They had married when Roy was at the very beginning of his career, nine years older than Henrietta, who at the time had been a secretary in the department. She'd been nervous because she didn't belong in the academic world, because she had not had a university education herself. "Only a typist!" she used to cry bitterly in those early, headstrong quarrels they'd had. "You can't expect a typist to be bright enough to understand you." But Roy, urbane and placid even then, had kissed her crossly pouting lips and told her not to be so silly. She was cleverer, and prettier, and more attractive in all sorts of other ways than one after another of his female colleagues. Ever since, he has been telling her that, and meaning it. Henrietta cannot accept the "cleverer," but "prettier" and "more attractive" she believes to be true, and isn't ashamed when she admits it to herself. They dress appallingly, for a start, most of the women in the department, a kind of arrogance, Henrietta thinks.

SHE CLEARS AWAY THE TEA THINGS, FOR SHE HAS naturally offered Sharon Tamm tea, and carries them to the kitchen. Only a little less shaky than she was in the sitting room after the girl's final statements, she prepares a turkey breast for the oven. There isn't much to do to it, but she likes to spike it with herbs and to fold it round a celery heart, a recipe she devised herself. She slices parsnips to roast with it, and peels potatoes to roast also. It isn't a special meal in any way, but somehow she

finds herself taking special care with it, because Roy is going to hate it when she mentions the visit of the girl.

She makes a pineapple pudding he likes. He has school-boy tastes, he says himself, and in Henrietta's view he has too great a fondness for dairy products. She has to watch him where cream is concerned, and she insists that he not take too much salt. Not having children of their own has affected their relationship in ways like this; they look after each other, he in turn insisting that she should not Hoover for too long because Hoovering brings on the strain in her back.

She turns the pudding out into a Pyrex dish, ready to go into the oven in twenty minutes. She hears her husband in the hall, her name called, the welcoming bark of Ka-Ki. "Let's have a drink," she calls back. "Let's take a drink to the garden."

He is there, by the summerhouse, when she arrives with the tray of sherry and gin and Cinzano. She has done her face again, although she knows it hardly needs it; she has tied a red chiffon scarf into her hair. "There now," she says. "Dinner'll be a while." He's back earlier than usual.

She pours gin and Cinzano for him, and sherry for herself. "Well, then?" She smiles at him.

"Oh, nothing much. MacMelanie's being difficult."

"That man should be shot."

"I only wish we could find someone to do it."

There is nothing else to report except that a student called Fosse has been found hallucinating by a park keeper. A pity, because the boy is bright and has always seemed to be mature and well balanced.

"Roy, I've something to tell you."

"Ah?"

He is a man who sprawls over chairs rather than sits in them. He has a sprawling walk, taking up more room than is his due on pavements; he sprawls in cinemas and buses, and over the wheel of his car. His gray hair, of which there is a lot, can never acquire a combed look even though he combs it regularly and in the normal way. His spectacles, thick-rimmed and large, move about on his reddish face and often, in fact, fall off. His suits become tousled as soon as he puts them on, gaps appearing, flesh revealed. The one he wears now is of dark brown corduroy; it is the suit he likes best. A spotted blue handkerchief cascades out of an upper pocket, matching a loose bow tie.

"Sharon Tamm was here," Henrietta says.

"Ah."

She watches while he gulps his gin and vermouth. His eyes behind the thick glass of his spectacles are without expression. His mind does not appear to be associated with what she is saying. She wonders if he is thinking that he is not a success in the department, that he should have left the university years ago. She knows he often thinks that when MacMelanie has been troublesome.

"Now, Roy, you have to listen."

"Well, then, I'm listening."

"It's embarrassing," she warns.

"What is?"

"This Sharon Tamm thing."

"She's really pulled herself together, you know. She's very bright. *Really* bright, I mean."

"She has developed a fantasy about you."

He says nothing, as if he has not heard, or has heard and not understood.

"She imagines she's in love with you."

He drinks a mouthful of his drink, and then another. He reaches out to the tray on the table between them and pours himself some more, mostly gin, she notices. He doesn't gesture toward her sherry. He doesn't say anything.

"It was such an awkward conversation."

All she wants is that it should be known that the girl arrived and said what she did say, that there should be no secret between them about so absurd a matter.

"I had to tell you, Roy. I couldn't not."

He drinks again, still gulping at the liquid rather than sipping. He is perturbed: knowing him so well, she can see that, and she wonders how exactly it is that MacMelanie has been a nuisance again, or if he is depressed because of the boy, Fosse. His eyes have changed behind the glass of his spectacles, something clouds his expression. He is trying not to frown, an effort she is familiar with, a sign of emotion in him. The vein that comes and goes in his forehead will soon appear.

"Roy."

"I'm sorry Sharon came."

Attempting to lighten the atmosphere, she laughs slightly. "She should wear a bra, you know, for a start."

She pours herself more sherry, since he does not intend to. It didn't work, saying the girl should wear a bra: her voice sounded silly. She has a poor head for alcohol of any kind.

"She said you can't hurt people."

He pulls the spotted handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes sweat from his chin with it. He runs his tongue over his lips. Vaguely, he shakes his head, as if denying that he can't hurt people, but she knows the gesture doesn't mean that. He is upset by what has happened, as she herself has been. He is thinking, as she did, that Sharon Tamm was once taken under their wing. He brought her back with him one evening, encouraging her, as a stray dog might be encouraged into the warmth. Other students, too, have been like daughters or sons to them and have remained their friends, a surrogate family. It was painful when Sharon Tamm left them for the Orange People. "Of course, I know," Henrietta says, "that was something we didn't understand."

Vaguely, he offers her more sherry, not noticing that she has had some. He pours more of his mixture for himself.

"Yes, there was something wrong," he says.

They have been through all that. They talked about it endlessly, sending themselves to sleep with it, lazing with

it on a Sunday morning. Henrietta found it hard to forgive the girl for being ungrateful. Both of them, she thought, had helped her in so very many ways.

"Shall we forget it all now?" she suggests, knowing that her voice has become nervous. "Everything about that wretched girl?"

"Forget?"

That is impossible, his tone suggests. They cannot forget all that Sharon Tamm has told them about her home in Daventry, about her father's mother, who lives with the family and stirs up so much trouble, about her overweight sister, Diane, and her brother, Leslie. The world of Sharon Tamm's family has entered theirs. They can see, even now, the grandmother in her special armchair in the kitchen, her face snagged with a sourness that has to do with her wastrel husband, long since dead. They can see the saucepans boiling over on the stove because Mrs. Tamm can never catch them in time, and Leslie's motorcycling gear on the kitchen table, and Diane's bulk. Mr. Tamm shouts perpetually, at Leslie to take his motorcycling clothes away, at Diane for being so fat, at his wife, at Sharon, making her jump. "You are stupid to an extent," is the statement he has coined specially for his wife and repeats for her benefit several times every evening. He speaks slowly when he makes this statement, giving the words air, floating them through tired exasperation. His noisy manner leaves him when he dispatches these words, for otherwise—when he tells his wife she is ugly or a bitch—he shouts, and bangs anything he can lay his hand on, a saucepan lid, a tin of mushy peas, a spoon. The only person he doesn't shout at is his mother, for whom he has an exaggerated regard, even, according to Sharon, loves. Every evening he takes her down to the Tapper's Arms, returning at closing time to the house that Sharon has so minutely described: rooms separated by walls through which all quarrels can be heard, cigarette burns on the edge of the bath, a picture of a black girl on the landing, a stair carpet touched with Leslie's motorcycle grease and worn away in places. To Henrietta's sitting room—flowery in summer because the French windows bring the garden in, cheerful with a wood fire when it's cold—these images have been repeatedly conveyed, for Sharon Tamm has derived considerable relief from talking.

"Well, she told me and I've told you. Please can we just put it all aside?"

She rises as she speaks and hurries to the kitchen. She opens the oven and places the pineapple pudding on the bottom shelf. She bastes the turkey breast and the potatoes and the parsnips. She washes some broccoli and puts it ready on the drainboard. He has not said, as she hoped he would, that Sharon Tamm is really a bit pathetic. Ka-Ki sniffs about the kitchen, excited by the smell that has come from the oven. She trots behind Henrietta, back to the garden.

"She told you, too, didn't she, Roy? You knew all this?"

She didn't mean to say that. While washing the broccoli she planned to mention MacMelanie, to change the subject firmly and with deliberation. But the nervousness that Sharon Tamm inspired in her when she said that Roy can't hurt people has suddenly returned, and she feels muzzy owing to the sherry, not entirely in control of herself.

"Yes, she told me," he says. "Well, actually, it isn't quite like that."

He has begun to sweat again, little beads breaking on his forehead and his chin. He pulls the dotted handkerchief from his pocket and wipes at his face. In a slow, unwilling voice he tells her what some intuition already insists is the unbelievable truth: it is not just that the girl has a silly crush on him but that a relationship of some kind exists between them. Listening, she feels physically sick. She feels she is asleep, trying to wake herself out of a nightmare because the sickness is heaving through her stomach. The face of the girl is vivid, a whitehead in the crease of her chin, the rims of her eyes pink. The girl is an insult to her, with her dirty feet and broken fingernails.

"Let's not mention it ever again," she hears herself urging repetitiously. "MacMelanie," she begins, but does not continue. He is saying something, his voice stumbling, larded with embarrassment. She can't hear him properly.

There has never been an uneasiness about their loyalty to one another, about their love or their companionship. Roy is disappointed because, professionally, he hasn't got on, but that has nothing to do with the marriage. Roy doesn't understand ambition, he doesn't understand that advancement has to be pursued. She knows that but has never said it.

"I'm sorry, Henrietta," he says, and she wants to laugh. She wants to stare at him in amazement as he sprawls there, sweating and fat. She wants to laugh into his face so that he can see how ridiculous it all is. How can it possibly be that he is telling her he loves an unattractive girl who is thirty years younger than he?

"I feel most awfully dejected," he mutters, staring down at the paving stones where they sit. Her dog is obedient at his feet. High above them an airplane goes over.

Does he want to marry the girl? Will she lead him into the house in Daventry to meet her family, into the kitchen where the awful grandmother is? Will he shake hands with stupid Mrs. Tamm, with Leslie and Diane? Will he go down to the Tapper's Arms with Mr. Tamm?

"I can't believe this, Roy."

"I'm sorry."

"Do you adore her?"

He doesn't answer.

"Have you hated me all these years, Roy?"

"Of course not."

They have made love, the girl and he. He tells Henrietta so, confessing awkwardly, mentioning the floor of his room in the department. He would have taken off the girl's granny glasses and put them on the fawn vinyl by the leg of his

desk. He would have run his fingers through the lusterless hair.

"How could you do this, Roy?"

"It's a thing that happened. Nobody did anything." Red-faced, shamefaced, he attempts to shrug, but the effort becomes lost in his sprawling flabbiness. He is as unattractive as the girl, she finds herself reflecting: a beached jellyfish.

"It's ridiculous, Roy," she shouts, at last losing control. "It's madness, all this." They have had quarrels before, ordinary quarrels about ordinary matters. Mild insults were later taken back, apologized for, the heat of the moment blamed.

"Why should it be ridiculous," he questions now, "that someone should love me? Why should it be?"

"She's a child, you're a man of fifty-two. How could there possibly be a normal relationship between you? What have you in common?"

"We fell in love, Henrietta. Love has nothing to do with having things in common or normal relationships. Hesselmann, in fact, points out—"

"For God's sake, Roy, this is not a time for Hesselmann."

"He does suggest that love abnormalizes—"

"So you're going to become a middle-aged hippie, are you, Roy? You're going to put on robes and dance and meditate in a field with the Orange People? The Orange People were phony, you said. You said that, Roy."

"You know as well as I do that Sharon has nothing to do with the Orange People anymore."

"You'll love her grandmother. Not to mention Mr. Tamm."

"Sharon needs to be protected from her family. As a matter of fact, she doesn't want ever to go back to that house. You're being snide, you know."

"I'm actually suffering from shock."

"These are things we must work out."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Roy, have your menopausal fling with the girl. Take her off to a hotel in Margate or Benidorm."

She pours herself more sherry, her hands shaking, a harsh fieriness darkening her face, reflecting the fury in her voice. She imagines the pair of them in the places she mentions, people looking at them, he getting to know the girl's intimate habits. He would become familiar with the contents of her handbag, the way she puts on and takes off her clothes, the way she wakes up. Nineteen years ago, on their honeymoon in La Grève, Roy spoke of this aspect of a close relationship. Henrietta's own particular way of doing things and her possessions—her lipstick, her powder compact, her dark glasses, the leather suitcase with her pre-marriage initials on it, the buttoning of her skirts and dresses—were daily becoming as familiar to him as they had been for so long to her. Her childhood existed for him because of what, in passing, she told him of it.

"D'you remember La Grève?" she asks, her voice calm

again. "The woman who called you *professeur*, those walks in the snow?"

Impatiently he looks away: La Grève is irrelevant, all of it far too long ago. Again he mentions Hesselmann. Not understanding, she says, "At least *I* shall not forget La Grève."

"I've tried to get over her. I've tried not seeing her. None of it works."

"She said you would not have told me. What did you intend, Roy?"

"I don't know."

"She said it wasn't fair, did she?"

"Yes, she did." He pauses. "She's very fond of you, you know."

In the oven the breast of turkey would be shriveling, the pineapple pudding of which he was so boyishly fond would be a burnt mess. She says, and feels ashamed of admitting it, "I've always had affection for her, too, in spite of what I say."

"I need to talk to her now. I need to tell her we've cleared the air."

He stands up and drinks what remains of his drink. Tears ooze from beneath his spectacles as he looks down at Henrietta, staring at her. He says nothing else except, yet again, that he is sorry. He shuffles and blows his nose as he speaks. Then he turns and goes away, and a few minutes later she hears the bang of the hall door, as she heard it when Sharon Tamm left the house.

HENRIETTA SHOPS IN A GREENGROCER'S THAT IN the Italian small-town manner has no name, just *Fiori e Frutta* above the door. The shy woman who serves there, who has come to know her, adds up the cost of *fagiolini*, pears, and spinach on a piece of paper.

"*Mille quattro cento*," Henrietta counts out the money and gathers up her purchases.

"*Buon giorno, grazie*," the woman murmurs, and Henrietta wishes her good day and passes out into the street.

The fat barber sleeps in his customers' chair, his white overall as spotless as a surgeon's before an operation. In the window his wife knits, glancing up now and again at the women who come and go in the *Malgri Moda*. It is Tuesday; the *Jollycaffè* is closed. The men who usually sit outside it are nowhere to be seen.

Henrietta buys a slice of beef, enough for one. In the minimarket she buys eggs and a packet of *zuppa di verdura*, and *biscotti strudel* "*cocktail di frutta*," which have become her favorites. She climbs up through the town, to the *appartamento* in the Piazza Santa Lucia. She is dressed less formally than she had thought suitable for middle age in England. She wears a denim skirt, blue canvas shoes, and a blue shirt, which she bought before the weekend from Signora Leici. Her Italian improves a little every day, owing mainly to the lessons she has with the girl in the *Informazioni*. They are both determined that



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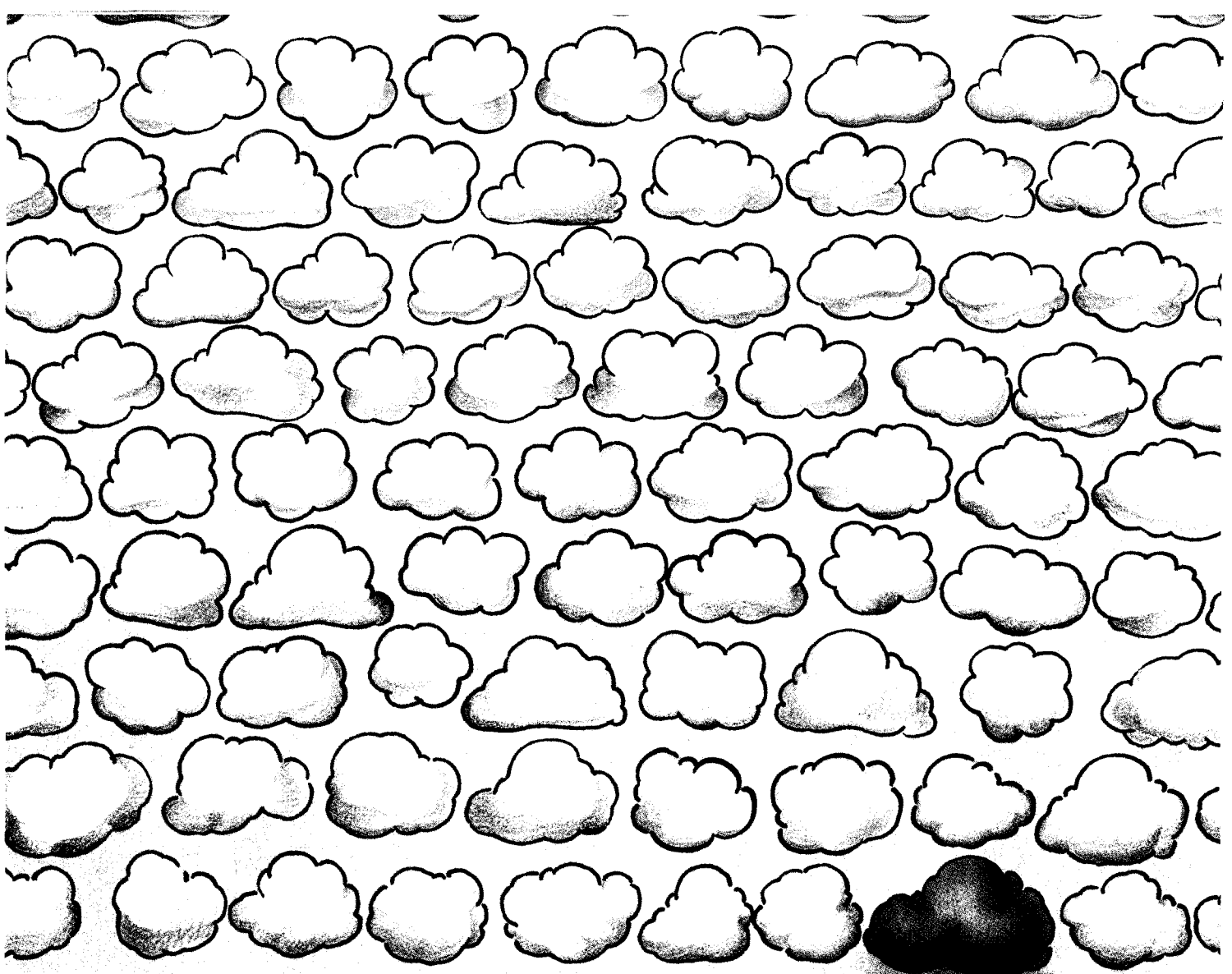
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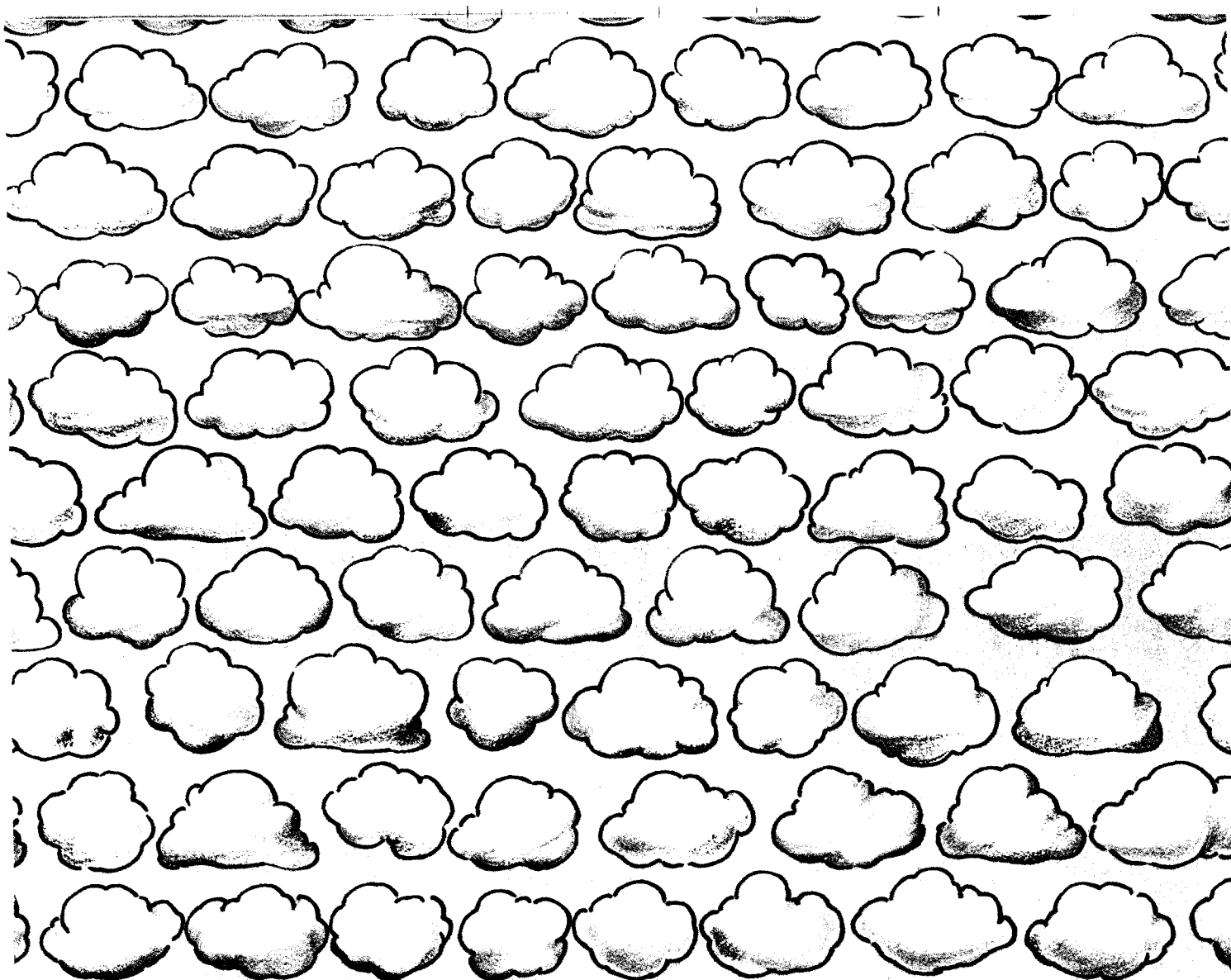
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by the winter she will know enough to teach English to the youngest children in the orphanage. Sister Maria has said she would welcome that.

It is May. On the verges of the meadows and the wheat fields that stretch below the town pale roses are in bloom. Laburnums blossom in the vineyards, wires for the vines stretching between the narrow trunks of the trees. It is the season of broom and clover, of poppies, and of geraniums forgotten in the grass. Sleepy vipers emerge from crevices, no longer kept down by the animals that once grazed these hillsides. Because of them Henrietta has bought rubber boots for walking in the woods or up Monte Totona.

She is happy because she is alone. She is happy in the small *appartamento*, lent to her by friends of her sister's, who use it infrequently. She loves the town's steep, cool streets, its quietness, the gray stone of its buildings, quarried from the hill it is built upon. She is happy because the nightmare is distant now, a picture she can illuminate in her mind and calmly survey. She sees her husband sprawling on the chair in the garden, the girl in her granny glasses, and her own weeping face in the bathroom looking-glass. Time shrinks the order of events: she packs her clothes into three suitcases; she is in her sister's house in Hemel Hempstead. That was the worst of all, the passing of the days in Hemel Hempstead, the sympathy of her sister, her generous, patient brother-in-law, their children imagining she was ill. When she thinks of herself now she feels a child herself, not the Henrietta of the suburban sitting room and the tray of drinks, with chiffon tidily in her hair. Her father makes a swing for her because she has begged so, ropes tied to the bough of an apple tree. Her

mother once was cross because she climbed that tree. She cries and her sister comforts her, a sunny afternoon when she got tar on her dress. She skates on an icy pond, a birthday treat before her birthday tea when she was nine. "I can't stay here," she said in Hemel Hempstead, and then there was the stroke of good fortune, people she did not even know who had an *appartamento* in a Tuscan hill town.

In the cantina of the Contucci family the wine matures in oaken barrels of immense diameter, the iron hoops that bind them stylishly painted red. She has been shown the cantina and the palace of the Contucci. She has looked across the slopes of terra-cotta roof tiles to Monticchiello and Pienza. She has drunk the water of the nearby spa and has sat in the sun outside the café by the bank, whiling away a morning with an Italian dictionary. *Frusta* means "whip," and it's also the word for the bread she has with *fontina* for lunch.

Her husband pays money into her bank account and she accepts it because she must. There are some investments her father left her; between the two sources there is enough to live on. But one day, when her Italian is good enough, she will reject the money her husband pays her. It is degrading to look for support from someone she no longer respects. And one day, too, she will revert to her maiden name, for why should she carry with her the name of a man who shrugged her off?

In the cool of the *appartamento* she lunches alone. With her *frusta* and *fontina* she eats peppery radishes and drinks *acqua minerale*. Wine in the daytime makes her sleepy, and she is determined this afternoon to learn another thirty words and to do two exercises for the girl in



BOWING TO THE EMPRESS

Through the forest,
through the branches
of shagbarks and walnuts,
through the feathers
of the February snow,
she flows
to her nest
of a thousand
broken and braided sticks,
to her chicks
yelping like tiny wolves,
like downy
emperors for her return,

for her attention,
for red meat,
and you know
theirs is a decent task
in the scheme of things—
the hunters,
the rapacious
plucking up the timid
like so many soft jewels,
they are what keeps everything
enough, but not too many—
and so I bow
to the lightning of her eyes,

the pick of her beak,
the swale of her appetite,
and even to her shadow
over the field—when it passes
I can hardly breathe,
the world is that bright,
my senses so sharply tuned
by the notion of oblivion—
those black wings beating
at the light.

—Mary Oliver

the *Informazioni*. *Le Chiavi del Regno*, by A. J. Cronin, is open beside her, but for a moment she does not read it. A week ago, on the telephone to England, she described the four new villas of Signor Falconi to prospective tenants, Signora Falconi having asked her if she would. The Falconis had shown her the villas they had built near their *fattoria* in the hills, and she assured some people in Gloucester that any one of them would suit their requirements, which were sun, tranquillity, and room enough for six.

Guilt once consumed her, Henrietta thinks. She had continued to be a secretary in the department for six years after her marriage but had given it up because she'd found it awkward, having to work not just for her husband but also for his rivals and his enemies. He'd been pleased when she'd done so, and although she'd always intended to find a secretarial post outside the university, she never had. She'd felt guilty about that, because she was contributing so little, a childless housewife.

"I want to stay here." She says it aloud, pouring herself more *acqua minerale*, not eating for a moment. "*Voglio stare qui*." She has known the worst of last winter's weather; she has watched spring coming; heat will not defeat her. How had she not guessed, through all those years of what seemed like a contented marriage, that solitude suits her better? It only seemed contented—she knows that now: she had talked herself into an ersatz contentment, she had allowed herself to become a woman dulled by the monotony of a foolish man, his sprawling bigness and his sense of failure. It is bliss of a kind not to hear his laughter turned on for a television joke, not to look daily at his jaunty ties and unpolished shoes. "*Quella mattina il diario si aprì alla data Ottobre 1917*": how astonished he would be if he could see her now, childishly delighting in *The Keys of the Kingdom* in Italian.

It had been her fault, she'd always believed, that they could not have children; yet something informs her now that it was probably more her husband's, that she'd been wrong to feel inadequate. As a vacuum cleaner sucks in whatever it touches, he had drawn her into a world that was not her own; she had existed on territory where it was natural to be blind—where it was natural, too, to feel she must dutifully console a husband because he was not a success professionally. "Born with a sense of duty," her father had once said, when she was ten or so. "A good thing, Henrietta." She is not so sure: guilt and duty seem now to be long together, different names for a single quality.

Later that day she walks to the church of San Biagio, among the meadows below the walls of the town. Boys are playing football in the shade, girls lie on the grass. She goes over her vocabulary in her mind, passing by the church. She walks on white, dusty roads, between rows of slender pines. *Solivago* is the word she has been trying to find—"wandering alone." *Piantare* means "to plant," *piantamento* is "planting," *piantagione* "plantation." Determinedly she taxes her atrophied memory: *sulla via di casa* and *in modo da*; *un manovale* and *la briciola*.

IN THE AUGUST OF THAT YEAR, WHEN THE HEAT IS AT its height, Signora Falconi approaches Henrietta in the *macelleria*. She speaks in Italian, for Henrietta's Italian is better now than Signora Falconi's rudimentary English. There is something, Signora Falconi reveals—a request that has not to do with reassuring a would-be tenant on the telephone. There is some other proposition that Signor Falconi and his wife would like to put to her.

"Verrò," Henrietta agrees. "*Verrò martedì coll' autobus*."

The Falconis offer her coffee and a little *grappa*. Their four villas, clustered around their *fattoria*, are full of English tenants now. Every fortnight these tenants change, so dirty laundry must be gathered for the *lavanderia*, fresh sheets put on the beds, the villas cleaned. And the newcomers, when they arrive, must be shown where everything is, told about the windows and the shutters, warned about the mosquitoes, and requested not to use too much water. They must have many other details explained to them, which the Falconis, up to now, have not quite succeeded in doing. There is a *loggia* in one of the villas that would be Henrietta's, a single room with a balcony, a bathroom, and an outside staircase. And the Falconis would pay just a little for the cleaning and the changing of the sheets, the explaining of the many details. The Falconis are apologetic, fearing that Henrietta may consider the work too humble. They are anxious she should know that women to clean and change sheets are not easy to come by, since they find employment in the hotels of the nearby spa, and that there is more than enough for Signora Falconi herself to do at the *fattoria*.

It is not the work Henrietta has imagined when anticipating her future, but her future in her *appartamento* is uncertain, for she cannot live forever on strangers' charity, and one day the strangers will return.

"*Va bene*," she says to the Falconis. "*Lo faccio*."

She moves from the Piazza Santa Lucia. "*La governante*," Signora Falconi calls her, and the tenants of the villas become her temporary friends. Some take her out to Il Marzucco, the hotel of the town. Others drive her to the sulfur baths or to the abbey at Monte Oliveto, where doves flutter through the cloisters, as white as the dusty roads she loves to walk on. On either side of the pink brick archway are the masterpieces of Luca della Robbia, and sometimes the doves alight on them. This abbey on the hill of Oliveto is the most beautiful place she has ever visited: she owes a debt to the girl with the granny glasses.

In the evening, she sits on her balcony, drinking a glass of *vino nobile*, hearing the English voices and the voices of the Italians in and around the *fattoria*. But by October the English voices have dwindled and the only customers of the *fattoria* are the Italians who come traditionally for lunch on Sundays. Henrietta cleans the villas then. She scours the saucepans and puts away the cutlery and the bed linens. The Falconis seem concerned that she should

be on her own so much, and invite her to their meals occasionally, but she explains that her discovery of solitude has made her happy. Sometimes she watches them making soap and candles, learning how that is done.

THE GIRL, WALKING UP AND DOWN THE SITTING room that once was Henrietta's, is more matter-of-fact and assured than Henrietta remembers her, though her complexion has not improved. Her clothes—a black jersey and a black leather skirt—are of a better quality. There is a dusting of dandruff on the jersey; her long hair has been cut.

"It's the way things worked out," she says, which is something she has said repeatedly before, during the time they have had to spend together.

Henrietta does not reply, as she has not on the previous occasions. Upstairs, in blue-and-brown striped pajamas, purchased by herself three years ago, the man of whom each has had a share rests. He is out of danger, recovering in an orderly way.

"As Roy himself said," the girl repeats also, "we live in a world of mistakes."

Yet they belong together, he and the girl, with their academic brightness and Hesselmann to talk about. The dog is no longer in the house. Ka-Ki has eaten a plastic bag, attracted by slivers of meat adhering to it, and has died. Henrietta blames herself: no matter how upset she had felt, it had been cruel to walk out and leave that dog.

"I gave Roy up to you," she says, "since that was what you and he wanted."

"Roy is ill."

"He is ill, but at the same time he is well again. This house is yours and his now. You have changed things. You have let the place get dirty; the windows don't seem even to have been opened. I gave the house up to you also. I'm not asking you to give it back."

"Like I say, Henrietta, it was unfortunate about the dog. I'm sorry about that."

"I chose to leave the dog behind, with everything else."

"Look, Henrietta—"

"Roy will be able to work again, just as before: we've been quite assured about that. He is to lose some weight, he is to take care of his diet. He is to exercise himself properly, something he never bothered with. It was you, not me, they gave those instructions to."

"They didn't seem to get the picture, Henrietta. Like I say, we broke up. I wasn't even living here. I've explained

that to you, Henrietta. I haven't been here for the past five months. I'm down in London now."

"Don't you feel you should get Roy on his feet again, since you had last use of him, as it were?"

"The way you're talking is unpleasant, Henrietta. You're getting at me, you're getting at poor Roy. Like you're jealous or something. There was love between us, there really was. Deep love. You know, Henrietta? You understand?"

"Roy explained it to me about the love, that evening."

"But then it went. It just extinguished itself, like maybe there *was* something in the age-difference bit. I don't know. Perhaps we'll never know, Henrietta."

"Perhaps not indeed."

"We were happy for a long time, Roy and me. As happy as any two people could be."

"I'm sure you were."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. Look, Henrietta, I'm with someone else now. It's different, what I've got now. It's going to work out."

A damp coldness, like the fog that hangs about the garden, touches Henrietta's flesh, insinuating itself beneath her clothes, icy on her stomach and her back. The girl had been at the hospital, called there because Roy had asked for her. She had not said that she was with someone else.

"May I just, you know, say good-bye to Roy? May I be with him for just five minutes, Henrietta?"

She does not reply. The coldness has spread to her arms and legs. It oozes over her breasts; it reaches for her feet. In blurred vision she sees the steep cool streets of the town, the laburnums and the blaze of clover in the landscape she ran away to.

"I know it's terrible for you, Henrietta."

Sharon Tamm leaves the room to have her last five minutes. The blur in Henrietta's vision is nothing now. She wonders if they have buried her dog someplace.

"Good-bye, Henrietta. He's tons better, you know."

She hears the hall door close as she heard it on the afternoon when the girl had come to talk to her, and later, when Roy had left the house. It's odd, she reflects, that because there has been a marriage and because she bears his name, she should be less free than the girl. Yet is not the life she discovered for herself much the same as finding someone else? Perhaps not.

"I'm sorry," he says, when she brings him a tray. "Oh, God, I'm sorry about all this mess."

He cries and is unable to cease. The tears fall onto the egg she has poached for him and into his cup of Bovril. "Sorry," he says. "Oh, God, I'm sorry." □

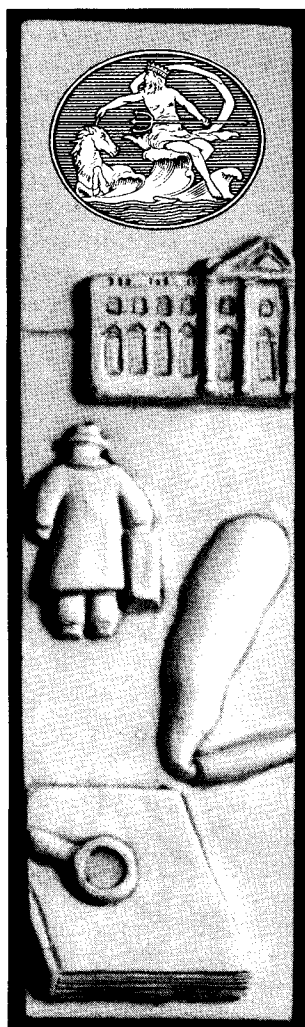


IN MEMORIAM HERBERT ("PIGGY") SEWALL

BY A. D. JOHNSTON



NOTE: Last week, colorful Metro Examiner commentator and former sports-writer Herbert ("Piggy") Sewall succumbed after suffering a freak accident in the line of duty, while covering the South State Handicap at Sportsworld Meadows. For the Exam family of staff and readers, the loss of this beloved veteran scribe is a blow that cannot be measured. Today, in the space long allotted to the irregularly appearing column "Straight from the Pen, by Piggy Sewall," the Editors offer tributes and reminiscences solicited from Piggy's colleagues at the Exam.



I MET PIGGY SEWALL when I was a cub covering my first road game, a playoff tilt between the Two State League Otters and the Capitols, managed in those days by the legendary Stan Greenberg.

"Long Green," incidentally, was the last of the catcher-managers of that era, a breed whose time may have come around again. Management of a certain major-league, big-talent, no-win local ball club, take note.

But, to return to Piggy, he was covering the Otts for this paper, and I was still at the late lamented, pre-Hearst *Post-World*. This was back when newsmen lived like ink-stained knights and drank like sailors, the Golden Age when paragraphs were short and lunches were long.

It was a Golden Age, incidentally, long before they invented "marketing consultants" from Vassar or someplace to come up with dumb-bunny names for what was once a great metropolitan daily.

Try going into one of the pubs around Main and Fourth with that "We've Got the Right Answers on the *Exam*" line and see what the Joes behind the bar have to say.

Old Bert Frazier, the late longtime publisher who used to sit in the bleachers cheering the Otters, wearing a copy of his own dear rag folded into a hat, must be pivoting in his grave.

Anyway, Piggy treated me to a gag right out of the late Ben Hecht's masterpiece, *The Front Page*: borrowed my story before I could phone it in and drank me into a stupor in a roadhouse. In those

days, a rookie was flattered to be initiated into the club of real reporters.

Our drinking companion that night, incidentally, was Fat John Kolibas, the amazing handicapped bullpen backstop immortalized in one of Piggy's greatest columns.

Speaking of writing, when was the last time Norman Mailer or Jackie Sussann or any of the new crop wrote anything with the sock of the old Hecht-MacArthur team? Just asking.

Piggy was a strange bird, and his habits got him into trouble sooner or later with every job, and every wife, he ever had. And yet Old Bert Frazier, bless his heart, always stood by Piggy.

The Touchdown Brunch incident of a few years back, blown out of all proportion during the civil-rights hysteria of those years, was the last straw. It must be said that deep down under his love of ethnic jokes there was a strong and genuine dislike of most of the races and religions of this old world, and for that quirk Piggy paid a price. And yet this reporter, for one, can attest that the man, when in his cups, never expressed more vicious scorn for anyone than for the clergy of his own religion.

Piggy Sewall was a throwback, a glorious old dinosaur and nobleman of the press, like the great reporters who used to pub and grab and grub their way around this town in the days before the computer terminal and the rabbit ball. It wasn't simply a grand old newspaperman that choked on a racetrack corn dog the other day but a whole magnificent era.

A. D. Johnston's work has appeared in The New Yorker.

—HOP FEENEY
Sports Desk

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN GOLDSTROM

THE FRAILTIES OF OUR late colleague are well known; he advertised them, turning a gaudy shell toward the world. Less well known, because he hid them, are the generosity and the toleration toward literature that were so well concealed by a scabrous tongue and the demeanor of an angry brute.

He was a reliable supporter of this newspaper's charity for children, Fat John's Buddies, and never missed an appearance at the annual Buddies' picnic. Nor did he accept a fee for his Falstaffian speeches on those occasions, which always delighted the Buddies, curtailed though the speeches were in recent years, on advice of counsel.

It is another little-known fact that when this newspaper's first publisher, Cuthbertson M. Frazier II, published his history of Metro County, the author of "Straight from the Pen" was a valued consultant. He was, in fact, the "H.S."—it can now be revealed—of the Acknowledgments. It is a measure of the reticence, and the contempt for favoritism, of both men that "H.S." wrote his review of the book for another publication, and under a *nom de plume*.

As the *Post-World* became the *Post-World Examiner*, which in turn became the *Examiner*—now the *Exam*—Piggy Sewall may have seemed to some a relic, in the world of those newly wealthy young men of all backgrounds who now play the simple games of childhood before undreamed-of electronic audiences. But here in the world of print—more specifically, here at this great organ—there was always a place for the salty, plainspoken little Caliban of the playing fields.

—C. FRAZIER MULLINER III
Editorialist and Publisher

• • •

SHE WAS BUSY, AND in mid-relationship, and at first she didn't think that it had anything to do with her at all. She had her job, her needs, her deadlines, and her men, the giddy treadmill from word processor to food processor and back, counting salaries and calories.

The figure in shapeless clothes, dozing on the elevator floor or burping morosely at the coffee machine, the bald head in its pathetic corona of stale cigar smoke: what did it have to do with her?

She stopped to think.

She remembered the transparent, protective nickname and the sad little dated wink and leer that she had barely

noticed. She couldn't remember that he actually *wrote* anything, except for the column that was in the paper every year at Christmastime, along with the Saddest Cases that always made her feel ashamed of her relatively glamorous anxieties and successful, glamorous pressures. The column, the same one every December, was a kind of male-bonding fantasia about a pathetic man who was reduced to keeping the shortstop, a man who had lost the Battle of the Bulge in a thousand sad little bars.

Then she remembered.

She remembered that one bizarre, cinematic moment in the elevator. She had scowled at his long, black, smoking cigar, and the little panda-like man had beamed lewdly and *swallowed* it. Back-



wards, lit end first! Or so it seemed to her for one surrealistic moment. In a silly, *flirtatious* little trick, he turned the cigar around with his lips and somehow made it seem to vanish down his throat, and then it was back again, and he was grinning his transparent, pathetic male plea for approval. And then the elevator doors had opened, and it was over.

Suddenly, remembering that eager, doglike trick with the cigar, she realized that he was her Uncle Phil, and her father, and her high school sweetheart, the one who had pulled the Kleenex out of her formal—there was some of him, that is, in every man she had ever known. And she felt a loving pity for the cigar trick, the thin bluster of nicknames and backstop pens and pathetic cigars and boasting in bars.

She would miss the sad, old-fashioned,

touchingly homo-erotic column at Christmastime, the one about the fat old player. She would miss it, just a little like the way she would miss a father or an uncle, or a high school sweetheart whose name she had forgotten.

—ELAINE SELBST-BROWN
Columnist

• • •

IT'S NO ACCIDENT that Piggy Sewall's most famous piece of writing was his Christmas piece about Fat John Kolibas, the one-eyed bullpen catcher for the minor-league Otters of thirty years ago.

Piggy's sympathy was with the slobs, losers, and drunks of the world, and he'd be the last one to get sentimental about it. He was part Don Quixote and part W. C. Fields, part Diogenes and part Curly, of the Three Stooges. As post-structuralism is to *belles lettres*, so was Piggy Sewall to normal life. Mainly, the man hated affectation, a term that by the end came to include, for him, almost every civilized custom.

His vivid description of the old bullpen catcher fumbling around in the Salvation Army kettle for his glass eye may have been corny, but it drew fan mail every year, right to the end, all through the last, bitter years when the old former ace was relegated to writing about golf, a game he loathed, and second-rate horses.

For Piggy, sports meant boxing, baseball, football, and hockey. Everything else was what I once heard him call "jerk stuff like tennis."

But the players kept getting younger and richer and better educated, and more and more of them were black or otherwise not what Piggy was used to. When women won the right to interview players in the Badger locker room, Piggy and a crony turned up in wigs and dresses. (An odd sidelight is how often Piggy wore that same outfit to office parties.) And the inevitable downfall came the day of the Touchdown Brunch, with the infamous joke about the two minority groups and what the children turn out to be when they intermarry.

I was touched to realize that I was the one—though Piggy had never addressed me except as "Cabbagebreath, Jr.," or, when in especially bad humor, "Harvard"—that the old man tried to hide behind when one of the Badger offensive linemen (a *Playgirl* centerfold and Dick Cavett guest) mused, with what I think

was good-humored irony, about the possibility of removing the poor old bigot's liver barehanded.

When Piggy returned from the leave of absence that coincided almost exactly with his brief fifth marriage, he seemed as feisty as ever. He used to hint that he would always be protected because of ghostwriting jobs he had done for some of the great names in Metro County. It may be that Piggy Sewall kept his best story to himself.

—MARK O'NEIL
Sports Reporter

• • •

HERB WAS A MAN of great sweetness and consideration. I'm happy to say that he and I were far better friends than most of our colleagues knew. The many divorces had left him an intensely private man, though utterly without bitterness toward women. We contrived to meet at such places as racetracks and restaurants, as if by accident. He had an uninhibited, rather worldly side, which he had cultivated to the full during his third marriage; one of the pranks he enjoyed was for us to go on the town in the guise of two woman friends.

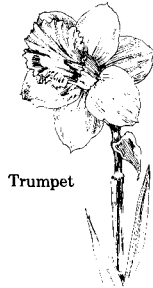
Though perfectly uninterested in writing (as well as the world of sports, which he dismissed as having corrupted itself to the point of utter meaninglessness in the late fifties), Herb had a marvelous sense of humor, and a great fondness for the "screwball" comedies of a time that he and I both remembered well. As I write, I find myself giggling to recall an evening we spent together laughing riotously at a showing by the University Film Society of *It Happened One Night*. Herb, as a matter of fact, was got up as Claudette Colbert on that occasion.

It was the spirit of those films that pervaded his life, and gave him the bottomless zest and energy that characterized his playful ways when he was feeling most relaxed and free. His humor is not easily quoted, both because of its delightful ribaldry and because the wit that was never mechanical or forced in actual life will seem relatively inert when recounted. The first time he heard me describe myself as Maureen De Vere "of the *Exam*," after the recent change of the newspaper's promotional name, he made some little joke about a "complete physical" with the offhandedly perfect timing of Cary Grant himself. It is some comfort to me that I was with him to the

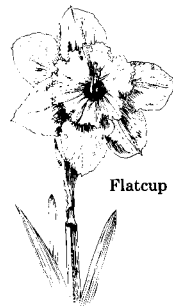
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last, and that this playful, madcap spirit remained a strong element in his makeup in his final moments. He had a little trick with his cigar that never failed to amuse me, no matter how many times I saw it; he would forgive me for smiling even now, as I think how unwise he was to attempt it with that corn dog. Herb was an impulsive, complex man, but one of surprisingly simple needs.

—MAUREEN MAPLES DE VERE
Fashion Editor

THEATER
**LOST IN
AMERICA**
BY LLOYD ROSE



SOME COMPETITIVE GLEE must have contributed to Dustin Hoffman's decision to return to the stage, after an absence of sixteen years, in the role of Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, which will open soon in New York, after having played in Chicago and Washington. Hoffman is not only taking on a classic American part in one of the sentimental icons of our theater; he's going up against the memory of Lee J. Cobb's performance, which haunts the play (though not this production) like a proprietary ghost. Cobb, who originated the role in 1949 (and repeated it on television in 1966), was a set-upon patriarch, a brother to Lear and Job, who dreamed big and tried big and failed big. He went for a mythic characterization. Whether you think he achieved it or not depends largely on how you respond to the play's puzzling double track.

Miller asks us to believe that Willy's only fault is that he dreamed the wrong dream—the dream of the salesman, of making it to the top on personality alone, of being “number-one man”: in short, the American Dream. “I don’t say he’s a great man,” Willy’s wife, Linda, announces to his sons, “. . . but he’s a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid.” At Willy’s funeral, after he has killed himself by running his car off the road, one of the few mourners declares, “Nobody dast blame this man!” Why

not? Willy, who condones cheating and stealing by his favorite son, Biff; who will borrow money from his neighbor but is too proud to work for him; who even botches his suicidal sacrifice (he hopes his death will bring his family \$20,000 in insurance money, but we know, as he does not, that the insurance investigator knows that he has deliberately run off the road several times before), may strike some in the audience as less a heroic victim than a willful fool. Why does Miller think that attention must be paid?

Cobb got past this problem by simply treading over it and never looking back. Big and slow-moving, with a suffering dignity in his thick face, he gave the lie to Miller’s view of Willy as a “common man.” Cobb’s pain was outsized. He was like a huge, wounded animal dying from a bullet he never heard coming, and he was as private as an animal—the real source of his agony was hidden and mute. Cobb rendered irrelevant the question of Willy’s responsibility for his own defeat, by making his sorrow too deep for the circumstances of his life.

COMING TO THE play from a different generation and a different tradition, Hoffman, though he can’t ignore Cobb, hardly labors in his shadow. Hoffman couldn’t be more different from Cobb, both physically and technically, but he doesn’t try for contrasts (perhaps he realizes that the critics will do it for him). His Willy is freshly conceived—the characterization feels new, and there’s a sense of discovery in it. Hoffman and his director, Michael Rudman, have come up with a production that is modern in the best sense: text-oriented, focused on the psychology of relationships rather than of individual characters, commenting not on the original production but on what that production foreshadowed, what we understand it to mean when we look back.

“You know, the trouble is, Linda, people don’t seem to take to me.” Talking to his wife (Kate Reid) at his kitchen table in his little house towered over by apartment buildings, Hoffman’s Willy is collapsed in on himself, as if he were shrinking. Trying, and failing, to figure out what’s wrong with him, he’s edgy and proud, with a small man’s touchy dignity. In the flashbacks, when Willy is in his middle forties (Hoffman’s age), he has a scrabbler’s energy and a habit of bobbing in and out of a half crouch that’s

both amusing and disturbing. We can see from it how resilient Willy is—he literally bounces back from life’s blows—but we also notice that though he’s always ready to spring, he never quite takes off. Hoffman makes this younger Willy fiercely optimistic, and then demonstrates how this never-say-die quality, originally a source of strength, is corrupted by time and hardship. Willy’s self-delusions, which may impress a reader of the play as stupid or psychotic, are in Hoffman’s performance the end of the optimism of his youth; they’re what optimism has to become as life gets smaller.

Flailing his arms in excitement, Hoffman shows us how Willy’s frenetic energy doesn’t get him anywhere. He’s trapped, bouncing around in his tiny, restricted life—wasn’t there once a way out? Or did he just imagine it? “I have such thoughts,” he tells Linda in the first scene. “I have such strange thoughts.” Hoffman gives the lines a dreamy, puzzled quality, an air of bewildered loss. This Willy is slightly dazed, as if life had beaten on him. His madness (which makes no clinical sense) seems to be the result of having been punched too many times in the head.

I found myself thinking of *Golden Boy*, with its boxer hero, and of the ex-boxer actor John Garfield, and of the ex-boxer character, Terry Malloy, that Brando played in *On the Waterfront*. I don’t think these associations are whimsical or accidental. Elia Kazan, who had worked in the Group Theatre with Garfield and with Clifford Odets, the author of *Golden Boy*, did the 1949 production of *Death of a Salesman*. In 1954, he directed *On the Waterfront*, in which Marlon Brando brought to the screen a new kind of American protagonist—dissatisfied, directionless, unable to articulate or even to identify the real source of his malaise. A year after that, in Kazan’s *East of Eden*, James Dean brought these qualities to their glamorous, doomed-youth apotheosis. Alienation was one of the most powerful ideas ever to enter American movies. Its influence is still present in films as diverse as *Five Easy Pieces* and *Taxi Driver*, and in some of the atonal performances of Al Pacino and Robert De Niro. What Hoffman and Rudman make us understand is that all this began with Willy Loman: the alienated heroes portrayed by Brando and Dean are his sons. Willy the traveling salesman lives in an America without a

Lloyd Rose is the literary manager of the New Playwrights Theatre, in Washington, D.C.

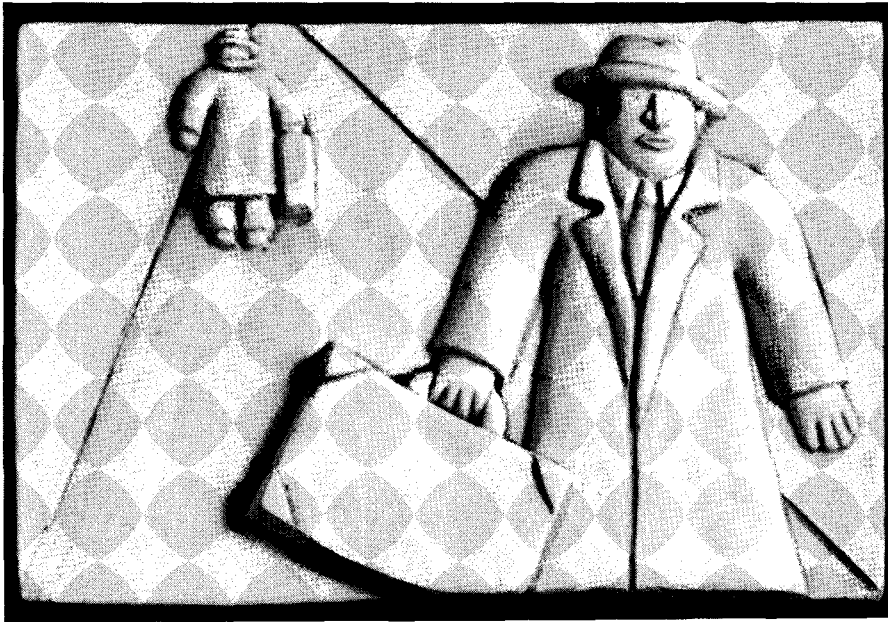


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map. His continual running off the road is raised from a melodramatic plot device to a metaphor: how can he stay on the road when he doesn't know where he's going or how he got where he is?

There is no way of telling how deliberate this cultural positioning is on Rudman and Hoffman's part. Rudman is an American exile (he was born in Texas, and is currently an associate director of Britain's National Theatre), returning to this country to direct one of its classics. (He staged a successful production of *Salesman* at the National in 1979.) Hoffman was in his late teens at the time Brando and Dean were defining American acting, and went on to establish his own, very different style. (Of all our major actors, he's the least influenced by the Method.) Can two men with such obvious theater savvy *not* work with some awareness of what happened to American acting and popular consciousness in the decade following 1949?

Certainly, Rudman's casting of Biff seems a conscious reference to the fifties. Biff, a former high school football champ and a confused drifter, is usually played by an extrovert. Rudman has cast John Malkovich, an actor with reserves of stillness and the ability to communicate the kind of blocked uncertainty that Brando had in his early movie roles. Life has thrown Biff, and he's never quite recovered his balance. In his early scene with his brother, Happy (Stephen Lang, crass and hearty), confessing that he is "mixed-up very bad," Malkovich has a hesitant, precise enunciation, as if the words were stepping-stones un-

steady under his feet. When Happy tells him he's a poet and an idealist, we believe it. We also believe that he's lost. His baffled sadness is the same as Willy's: it's as if bewilderment at life had passed genetically from father to son. But where Willy is scrappy and desperate, Biff is remote and in pain, and the two men are doomed to be forever at odds. This similarity and schism is worked out so purely that it has an almost tragic force: it seems both terrible and inevitable.

Rudman knows that, no matter how much Miller writes about Willy and the America that lets him down, the father-son conflict is *Death of a Salesman's* axis and its true subject. The climactic scene is a primal son-against-father nightmare: Biff, who has failed Willy ever since he flunked out of high school, screams at him, "Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all." Arthur Miller writes like a son, not a father (as Marsha Norman writes like a daughter in her get-Mom revenge fantasy *night, Mother*). The double attitude of the play toward Willy—depicting him as selfish and foolish while insisting that he's noble and good—reads like a man's failed attempt to portray sympathetically the father he wants to forgive but can't.

The central trauma of the play is the adolescent Biff's discovery of Willy's adultery. Malkovich reacts by sitting down with bruised slowness, as if he'd been sluggish. Kneeling beside him, embracing him, Hoffman mutters "Oh, my

boy," and his harsh, clenched voice has a sudden depth and resonance. He has loved and hoped in this golden son precisely because Biff was not like him, was not small or foolish-looking or a failure. Now Willy has lost him. Here, as in many places throughout the play, Hoffman's acting has a delicacy and a power different from anything he's done on the screen.

Working with a play rather than a screenplay, Hoffman shows his stage smarts—intellectually, he's got all the right moves. In the movies, he is sometimes too smart: we can see him working, and we admire his brains and skill rather than respond to his characterization. But Willy Loman is a role that *needs* thinking out, and Hoffman has made of it a textual groundwork from which he can soar. His acting here is not more complex than it has been in films, but it's richer. The complexity has become ambiguity—he sets off associations and questions in our heads, and makes us wonder.

Hoffman's evocative performance and Rudman's focus on the father-son relationship charge the play, but they don't solve all of its problems. Kate Reid can't rise above her role as Miller's mouthpiece, continually defending Willy and ladling guilt onto his sons. Willy's brother, Ben, is badly conceived as a plummy-voiced dandy in a white suit. In the flashbacks, both sons look too old and embarrassedly aware of it: their clothes don't seem to fit. But perfection counts for little in the arts. At the preview I saw in mid-January, this was a production of tremendous, inspired intelligence. When the production reaches New York, it may be a great one. □

MUSIC

GERSHWIN'S GENIUS

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



EVERYBODY KNOWS *Porgy and Bess*. Its most recent revival played for seven months last year to audiences in seven cities here and in Canada, and the Metropolitan Opera Company plans to offer it next season. Nearly a half-century after its 1935 premiere, its most famous songs—"Summertime," "It Ain't

Necessarily So," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" —are still heard everywhere and in every conceivable form: in inflated symphonic arrangements at "pops" concerts, as opera singers' recital encores, in hyped-up modern-jazz settings. Its principal characters—the crippled beggar Porgy, his beloved Bess, and the pusher-pimp Sportin' Life—are part of our national consciousness, as are a rough outline of their story and a general sense of their Catfish Row milieu. My twelve-year-old daughter sports a T-shirt bearing the legend "Summertime, when the livin' is easy."

And yet almost nobody knows *Porgy and Bess* in the sense that millions of people may be said to know *Figaro*, *Tristan*, *Aida*, *Carmen*, *La Bohème*, and many lesser operas. The original production of Gershwin's masterpiece was heavily cut, setting a precedent that held until 1976, when the Houston Grand Opera Company staged the first production that could, with reasonable accuracy, be called complete. Though there have been plenty of recordings of lengthy selections, as well as of individual songs, the first complete recording, by Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra (London OSA 13116), also appeared only in 1976. A year later, the Houston company's performance, directed by John DeMain, was issued (RCA ARL3-2109). Both recordings, though serviceable and most welcome, are seriously flawed. Moreover—and this is a far more important fact than it might at first appear—the orchestral score of *Porgy and Bess* has never been published, and the published vocal score, which, of course, gives the orchestral part in piano reduction, is severely defective, having been prepared from an early version of Gershwin's manuscript. Therefore, though a great deal has been written about *Porgy and Bess*, almost all of it has been based on evidence that is either incomplete or misleading.

It is often said, for example, that *Porgy and Bess* is nothing but a string of hit tunes, with no compelling dramatic impulse or unity. This was perhaps an understandable reaction to the original production, in which the work was cut to about two thirds of its length, with much of the connective material that welds the songs into drama omitted, and also to the 1941–1945 revival, which was about

the same length and in which at least some of the recitative was replaced by spoken dialogue. But any critic who says this of the complete opera shows only that he has been busily reading his predecessors. For one's first reaction to hearing *Porgy and Bess* in its entirety is a delighted shock at how fresh and new, how rich with unforeseen dramatic resonance, the familiar songs sound in their original context.

The joyous, big-city cynicism of "It Ain't Necessarily So" stands out far more sharply if the song is heard as intended, immediately after the equally joyous but contrastingly primitive unison chant "I Ain' Got No Shame," which opens Act II, scene 2, the picnic on Kittiwah Island. Moreover, the song is seen to grow organically out of the drama once we notice that it is composed of the slithery chromatic phrases that have been associated right from the beginning with Sportin' Life and his attempts to peddle "happy dust" to the "small-town niggers" (as he scornfully calls them) who make up the Catfish Row community. Since the plot will hinge on his success at winning Bess away from Porgy and Catfish Row, and getting her to come with him to New York, these dramatic relationships and the way in which they are embodied in the songs are central to the impact of the work as a whole.

"I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" benefits similarly from being taken in its full context. Its immediately recognizable harmonic pattern is first heard, played softly by the strings, behind Porgy's strangely moving invocation to the dice during the crap game in Act I, scene 1. The song itself does not emerge fully formed until Act II, scene 1, as Porgy's carefree response to Jake's declaration that he must take his fishing boat out if he is to earn the money to give his child a college education. Hearing the song, we recall that the crap game ended in the murder of Robbins by Crown, and thus in the ironic turn of events that brought Bess to Porgy's door. It is this stroke of luck, far more significant than any that Porgy could have foreseen when he prayed over the dice, that he is celebrating as he sings.

Finally, there is "Summertime." A newcomer to *Porgy and Bess* is astonished to discover that this incomparable song, which he had imagined would be reserved until well into the action, is sung, by Jake's wife, Clara, only a few minutes after the curtain has gone up on

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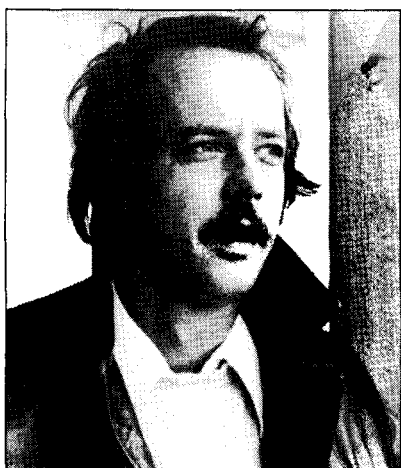
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LITTLE, BROWN

Act I. Why would Gershwin throw away a great tune so early? So that he could repeatedly bring it back, in varied dramatic contexts: counterpointed against the men's chanting during the crap game, it signalizes the tensions latent within Catfish Row; sung again by Clara during the hurricane, it reminds us that it is for the sake of their child that Jake has taken his boat out; sung by Bess after Clara, leaving her baby in Bess's care, has gone out into the storm to search for (and ultimately to die with) Jake, it gives community sanction to the change, albeit a temporary one, that Bess has made in her way of life by turning from Crown to Porgy.

Some of the opera's best songs—Jake's "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing," Serena Robbins's "My Man's Gone Now," Bess's "What You Want wid Bess," Sportin' Life's "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York"—are so firmly embedded in their dramatic contexts, and so dependent for their effect on our sense of the characters who sing them, that they never could become hits. There are also some mediocre songs: Jake's self-consciously folksy work song "It Take a Long Pull to Get There," Crown's banally jazzy "A Red Headed Woman," Bess's banally sentimental "I Loves You, Porgy." But the general musical level is very high—higher, I would venture to say, than in any opera of Puccini or Strauss, and almost as high as in the early operas of Verdi. What Gershwin has created is not, as has so often been alleged, merely a pat alternation of songs (hit or otherwise) and something else, whether recitative or spoken dialogue, but a series of long, carefully shaped musical sequences in which the transitions from song to recitative and back again are natural and effortless, controlled by the ebb and flow of the drama.

THAT GERSHWIN, EVEN at the relatively early age of thirty-seven, was able to produce an opera of the stature of *Porgy and Bess* should not come as a surprise to anyone. By 1935, he had behind him fifteen years of the intense involvement with the musical theater which has played a part in the making of most great opera composers, from Monteverdi to Stravinsky. Moreover, Gershwin had been working hard to make up for the lacks in his musical education ever since 1924, when the premiere of *Rhapsody in Blue*, at Paul Whiteman's

famous "Experiment in Modern Music" concert, held in New York's Aeolian Hall on Lincoln's Birthday, had suddenly brought him his first success as a serious composer. But until about the time of the Second World War, the American musical establishment was very suspicious of jazz and of all music related to jazz, as Gershwin's certainly was.

What initially fueled the suspicions in Gershwin's case was the fact that the orchestration of the *Rhapsody* was done not by Gershwin himself but by Ferde Grofé, at that time Whiteman's chief arranger. As long as Gershwin confined himself to writing songs and musical shows, he could safely be ignored. But the unignorable splash made by the *Rhapsody* immediately set off rumors that the work had been not only orchestrated but also partially composed by the more experienced, and musically far more respectable, Grofé. His vanity stung, Gershwin determined that from then on he would orchestrate all his concert works himself—still, however, leaving the orchestration of his Broadway shows to others. But similar rumors were heard after the December, 1925, Carnegie Hall premiere of the *Concerto in F*, with Gershwin at the piano and Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Symphony. Though Gershwin did his best to refute them, they were heard again after the December, 1928, premiere of *An American in Paris*, also given at Carnegie Hall by Damrosch and the New York Symphony. They came into the open a few years later, when Allan Lincoln Langley, a composer and violist who had played several performances of *An American in Paris* under Gershwin's direction, published an article called "The Gershwin Myth" in the December, 1932, issue of *The American Spectator*.

Noting what he took to be Gershwin's excessive dependence at rehearsals on his friend the conductor Bill Daly, Langley wrote: "The genial Daly was constantly in rehearsal attendance, both as *répétiteur* and adviser, and any member of the orchestra could testify that he knew far more about the score than Gershwin. The point is that no previous claimant to honors in symphonic composition ever presented so much argument and controversy as to whether his work was his own or not." A few weeks later, in a letter to *The New York Times*, Daly replied that his only contribution to the work had been "a few suggestions about

reinforcing the scoring here and there," and he added: "I have never written one note of any of his compositions, or so much as orchestrated one whole bar of any of his symphonic works."

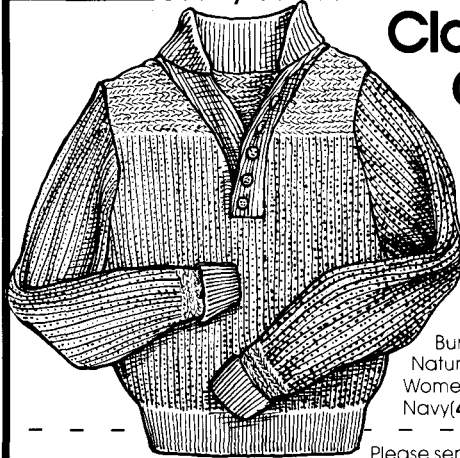
The idea that George Gershwin—the Jewish song-plugger from the Lower East Side who had come up through the Tin Pan Alley ranks with little formal training—could actually be turning into a serious composer who wrote and orchestrated his works all by himself, just like any other serious composer, thus faced resistance, which mounted steadily. It is hardly surprising that when his most ambitious work of all, *Porgy and Bess*, appeared, there was no lack of people willing to state categorically, though with no hard evidence, that the opera had something phony about it. Because it was known that since 1932 Gershwin had been studying with Joseph Schillinger, a leading theorist of the time, it was Schillinger, rather than Grofé or Damrosch or Daly, who was credited with the scoring, and perhaps the partial composition, of *Porgy and Bess*. If Schillinger or someone else had not helped Gershwin, then the orchestration had to be found faulty, purely on a *priori* grounds. Reviewing the 1941 revival, Virgil Thomson wrote cattily of "our little Georgie," who "couldn't orchestrate for shucks," but whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his musical heart was really pure."

All this concern over orchestration may seem beside the point, of interest only to specialists. But the orchestration of a serious musical work is as central to its conception and realization as color is to the making of a painting or imagery to the writing of a novel. Though the accusation that Gershwin had his serious works orchestrated by someone else may seem as innocuous as an accusation that he hired an accountant to compute his income tax, it is really very grave. And to judge from all external evidence, such as the testimony of friends and associates, it is completely unfounded. Moreover, the accusation makes no psychological sense. Not only was Gershwin a musical genius, quite capable of learning orchestration if he put his mind to it; he was also fiercely ambitious, and would surely have been unwilling to risk damaging, or sharing with someone else, the reputation as a serious composer that meant so much to him and that he was working so hard to establish.

In fact, the orchestration of *Porgy and*



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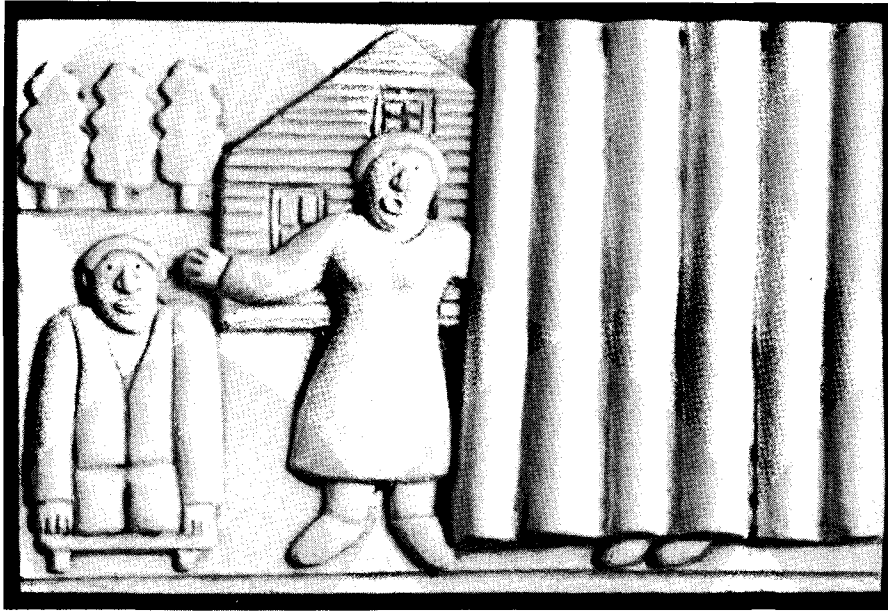
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Bess is superb: lucid, economical, witty, straightforward, and almost totally free of the thickness and awkwardness usually attributed to it. This is why the lack of a published orchestral score, which I mentioned at the outset, is of such vital importance. To see (and study) what Gershwin actually wrote, one must either buy a photocopy of his manuscript score from the Library of Congress or rent the conductor's score used for productions. Either way involves a good deal more effort and expense than simply buying a score from a music shop or taking one out of a library. It is therefore understandable, though most regrettable, that virtually none of the opera's critics seems to have bothered.

Moreover, on the two complete recordings, the orchestration—and, thereby, the opera itself—is seriously misrepresented. Though jazz and related music were snubbed by the American musical establishment before the Second World War, since then they have been treated almost reverentially—an equally inappropriate response, no doubt produced in part by the paucity of interesting American composers. Louis Armstrong became a highly successful good-will ambassador for the State Department, and the alto saxophonist Charlie Parker was eulogized, after his death in 1955, as a sort of beatnik saint, a hero of the counterculture. Gershwin, once scorned, has now been enshrined as a great American folk-composer, the musical equivalent of Norman Rockwell. As a result, his works are frequently performed, but the performances are usually overblown,

solemn, rhythmically dead—as far in spirit as possible from his own few surviving recorded performances. The two *Porgy and Bess* recordings are no exceptions. Maazel apparently used the whole magnificent Cleveland string section, effectively covering Gershwin's sharp and ingenious writing for woodwinds and brass with a sumptuous blanket of sound. While the Houston orchestra was smaller, the recording engineers worked their usual wonders, and the result is similar.

If one does bother to look at the score, one finds that in *Porgy and Bess* Gershwin—perhaps surprisingly, considering the work's pretensions—wrote for a smaller complement of woodwinds and brass than in either the *Concerto in F* or *An American in Paris*. Also, he used piano throughout, as in a theater or chamber orchestra. (The piano, too, is often obscured, when it is not simply omitted, on the two complete recordings.) Plainly, he wanted a lean and transparent sound, and he probably had in mind an orchestra of no more than forty-five players.

For an accurate realization of his intentions, we must turn to the recordings of selections, the best of which is the one (RCA AGL1-3654) made, in 1963, by Skitch Henderson and an appropriately scaled studio orchestra, with William Warfield and Leontyne Price in the title roles, McHenry Boatwright as Crown, and (best of all) the great jazz dancer John W. Bubbles, whom Gershwin picked to create the role, as Sportin' Life. Even better than any of the commercial studio recordings, though more

fragmentary and harder to come by, is a superb private recording of a special rehearsal that Gershwin held at Carnegie Hall on July 19, 1935, paying the singers and instrumentalists out of his own pocket, to see how his writing sounded. The original acetate discs were discovered in Ira Gershwin's house several years ago by Edward Jablonski, co-author with Lawrence Stewart of the excellent book *The Gershwin Years*; they have been re-issued on Mark 56 667.

THERE IS STILL a great deal of nonsense being written about *Porgy and Bess*. Critics with a theoretical bent still fret about whether it is *really* an opera or a Broadway show or an operetta or some unholy mixture of all three genres; and even more fashionable now than in 1935 is the protest that Gershwin, as a white man, had no right to “set himself up as musical spokesman for the blacks represented” in the work (as Charles Schwartz wrote in his 1973 biography, *George Gershwin: His Life and Music*). One hopes that by next year, when we mark the semicentennial of *Porgy and Bess*, there will at least be a recording that is both complete and idiomatic, that does full justice to the opera and to its composer.

For George Gershwin deserves something better than either the uneasy dismissal of the pre-war years or the too easy adulation of the postwar ones. He deserves to be recognized for what he is: an important composer whose early death perhaps kept him from turning into a great one, the only American composer of this century—aside, perhaps, from Charles Ives—who can fairly be ranked with Elliott Carter. Certainly Carter and Gershwin could not be more different from each other. Carter's music is difficult, Gershwin's is easy—though, like Carter's and like all important music, it affords ever-deepening satisfaction as one gets to know it better. As it is Carter's triumph to have forged a path of his own through the dark and trackless wood of twentieth-century avant-garde music, so it is Gershwin's to have explored and extended, in an equally individual way, what the late English musicologist Deryck Cooke called “the musical vernacular.” One must fight the temptation to say that this difference, *prima facie*, makes either composer better than the other: they simply stand together as peers, both in need of our somewhat belated appreciation. □

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BOOKS

CHRONICLES OF OUR TIMES

BY WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG

THE UNRAVELING OF AMERICA: A HISTORY OF LIBERALISM IN THE 1960S
by Allen J. Matusow. Harper & Row, \$22.95.

A TIME OF PASSION: AMERICA, 1960-1980
by Charles R. Morris. Bessie/Harper & Row, \$17.50.

**AMERICA'S HIDDEN SUCCESS:
A REASSESSMENT OF TWENTY YEARS OF PUBLIC POLICY**
by John E. Schwarz. Norton, \$12.95.



THOUGH THE STUDY of history is not often regarded as the most useful of pursuits, we all act upon the pieces of historical knowledge, or misinformation, that we carry around in our heads, and these conceptions may either liberate us to make the right choices or lead us astray. In this election year, we have a particularly keen sense less of the long annals of time than of the singular experience of the past generation, especially during the 1960s. These three books, each from a different perspective, serve to reinforce the grip of the recent past on our imagination but also compel us to ask whether we may not have misconstrued our own times.

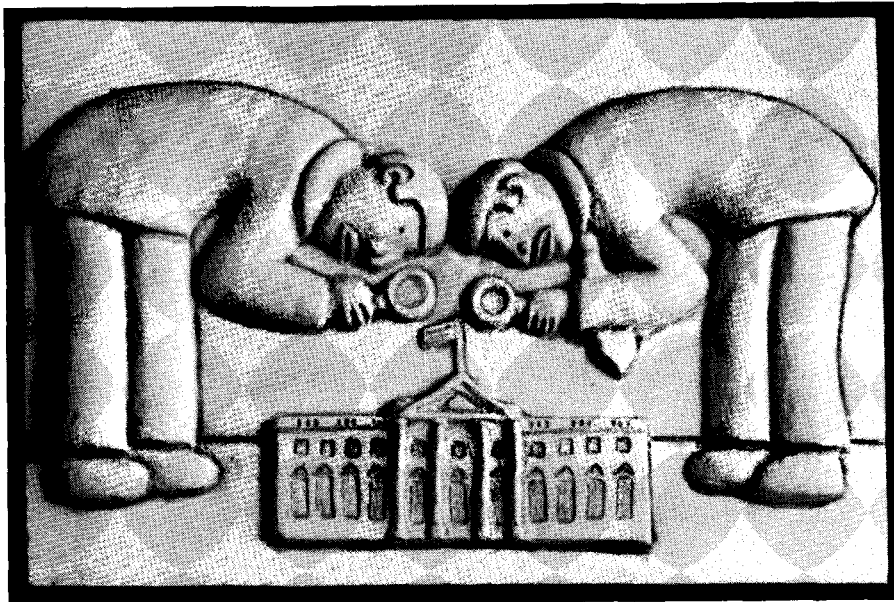
By far the longest of the three volumes, *The Unraveling of America*, a study of the Kennedy-Johnson era, is extraordinarily, even perversely, idiosyncratic. A contribution to the New American Nation series, which purports to cover broadly each of the periods it

surveys, this history ignores altogether most of what happened in the 1960s. No attention at all is given to agriculture or computers or Chicanos or Indians or the environment. Though Matusow, a professor of history and the dean of humanities at Rice University, devotes an entire chapter to the Students for a Democratic Society, including paragraph after paragraph on the vaporizings of obscure campus theoreticians, he gives not one word in his more than 500 pages to women. A citizen of Houston, he totally ignores the space program; from his account, one would never suspect that America was about to place a man on the moon. Nor is there any discussion of the Supreme Court's historic rulings on reapportionment, criminal justice, and prayer in the schools. The name of Earl Warren is never even mentioned. Furthermore, Matusow confines his manuscript research almost wholly to two presidential libraries. Though much of

his story is about legislation, he writes without citing a single collection of congressional manuscripts.

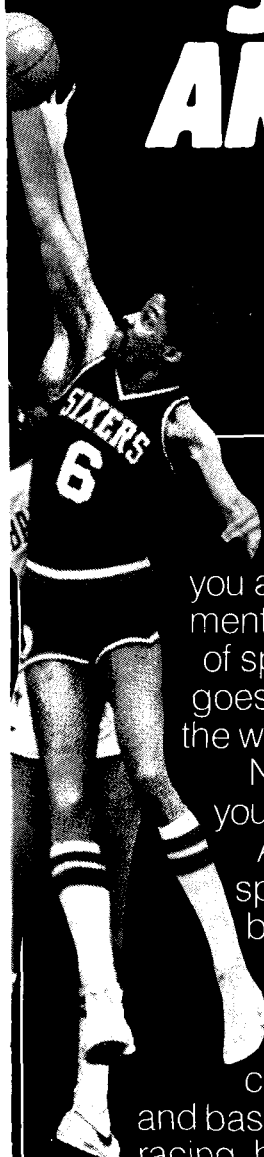
Matusow has put together not a chronicle of the "American nation" but a very different kind of book—"a history of domestic liberalism in the 1960s," or, more particularly, an examination of how certain liberal initiatives miscarried. Partly a focused policy analysis, partly an ideological tract (though whether for the left or libertarianism or quietism, it is unclear), *The Unraveling of America*, taken on its own terms, is a work of considerable power, energetically expounded and engagingly written. Matusow is capable of capturing a man in one sentence ("John Maynard Keynes was the British economist who argued brilliantly during the Great Depression that governments do not have to sit idly by while imperfect markets visit misery on mankind") and of sustaining a narrative over many pages. He gives the reader the benefit of his assiduous attention to the economic literature of the period, sometimes even stopping to offer a primer on, for example, the monetarism of Milton Friedman. Moreover, Matusow is usually impressively sure-handed in his dissection of election returns. And in tracing out the many threads that went into making the counterculture, he composes a chapter that is a tour de force.

He has also succeeded in imposing on his material an overarching theme: from its opening chapter to its final sentence, *The Unraveling of America* is a horror story, an account of how liberals destroyed the country and were in the end repudiated by it. "It is currently the fashion to pronounce the liberal effort to improve America a failure," Matusow comments. "Reared in the liberal tradition myself, I take no pleasure in having written a book that, in the main, documents the conventional wisdom." A chapter about the War on Poverty is presented under the marquee "The Failure of the Welfare State," and the final chapter, on the 1968 election, is entitled "Rout of the Liberals," though Matusow does not know quite what to do with the reality that the American people, said to be completely fed up with liberalism, came within an eyelash of sending that



William E. Leuchtenburg, William Rand Kenan Professor of History at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, is the author of *In the Shadow of FDR: From Harry Truman to Ronald Reagan*.

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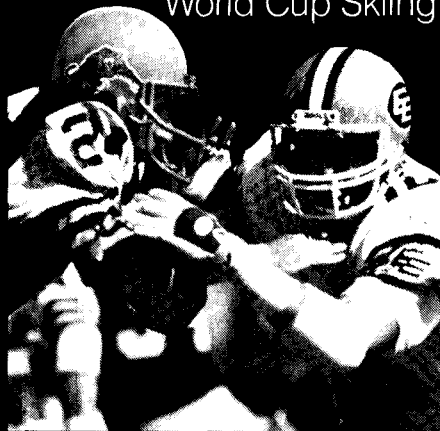


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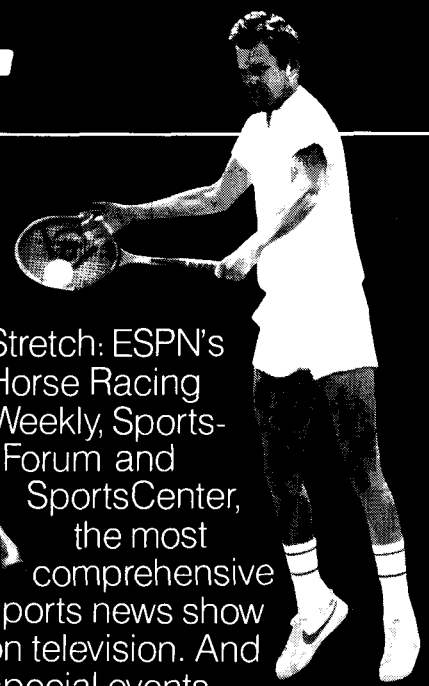


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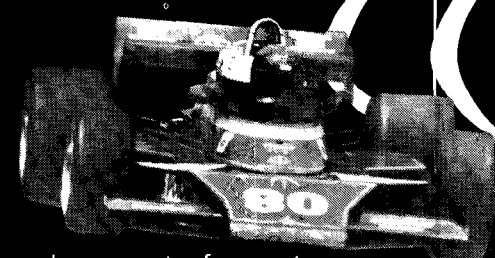


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archetypal liberal Hubert Humphrey to the White House.

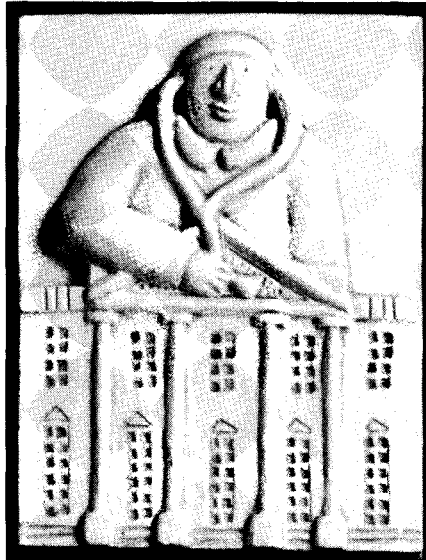
Even the excesses of the foes of liberalism—campus rioters, the Black Panthers, George Wallace—he lays at the door of the liberals. After pages of exposition of how mindless and menacing the radicalism of the sixties was, he ends by crediting it with all sorts of significant achievements, not least that of throwing “mainstream liberals on the defensive.” George Wallace had “a talent for laying bare the hypocrisies of white liberalism,” while “SNCC had allied with white liberals, only to discover that whenever it suited their convenience they would betray powerless blacks.”

Matusow presents the performance of John Kennedy, that “quintessential corporate liberal,” as an object lesson in the fatuity of state intervention. He asserts that Kennedy’s minimum-wage law did not help the poor but actually increased unemployment, as minimum-wage laws always must; that Kennedy’s area-redevelopment effort was a flop; that his manpower program turned out to be “a cure for a disease that did not exist”; and that his Omnibus Housing Act, another stupid attempt “to improve on . . . market forces,” was “one more example of liberal benevolence gone haywire.” Since, as Barry Goldwater had the foresight to recognize, there was no shortage of classrooms or teachers, Kennedy’s education proposal “deserved the oblivion to which Congress had consigned it.” In sum, his record proved the sagacity of the conservatives who charged it with “violation of market logic,” while “no less vindicated were those leftist critics who dismissed liberals as pseudo-reformers.”

Lyndon Johnson gets no better grades. Johnson’s “true fate,” Matusow says, was “to preside over the unraveling of America.” He does concede that “the South’s caste system disappeared as rapidly and completely as it did in large measure because Johnson was president.” But that system was “doomed in any case,” and in the North Johnson “ingloriously quit the battle.” Matusow characterizes Johnson’s courageous move in calling for a fair-housing bill in 1966, at a time when identification with the civil-rights cause had become a liability, as “shirking responsibility,” and he concludes his chapter on civil rights with this unfair sentence: “Thus Lyndon Johnson, who had once told his staff that civil rights leaders would have to wear sneakers to keep up with him, entered

the twilight of his presidency in retreat from the liberal hope of racial justice and ingratiating himself with the police.”

Matusow reserves most of his ammunition, though, for Johnson’s foolhardy embrace of Keynesian formulas and his feckless attempts to aid the poor. After showing at length, often very effectively, how difficult it is to decide whether the Administration’s economic advisers or their critics were correct, Matusow states unequivocally that the Keynesians “hit the skids in the war years” and that “Keynesian ideas played no small role in the unraveling of both liberalism and the economy—and no small role, therefore, in the unraveling of America.” Even more inane, in Matusow’s estimation, were the Great Society and the War



on Poverty. The 1965 education act, Medicare, Medicaid, public housing, the Job Corps, and all of the other ill-considered makeshifts of liberalism spent money to no purpose and often simply made things worse, he declares. The only Johnson program that did the poor any good, he adds sardonically, was the one that, by creating a labor shortage, improved their chances of finding work: the Vietnam War.

Matusow’s verdict of failure was preordained. Liberal economists, he notes, set the poverty line by determining how much it takes to maintain “a decent standard of living.” Sensible enough, you might think. But this view is “intellectually indefensible.” Poverty, he insists, can be lessened only by reducing inequality of income. The sole acceptable poverty program is one “to raise up the poor by casting down the rich.” By Ma-

tusow’s yardstick, no amount of improvement in the lot of the poor makes any difference unless the wealthy have less. Since the War on Poverty did not meet this test, “by definition” it was “one of the great failures of twentieth-century liberalism.”

The Unraveling of America offers an indescribably bleak view of where we have been and where we are. The 1960s, Matusow asserts, began with high hopes, but “in a few short years, optimism vanished.” And it will never return. For the only way the government could help the poor would be to take money away from those better off, and if it did that people would be discouraged from working, investment would slacken, living standards would fall, and everyone, including the poor, would be hurt. We live in a cruelly unjust society, Matusow intimates, and collective effort can do nothing about it. No more doleful book will be published this year.

IN A NUMBER of respects, Charles R. Morris’s *A Time of Passion*, a “personal exploration” of the 1960–1980 era, in which memoir and history make an attractive but somewhat unstable amalgam, offers a sharply contrasting perspective. Morris, a state and municipal official and a financier, who wrote the well-regarded *The Cost of Good Intentions: New York City and the Liberal Experiment—1960–1975*, believes that “the gloomy case is very hard to make.” During the sixties and seventies, he points out, “the pace of economic growth was the fastest in the entire history of the world,” the proportion of families living in poverty was cut in half, and blacks and women made enormous gains. He denies that the 1960s constituted a watershed or that America has been unraveling. People were as contented in the 1970s as in the 1950s, he claims, and all that the contrary evidence in the alienation studies reveals is “how fervently foundation executives and sociology professors would have detested being assembly line workers.”

Yet in other ways Morris fully endorses Matusow’s conclusions. If liberalism is Matusow’s pet dislike, rationalism is Charles Morris’s, but both authors are often talking about the same aversion. Kennedy and Johnson and their aides, Morris contends, got caught up in the endemic rationalist error—being so committed to theory that conflicting evidence is ignored. He sees “a fateful sym-

metry between Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty and his War in Vietnam," for each was an example of "rationalist misconceptions and overreaching." In the end, he states, "Johnson's dreams of a Great Society were dashed; his 'beautiful woman,' as he liked to call his anti-poverty programs, had become a bedizened old whore," and "there was really nothing left of the policies that Kennedy had initiated with such glorious panache and blazing enthusiasm only eight years before."

Every chief executive of the past quarter of a century save one elicits Morris's disapproval. He writes of Carter that except for the Camp David agreement, "his administration was a failure in virtually every respect," and complains that Reagan's goals and methods are "virtually identical" with Kennedy's—not surprisingly, since "intellectuals of the right are as prone to simplistic rationalism as intellectuals of the left." Only Richard Nixon, before he stumbled at Watergate, was a success. "Nixon's record on social legislation bears comparison with that of any other President," he declares unpersuasively, and "by conventional standards of diplomacy, the Nixon-Kissinger performance in extricating America from Vietnam was brilliant," for "Nixon's grasp of the realpolitik of the war was far more clear-headed than that of the liberal opposition." He even goes so far as to maintain, "When Richard Nixon was inaugurated for his second term in 1973, his admirers could plausibly argue that he had secured his place as one of the great Presidents."

In one regard more than any other, *A Time of Passion* resembles *The Unraveling of America*: like Matusow, Morris thinks we have much less capacity to shape our destinies, for good or ill, than we imagine. "The real forces that govern the world" are trends like "demographic surges" that we are unlikely even to recognize while they are happening. "The test of political maturity," he concludes, "will be our ability to recognize the existence of complexity, and to formulate public and private policies in the sure knowledge only that outcomes will be uncertain and simple answers insufficient."

AT FIRST GLANCE, the slim book by John E. Schwarz, a professor of political science at the University of Arizona, seems the slightest of the three. It

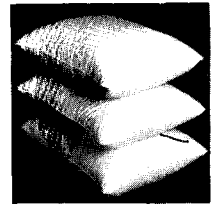
has only 140 large-type pages of text, and the entire discussion concentrates on a single subject. Furthermore, Schwarz's style, while serviceable enough, displays neither Matusow's talent for narration and exposition nor Morris's gift for sprightly aperçus. Often, Schwarz writes like a classroom instructor, repeating himself to be sure you get his point. Yet he has mounted not only the most cheerful but also the most compelling of the three arguments.

As the title suggests, *America's Hidden Success* rejects Matusow's dark vision. Also, unlike Morris's book, it credits the federal government over the past generation with the remarkable achievement of meeting "the two main priorities of the time: the reduction of poverty and the control of environmental pollution." Schwarz estimates that the proportion of people living in poverty in the United States was reduced from 18 percent in 1960 to somewhere between 4 and 8 percent in the late 1970s, and asserts that once Washington stepped in, the number of days when the air was badly polluted fell some 30 percent in just five years. By a series of calculations, he demonstrates that these accomplishments cannot be ascribed to the private sector but were nearly completely the result of federal programs.

Still, even if one were to grant that the government accomplished a lot, did the benefits not come at too high a cost—staggering tax increases, a swollen bureaucracy, a stagnant economy? No, Schwarz replies, those are all myths. Neither corporate nor personal income taxes soared in the years after 1960 when measured against the burgeoning income during that same period; there was no "monumental" increase in the federal deficit when the figures are seen in a comparative framework; and the growth in the number of civilian government employees was about the same as that for the labor force generally. Last, contrary to what everyone supposes to be true, the economy, far from being depressed by the burden of government, thrived in the 1970s, with the real GNP advancing "vigorously" and real income accelerating faster than in the halcyon days of the 1950s. Yet, despite all of the successes of the national government, especially of the Kennedy-Johnson programs that Matusow and Morris deprecate, Schwarz notes ruefully, "by the dawn of the 1980s, it was widely be-

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lieved . . . that the government's programs had done little to rectify the nation's problems."

Schwarz contends that we have fallen into a fundamental error—that of grounding our perception of recent history "on a host of false images of failure." On the contrary, he declares, if there is anything to lament, it is that we do not take sufficient pride in our spectacular accomplishments: the decline in the proportion of those living in substandard housing from 49 percent in 1940 to 8 percent in 1976; the decisive impact that food stamps have had in lessening "flagrant malnutrition"; the dramatic downturn during the decade after 1965 (the birth year of the Great Society legislation) in the mortality rate of black infants, from 40.3 per thousand births to 24.2; the creation in only fifteen years of new jobs for 29 million people—more than the entire work force of West Germany. If we understand the past properly, Schwarz writes, we ought to be asking now and in the future not only "What programs should be cut?" but also "What programs require an even stronger governmental presence?"

Whom to believe? Schwarz's view is the most appealing, but that consideration, in itself, is no reason to adopt it. For if we embrace a reading of history that is ill founded, we shall pay the price. Some of Schwarz's explanation seems too good to be true—notably his ebullient view of the performance of the economy in the 1970s—and his evidence needs to be tested against that offered by the other two authors. Matusow cannot be wholly wrong in thinking that some government efforts, however well intentioned, misfired, nor Morris in holding that we have entered an age of limits.

But the virtue of Schwarz's book is that it offers a well-reasoned challenge to the accepted wisdom that, in President Reagan's words, "Government is not the solution to our problem . . . government is the problem." Schwarz is surely right in pointing out that for too long now an uncritical acceptance of that view has impoverished political debate and restricted our realm of choice. *America's Hidden Success* suggests not only that we cannot rely on the private sector alone, and that the creation of a just society demands a large role for the national government, but also that we have done better than we realize and can do so again. □

NOVELIST AS PREACHER

BY JONATHAN Raban

THE PAPER MEN

by William Golding.

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$13.95.



"THE PERSON YOU see before you," said William Golding, lecturing in Hamburg, ". . . is not entirely a human being; he is a set book." In Rouen, he said: "My work is now indissolubly wedded to the educational world. I am the raw material of an academic light industry." The two remarks nicely pinpoint Golding's extremely odd status as a modern writer. His books, so often less than wholly readable, have proved supremely teachable. In the schoolroom, Golding is one of the first novelists of all time; outside, he tends to be regarded with bewildered, and sometimes envious, skepticism. Anthony Burgess (who is not the most disinterested witness alive) has pronounced him "boring." Last year's Nobel Prize produced some howls of incredulity from the Contras: Golding was not just boring, he was "a minor British phenomenon" and possibly a plagiarist to boot.

Few novelists arouse either that sort of reverence or that sort of contempt. To be labeled simultaneously a sage and a charlatan is something that happens often to famous preachers and almost never to writers of fiction. But then, William Golding is, in his way, a famous preacher. His books owe at least as much to the tradition of the sermon as they do to the tradition of the novel. Golding is not good at creating the illusion of reality in his work; fictional events occur in it the way they do in parables. His prose style lacks melody and often seems clumsy. Its distinction lies in its knottiness, its sinewy way of worrying at large moral issues and making slow, insistent sense of them. Its theological tenor is troubled, personal, distinctively Anglican. The novelist working in the mainstream of the genre habitually hides behind his own artifice; Golding's style has the effect of exposing the person of the novelist, as if writer and reader were working

in collusion on a tricky moral quest. It is a style much given to such priestly gestures as gazing up at the rafters in an exasperated search for enlightenment and thundering directly down at the pews when it arrives. To the nonbeliever who has strayed into the back of the church, the style can look unintentionally comic and theatrically strained; but to the believer it is enthralling stuff, as it searches out the crannies of the human soul.

Like sermons, Golding's novels have their scriptural texts. *Lord of the Flies* was, of course, explicitly pinned to *Coral Island* and other Victorian boys' adventure stories. Behind *Pincher Martin* is the shadowy presence of Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"; behind *Rites of Passage* is *Billy Budd*. All the books are enriched by, or suffer from, a kind of chronic allusiveness; they enlist the aid of quotations from the Bible, from literature, from works of theology.

Golding's new novel, *The Paper Men*, will neither disappoint the believers nor make many converts from the ranks of the skeptics. Judged simply as a work of fiction, it is crude and shrill: a frantic comedy that has the considerable drawback of not being funny. Judged as a sermon, though, it is something else: a bleak and vexed meditation on the relationship between Man and his Creator. As one who warms to both sermons and works of fiction, I find myself—as many readers will, I think—in a serious muddle. *The Paper Men*, for all its creakiness and flat jokes, does succeed in gesturing, at least, at something profound. It even goes so far as to assert that creakiness and flat jokes are a necessary product—a symptom, if you like, of the undeniable fact that the book has a merely human author.

THE PAPER MEN begins with a rifled trash can full of marmalade-smeared papers—the leavings of a supposedly distinguished English novelist called Wilfred Barclay. The violator of the papers is a hairy American academic, Rick L. Tucker. The writer and his critic confront each other over the trash can in the small hours. Barclay has an air gun. Pants in this scene are worn, as they say, down, and they stay down as the book turns into a round-the-world chase with Barclay and Tucker pursuing each other like mythic characters round a Grecian urn. Tucker wants to write Barclay's

Jonathan Raban is the author of *Arabia and Old Glory*.



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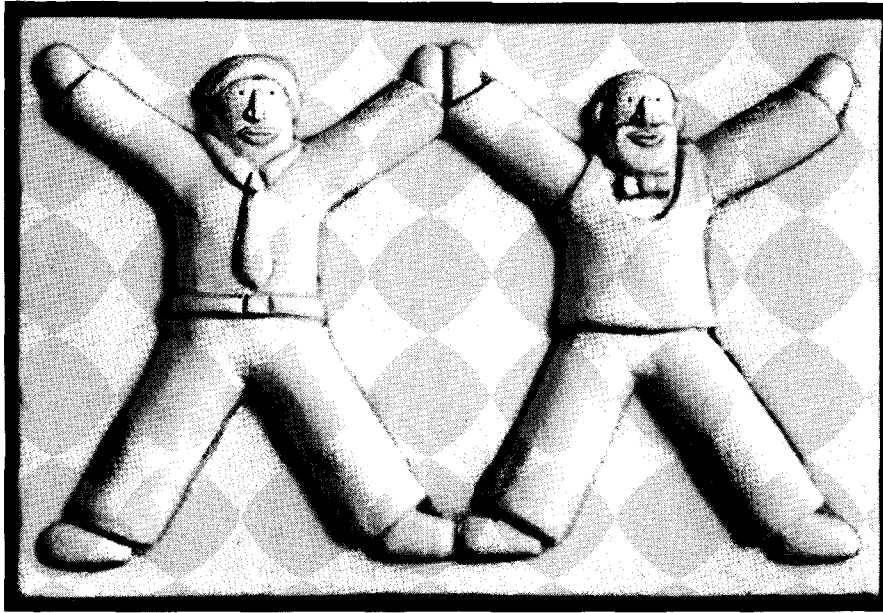
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life. Barclay revenges himself by writing Tucker into a book. Many thousands of miles are covered in planes and hired cars. The gun eventually proves mightier than the pen, but between the first confrontation and the final gunshot lies a great tract of geography filled with farcical incident which is also a religious tract—based on the proposition that Man creates God in his image just as surely as God created Man in His. The sodden author and his silly critic are the main actors in the farce, but in the larger drama they are only understudies.

It is, though, the immediate farce with which the reader has to engage himself—and it is by any standards a dismal affair. One isn't tricked for a second into believing in the human reality of either Wilfred Barclay, novelist, or Rick L. Tucker, biographer and critic. Barclay lives in a tediously slangy saloon-bar style. He refers to himself as "yours truly." He speaks of his first novel as "a one-off." He vents himself of great lumps of empty soliloquizing:

Here was old Wilf with what young men long for, as much money as he could spend and more, growing old, of course, but not aware he was screaming, dismarried if I can put it that way and quite possibly some sort of marriageable commodity if he had stayed long enough in one place, able to ride, fly, glide, sit, stand, walk, healthy in mind and body against all the odds with the world wide open for him—here, I say, was Wilf in a state of perfect freedom. People should be warned

against it. Freedom should carry a government health warning like cancer sticks! Teach that in the schools, thunder it from the pulpits, rise to propose it, Mr. Speaker, hear hear, at all costs do not trust it, gentle maiden!

Is that what I am trying to convey?

Well, scratch me if I know, is the reader's response, as he tries to extricate himself from the company of the bar bore, who in this case is meant to be a writer of fiction that is as famous and critically acclaimed as Golding's. I myself wouldn't trust old Wilf much further than the sports section of the local paper.

Rick L. Tucker is a comic American of a type grown mercifully rarer in British fiction since transatlantic fares tumbled in the 1960s: he is, in other words, comic because he's an American. He is married off to his female countertype, who is (of course) called Mary Lou. When husband and wife are together, the dialogue is twice as funny because it is twice as American:

"Was there any sun, hon?"

"Sun, hon?"

"In our room this afternoon, hon."

"Why none, hon, I guess not."

A lot of the novel is given over to this sort of doodling, and much of it is very slapdash stuff, as when Tucker is made to go on about "when I got my dee fill . . ." Oxford, where Golding went, does grant D.Phil.s to literary graduates; the University of Astrakhan, Nebraska ("Ole Ashcan"), surely doesn't. Golding

makes a multitude of small but irritating slips and elisions that suggest that he has no very firm grip on his unlikely characters.

If the farce in the foreground of the book is feeble and mismanaged, the theology that drives the story is quite sophisticated. As the title warns us, these are only paper men. They are both supposed to be writers of a sort, and they are the major characters in each other's work—assemblies of type on a page, living in paragraphs, talking between quotation marks. In the sermon that (I take it) is Golding's real concern, Barclay and Tucker both mirror and mock the act of divine creation as they vainly attempt to create each other. They are gross, stupid, selfish, blind. Who are they to assume the prerogative of God? Why, comes the answer pat on cue, they are men, doomed by their nature to act out impulses that they cannot understand. "Neither of us, critic and author," Wilfred Barclay says, "we knew nothing about people or not enough. We knew about paper, that was all."

In the person of Barclay, Golding has tried to build a model of the Novelist as Original Sinner. Barclay is sunk in his own egotism and indifference. Alcohol sweats from his pores. Divorced from his wife (whom he watches with a leaden eye as she painfully dies from cancer), he is also fatally divorced from knowledge of his Creator. The titles of his books—*Coldharbour*, *All We Like Sheep*, *The Birds of Prey*, and *Horses at the Spring*—are laid in the text like cryptic clues, of which the oddest is by far the most important. It leads the reader to the prophecy, in Isaiah, of the coming of the scapegoat Christ figure: "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Barclay is that scapegoat. He is bereft of understanding ("an ignorant sod with little Latin and less Greek"). He has lost all contact with the source of his own creativity (as the title of his last novel ironically signals). He is reduced to a life of flight and bad temper, dogged by the frightful critic whose company he has richly earned. Isaiah warned of a "son of man who shall be made as grass"; Golding has fashioned the same figure out of paper. Wilfred Barclay, it has to be said, is as rigidly stylized as a piece of origami.

No one, though, could accuse Golding of having settled for a trivial theme. All

the material is here for a tragic moral lesson, and it must have seemed a good idea for Golding to work it out in the form of tragedy's first cousin, farce. Where the book goes wrong is in its failure to recognize that farce, too, has certain obligations to reality, to the reader's hunger for what is credible, for what looks and sounds *right*. As the false notes accumulate in *The Paper Men*, one begins to lose all faith in the author—a theological irony that Golding himself is in a unique position to appreciate.

THERE IS ANOTHER serious problem, which I have held over for as long as possible in this review. Wilfred Barclay complains (in a voice very much like Golding's own) that the automatic assumption made by the stupid critic is that nothing is new. "The question to be asked when reading one book is, what other books does it come from?" In fact, that question is not asked very often about the work of most modern novelists. (No one, so far as I know, has ever accused Saul Bellow, or Philip Roth, or Graham Greene, or Iris Murdoch, of trespassing in other people's gardens.) It is a question that attaches itself to Golding's books. His ingrained literariness, his taste for quotation and oblique allusion, have the effect of constantly reminding the reader of other novels.

The Paper Men raises one such paper ghost in my head. This story of an author and his critic, locked in fascinated mutual dislike, each believing that he is the creator of the other . . . does it not ring bells? Didn't Nabokov write just such a story in *Pale Fire*, with Kinbote and Shade entangled in the same fatal spiral as Tucker and Barclay? And does it matter?

It does, acutely, because the moment one thinks of *Pale Fire*, the fire of *The Paper Men* pales dreadfully by comparison. Golding has none of Nabokov's genius for bringing a whole world gleamingly to life. The university campus in *Pale Fire* was as real as Cornell is real; the vanity and pathos of the critic was at once absurd and heartbreaking; the dignified indifference of the author was powerful and true. (Nabokov even managed to write a sample of John Shade's work that could earn a place in an anthology of American verse on its own merits; Wilfred Barclay's novels are no more than improbable hypotheses.) Nabokov brought to his theme a display of stag-

gering formal ingenuity; to explore it, he created a new kind of novel. To the same theme, more or less, Golding brings a quantity of gruff theologizing.

It is the arcane theology that survives in the book long after Barclay and Tucker have died on the page. It presents itself in the form of questions that look as if they had escaped from a school examination paper. Viz.: "We grope for the wall like the blind" (Isaiah 59:10). What significance does this quotation have in your reading of *The Paper Men*? What is the connection, if any, between Wilfred Barclay's first novel and the reluctant apostate Bishop Tunstall? Why is John St. John John so called? Why does Wilfred Barclay bear the stigmata of his own initials on the back of his hand? What is the role of Mr. Halliday, and why is he not mentioned in *Who's Who*?

Readers who have got beyond the examinable age, and who prefer novels to schoolroom lessons in theology, will not, I'm afraid, exert themselves overmuch to find the answers. The wiser ones, obscurely prompted to remember an old pleasure, will reread *Pale Fire* and find it magical. □

NECESSARY INHIBITIONS

BY CLIVE JAMES

T. S. ELIOT: A STUDY IN
CHARACTER AND STYLE
by Ronald Bush.

Oxford University Press, \$25.00.



HERE IS A LEARNED, literate, thoughtful book about T. S. Eliot that ought to bring his poetry closer. Then why does it make you feel, long before you have finished reading it, that Eliot's poetry is drifting further away? Eugenio Montale once said that there is a danger that scholarship and criticism will act together to shed "too much light" on a work of art. Only the captious would accuse Ronald Bush of having shed too much light here, but it will be a forbearing reader who does not sometimes conclude, while puzzling his way through

Clive James is a literary critic and novelist. He is the author of, most recently, *Brilliant Creatures*, a novel.

this densely argued monograph, that any poetry that induces such a complexity of exegesis might just possibly have something wrong with it.

Mr. Bush himself voices doubts about the consistency of Eliot's achievement after *The Waste Land*, but modestly refrains from adducing, as supplementary evidence, the fact that he felt compelled to write a book-length commentary that might have been a mere article if Eliot had gone on succeeding—or, at any rate, had not failed in a way that requires so much help from explicators in order to be made intelligible. Mr. Bush does not blame Eliot for needing him. Professor Denis Donoghue, we remember, betrayed no such hesitation in the case of Yeats, saying that what was wrong with Yeats was that he needed so much learned attention from the likes of Professor Donoghue. It is possible, however, that Professor Donoghue picked up this notion from the late Dr. F. R. Leavis, who thought that the total number of "fully achieved" poems written by Yeats was two, and that everything else was vitiated by its crying need for illumination from an outside source. Leaving aside its infernal arrogance, the palpable falseness of this idea did not stop it from becoming a talking point in its turn, a contribution to the exponentially expanding literature on Yeats, as opposed to the relatively contracting literature of Yeats.

Mr. Bush has composed a distinguished increment to the literature on Eliot. Before deciding whether the literature of Eliot has been further shriveled as a consequence, we can count ourselves lucky that a scholar with a critical mind—or a critic with scholarly equipment, if the converse priority is preferred—is on the case. Admittedly, Professor Hugh Kenner covered the same subject more than twenty years ago, but *The Invisible Poet* was a volume of his modern marvels encyclopedia only marginally less frenzied than the one devoted to Ezra Pound. Besides, Eliot's private life was hard to discuss at that time. Relevant data having piled up in the interim, the way is clear for another very clever, but this time less hagiographic, book connecting the man who suffered with the mind that created. Mr. Bush takes the opportunity with enthusiasm, especially in the matter of Eliot's human frailty, which gets a lot of emphasis—to the point where we might be inclined, perhaps unwisely, to regard the man who

wrote *The Waste Land* as an ordinary human being like the rest of us, who didn't write it.

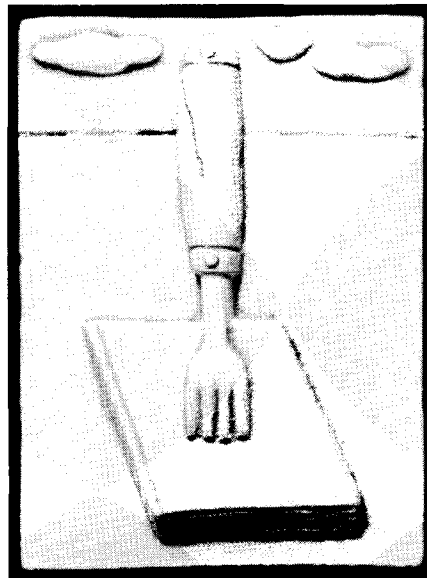
But if Mr. Bush can't fully approve of what came after *The Waste Land*, at least his disapproval helps him to approve of *The Waste Land*, so to some extent he stays attached to the reality of the matter, which is that Eliot, when he did succeed in writing poetry, wrote something no amount of explanation can fully explain. Having remembered in this one case that he is dealing with an entity rather greater than the sum of its elements, Mr. Bush is able to talk informatively about the elements. That *The Waste Land*, whether or not it is a lament for a wrecked civilization, is certainly a lament for a wrecked marriage has been argued before, most notably by Ian Hamilton in *A Poetry Chronicle*, whose chapter on *The Waste Land* seems to have escaped Mr. Bush's otherwise panscopic attention. A pity, because its example might have kept him down to earth. But he stays down to earth long enough to get some pertinent things said concerning the various ways Eliot avoided speaking outright about his personal suffering, and so wrote a poem whose impersonality became, and still becomes, the private property of any reader.

ELIOT'S TWO MAIN strategems, one of which Mr. Bush likes a lot and the other of which he likes less, were the "accidental image" and the applied myth. The accidental image had its heritage in French symbolism, and there can be no doubt that Eliot, as well as being intellectually drawn to the technique through the opportunities it offered for compression and resonance, really did find his own psyche more accessible when he took it by surprise, rather than through a frontal assault.

Mr. Bush gives the poet good marks for achieving in *The Waste Land* even more of what he had achieved in the earlier poems by way of outsmarting his inhibitions. He gives bad marks, though, for how the same poet, looking upon what he had wrought, foisted a myth-schema onto it so that it would look more portentous or, at any rate, less vulnerable. The poetic moments are the real McCoy, but the overall pattern is a put-job.

Though Mr. Bush makes too much of this when dealing with *Four Quartets* later on, its relevance to *The Waste Land*

is hard to question, and for a while we are given some real criticism to ponder. But the attendant speculation might have been of higher quality, instead of just high-flown. The biographical details that are not supposed to be available (if the poet's widow had allowed an official biography straightaway, it might have dished out neatly the beans that the unofficial biographies have so clumsily spilled) are brought in by Mr. Bush with welcome tact, but not even so fastidious a scholar can resist constructing a straw man with them. Mr. Bush's straw man was always inhibited. He always had difficulty expressing himself. Mr. Bush might have asked himself harder, if he asked himself at all, whether the real man was that simple. Suppose, for ex-



ample, that Eliot knew all about his own mental condition and cherished it as the motor of his gift. Would a poem that *directly* complained about the agony of his marriage have been a desirable, or even imaginable, artistic object? When Eliot, toward the end of his life, finally achieved the bliss of married love, it produced exactly one lyric.

Mr. Bush finds the poems between *The Waste Land* and *Four Quartets* too incantatory, too dependent on willful echolalia—in short, too patterned. Before, myth was doing the patterning at a late stage of composition, but now the patterning was being done from the jump by Eliot's weakness for assonance: that is, by his strength for assonance left unguarded. Again, this is well argued, but the essential point is left out, which is that *The Hollow Men* and *Ash-Wednesday* are full of lines hard to

forget even at their most obviously contrived.

It is no doubt true that Eliot, in shifting his admiration from the poetry of Donne to the prose of Lancelot Andrewes, renounced the self-indulgence of the metaphysical quiddity and embraced the chastening ideal of a reasoned verse. To add that "Eliot fastened upon philosophical precision not as a mode of public speech but as a way of avoiding it" is a justifiable turn of the screw. But even when you take into account—as Mr. Bush perhaps too generously does not—the sheer tedium of the choruses from *The Rock*, there is nevertheless enough in Eliot's period of plain and fancy chant to remind you that although incantation may be a bad word in Mr. Bush's vocabulary, André Gide thought that poetry should consist of nothing else.

BUT MR. BUSH has a line to push. Eliot's proneness to pattern-making reaches its culmination in *Four Quartets*, which is, or are, damaged as a consequence. Once again, there is enough in this notion to save it from being self-evidently silly. There *is* something willful, even mechanical, about the sequence of "movements," a pretension to musical form that makes Eliot sound unmusical for the first time in his life. But Mr. Bush might have asked himself whether Dante—to take an example closely relevant to Eliot—was not being equally mechanical when he decided to write three canticles of thirty-three cantos each with each canticle ending on the same word. The *Divine Comedy* proves that a work of art can be mechanically organized and still be organically alive. So does *Four Quartets*, which is not only as marvelous in its poetic parts as Mr. Bush says it is but also much more poetic in its prosaic parts than he seems to realize. Throughout the book he underestimates the value that Eliot placed on—and that we should place on—the verse that was just prose but more than just prose. When Eliot wrote the "No! I am not Prince Hamlet" sequence in *Prufrock*, he hit pay dirt.

Not all of his image-free verse is his best, but much of his best verse is image-free. Mr. Bush, stuck with his theory of the accidental image, finds this fact harder to appreciate than he ought, and he is thus too ready to believe Professor Donald Davie's confident pronouncement that the passage in "The Dry Salvages" containing the line about

the "very good dinner" is disastrously dull. But Professor Davie's "devastating critique" of this supposed lapse would be disproportionate even if it were correct. Eliot is pretending to be an old buffer, or he is an old buffer, but it fits either way. If those lines are blemishes, so are liver spots.

Deafness to tone is not among Mr. Bush's drawbacks, but he parades enough academic affectations to make it seem to be. The occupational hazard of strained argument automatically produces the deadly catchphrases that try to say the argument isn't strained at all. "It's no accident, then . . .," "It is not surprising, then . . .," ". . . it is neither accidental nor surprising . . .," "It is not for nothing that . . .," "And it is no accident that. . . ." This is not too gruesome a tally as publish-or-perish texts go, but it is lucky that the body of the book contains nothing to match a lulu in the notes at the back: "My gesture towards *Finnegans Wake* is deliberate." My own gesture, upon reading this, was equally deliberate: a hand pointing toward the door. Get out, sir, and come back when your tongue is clean.

Mr. Bush's tongue will be a healthy pink again after the fever of book writing passes. Too appreciative of his subject to be completely fooled by his own theories about it, he retains at the end some of the excitement with which he began. As Brecht said in his little poem, when the fork with the lovely bone handle breaks, the trick is to discount your new knowledge that it must always have been flawed and remember how you thought it flawless. Mr. Bush tells the story of a fork revealing its flaw, but at the end he remembers. Indeed, he remembers too well, calling "Little Gidding" not just the high point of Eliot's poetry but the high point of modernist verse, beyond which the post-modernist variety has not gone and apparently may not go. Any literary criticism that sounds like science is bad, but this sounds like bad science.

The book contains enough good criticism to restore the balance. It is a solid contribution to the literature on Eliot. Bright students may be directed toward it in the certainty that they will pick up something, if only a decent respect for the author's wide reading. But surely the chance is getting slimmer that they will have the time, the energy, and the necessary innocence to make the literature of Eliot their own. □

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SHORT REVIEWS



THE MARCH OF FOLLY by Barbara W. Tuchman. Knopf, \$18.95. Ms. Tuchman distinguishes folly from other forms of misgovernment as an action that meets three criteria. It "must have been perceived as counterproductive in its own time, not merely by hindsight." It must have been the policy of a group and have continued over a considerable period. "Finally, a feasible alternative course of action must have been available." Rather surprisingly, she begins her study with a discussion of the Trojan horse, an affair that is admittedly a bit weak in the temporal requirement but elegantly clear-cut in the other two, providing a sound, if legendary, prototype of official wooden-headedness. Ms. Tuchman's historical examples of folly are the papal extravagances that precipitated the Protestant Reformation, the British arrogance that provoked the American Revolution, and our own stubborn refusal to recognize a dead end in Vietnam. The Renaissance popes were gaudy reprobates and the politicians of eighteenth-century Britain were almost as witty as they were incompetent, making two thirds of the book amusing reading despite its glum subject. The section on Vietnam, in contrast, is unrelieved by either melodrama or eloquence. It is entirely grim, and the epilogue, which places the origins of folly in the refusal to learn from experience and the reluctance to admit error, is grimmer.

MAIRA by Darcy Ribeiro. Vintage, \$7.95. Mr. Ribeiro is a Brazilian anthropologist who has also served as minister of education and culture under a progressive government, has lived in exile after a military coup d'état, and is currently lieutenant governor of Rio de Janeiro. All these experiences, and particularly his long study of native Brazilian tribes, contribute to his novel. The tale concerns, ostensibly, the discovery of the nude body of a white woman on the outskirts of a settlement of jungle Indians. Dead or alive, she had no business to be there, and an official inquiry is languidly set in motion. The real subject of the novel, however, is not the investigation

but the collision between modern Brazil and the antique forest. The author covers the nature of Indian thought and culture, the oppressive and irresponsible policies of the government in dealing with Indians, the greed and dishonesty of officials, and the hopeless position of aborigines confronted by an alien and incomprehensible power. Mr. Ribeiro transmutes all these themes into believable characters and intriguing events, turning social criticism into a truly fine work of fiction.

CHILDHOOD by Nathalie Sarraute. Braziller, \$14.95. Born in 1902, Ms. Sarraute spent her childhood shuttling between divorced parents in Russia and Paris, where her life was complicated by an unsympathetic stepmother. Her own mother had literary connections. Her father was a political refugee. Experience of that kind could easily become the stuff of picturesque nostalgia, but Ms. Sarraute is not one to succumb to the obvious or the easy. Her memoir takes the form of a dialogue between memory, which produces images of glittering ice or dingy street, family affection or juvenile misery, and artistic conscience, which constantly asks, "Are you sure about that?" The two voices are never actually identified as memory and conscience, but such they surely must be, and they provide an enlightening illustration of the pleasures and perils of autobiography.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COTTON MATHER by Kenneth Silverman. Harper & Row, \$29.95. Cotton Mather (1663–1728) has come, according to his biographer, to "symbolize what American character is not, or should not be—bigoted, superstitious, authoritarian, and devious." He was all of that, as Mr. Silverman demonstrates, but also he became a Fellow of the Royal Society through his interest in science, he advocated smallpox vaccination and nearly had his house bombed in consequence, he encouraged a mild ecumenicalism among his quarrelsome fellow clergy, he was instrumental in founding Yale College, and he wrote prodigiously, turning out everything from small tracts to an enormous and disorderly history of Massachusetts. He was renowned as preacher, scholar, and conversationalist, and detested as an inveterate political meddler, or a waffler, or both. (It cannot be easy to meddle and waffle simultaneously, but Mather did

manage it.) Mr. Silverman does not attempt to make Mather an attractive character. He presents the man as a phenomenon, the first distinctly American author, one whose career illustrates the "lack of standards or . . . freedom to create" produced by colonial separation from Europe, and sees him as a forerunner of such idiosyncratic independents as Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson. On those grounds, this biography is well justified.

SCHOOL FOR MURDER by Robert Barnard. Scribner's, \$12.95. Burleigh School, somewhere in England, is a loathsome place, and Mr. Barnard describes its manifold deficiencies with a malicious gusto certain to amuse any reader who has ever resented a nincompoop teacher. It is easy to forgive the author for the lackluster murder mystery that is the novel's official subject.

MRS. PAT by Margot Peters. Knopf, \$22.95. While Patrick Campbell was abroad seeking his perpetually elusive fortune, his wife, who had shown flair in amateur theatricals, turned professional actress. This was a drastic step in 1888, but she had two young children who liked to eat. Her aunt Kate wrote from Paris, "Poor, dear child, good-bye. I cannot see for my tears. Oh, Beatrice, how could you?" Within five years, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the sensation of London as the first Second Mrs. Tanqueray. She went on to play a series of similarly unorthodox heroines, including Shaw's Eliza Doolittle. Her gaunt, pre-Raphaelite beauty, her unconventional acting style, her lacerating wit, her extravagant wardrobe, her daring theatrical ventures, and her presumed amours (which included an affair in ink only with GBS) kept her at the top of her profession until age and fat overtook her. To become a mere character actress—"cannon fodder," as she put it—was beneath her dignity, or perhaps beyond her power. She turned to self-caricature, her conduct increasingly eccentric, her tongue increasingly outrageous. She died in France in 1940, lonely and broke, calling out in her delirium for theatrical friends who were, for the most part, long since buried. Was she a great actress? Ms. Peters cannot prove it, for stage acting is the most ephemeral of arts. What her biographer does prove is that Mrs. Pat was a fascinating character, an extraordinary performer, and a

strong influence in the development of modern theater.

LINES AND SHADOWS by Joseph Wambaugh. *Morrow*, \$15.95. In the late 1970s, the San Diego Police Department assigned ten officers to patrol canyons along the national border for the unusual purpose of protecting Mexicans illegally entering the United States from robbery, rape, and murder by Mexican bandits. Mr. Wambaugh has reconstructed the experiences of the men on that peculiar beat by weaving their reminiscences into a single narrative in which the action runs at high speed and the style preserves something of the emphasis and more of the vocabulary of his informants. The text, in short, is pretty rough stuff, but it serves Mr. Wambaugh's purpose. He intends to describe and to account for the breakdown of morale that eventually afflicted all the policemen working at a job that required them to ignore the rules of their profession. He does that effectively and excitingly.

AUSTIN AND MABEL edited with an introduction by Polly Longworth. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux*, \$24.95. Mabel Loomis, a young woman endowed with brains, beauty, and considerable musical and artistic skill, married David Todd, an astronomer. When he joined the faculty of Amherst College, Mabel, who was accustomed to life in Washington, feared boredom in the boondocks. She found instead a love affair with Austin Dickinson and a friendship-by-note with his sister Emily, whose poetry she eventually brought to publication. The Dickinson sisters actively connived with the lovers. Mabel's husband took the affair calmly. Austin's wife did not. Nobody concerned, including the observant citizens of Amherst, can have suffered any boredom from the romance, but readers confronted with the letters exchanged by Austin and Mabel may, despite Ms. Longworth's considerate editing, fall prey to mild ennui. Love letters that delight the intended recipient are designed precisely for that purpose; to alien eyes, they tend to become repetitious. Ms. Longworth's account of the Dickinsons and Todds through friendships and feuds is, however, both lively and amusing. It contributes to the growing realization that the Victorians, erotically speaking, have been woefully underestimated.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the March Puzzler, "LABYRINTH"

1	M	I	N	O	T	A	U	R	F	I	R	S
2	S	E	C	R	E	T	T	R	A	D	E	R
3	C	H	A	R	G	E	P	E	D	D	L	E
4	T	O	N	N	A	G	E	T	A	R	O	T
5	P	A	R	A	D	E	D	E	N	T	E	D
6	O	P	E	N	I	N	G	R	U	M	E	N
7	T	A	R	T	A	R	C	A	S	T	L	E
8	S	T	R	I	D	E	B	E	R	E	T	S
9	S	H	O	C	K	S	U	G	A	R	E	D
10	M	A	R	A	C	A	S	A	S	S	A	M
11	S	T	A	T	U	R	E	B	O	O	Z	E
12	R	E	S	E	T	S	A	C	O	R	N	S

The extra letters spell MS. PAC-MAN.

Across. 1. MINO(TAU)R; FIRS (homophone) 2. SEC(RE)T; TRA-DER (rev.) 3. CHAR-GE; PEDDLE (homophone) 4. TON(NAG)E; T(A)ROT 5. PAR(AD)E; DEN-TED 6. OPENING (anag.); RUMEN (homophone) 7. TAR-TAR; CAST(L)E 8. ST(RID)E (set anag.); BER(E)T'S 9. S-HOCK; SU(GAR)E-D 10. MA-RACAS (a car's anag.); A(SSA)M (ass rev.) 11. S(TAT)URE; B-OOZE 12. RESETS (anag.); A-CORN'S *Labyrinth*. a. M(A-Z)E-S b. ROSS (hidden) c. A(RE)A d. BU(GAB)-OO e. C(AES)ARS (sea rev.) f. TUCKS (homophone) g. ERADICATES (anag.) h. RATERS (anag.) i. SHO(R)TS-TOP j. PAR-TNER (rev.) k. NOTCHES (anag.) l. INCA-RNADINE (a dinner anag.) m. G-AGE n. ROT(A)TE (T tore anag.) o. TUR-RETED (rev.) p. GRENAD-A (danger anag.) q. FIDDLER (pun) r. RE(TORTE)D s. NESTLE (hidden) t. MUSTERED (homophone)

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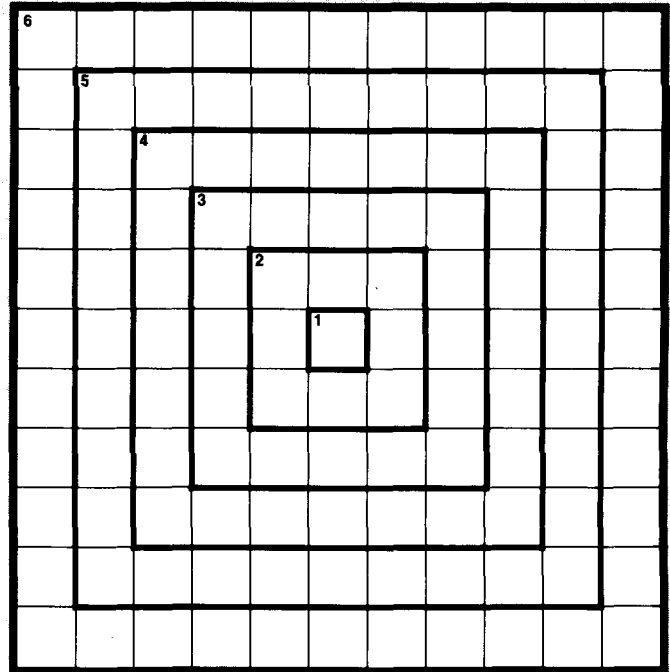
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TARGET PRACTICE

Answers to clues are to be entered in horizontal rows and vertical columns, as in a normal crossword. These rows and columns each contain two words totaling 11 letters. A word may pass through anywhere from one to six of the numbered rings, but its clue is listed under the number of the *innermost* ring through which it passes. To get you oriented, Ring 2 will contain an appropriate 8-letter term reading clockwise from the numbered square. Answers include nine proper words and an uncommon word at 2c.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 149.



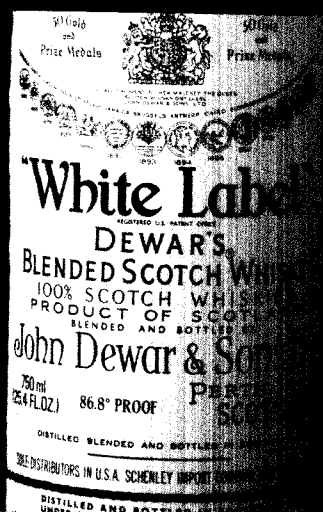
CLUES

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1a. Sportsman in range shot about 50 (6)</p> <p>b. Cooked pie treat for gourmet (7)</p> <p>2a. Bombing result in Northern Ireland (6)</p> <p>b. Captured by Turkish ruler, I weep and act defiant (7)</p> <p>c. Grasp broken wagon brake (5)</p> <p>d. Ivy has wound around eastern university (7)</p> <p>e. Runs hillside, front to back (5)</p> <p>f. School's foremost fish move in a leisurely way (6)</p> <p>g. Star crosses inside nebula (5)</p> <p>3a. Cavils about language (6)</p> <p>b. Comprehended 7-5 (4)</p> <p>c. Lazy pastoral poem recited (4)</p> <p>d. Nepal needs reform of laws dealing with criminals (5)</p> <p>e. Oil giant once trimmed losses back (4)</p> | <p>f. Raise ruckus, losing head about a TV broadcast (7)</p> <p>g. River in Venezuela or in Orange County (7)</p> <p>h. Rows beyond the first bodies in the sea (5)</p> <p>i. Story about bird has no saint for author (6) (<i>two words</i>)</p> <p>j. Thing I encountered on the way back (4)</p> <p>k. Arrive, almost at a state of unconsciousness (4)</p> <p>4a. Cut hole for missiles in surrounding countryside's middle (7)</p> <p>b. Deputy, getting hole in one, keeps tee (6)</p> <p>c. Jot the first nine letters from right to left (4)</p> <p>d. Los Angeles element from south of the border (5)</p> <p>e. Note entertainer's spirit (5)</p> <p>f. Opening bag at last, had lunch (4)</p> <p>g. Strong wind disrupted a coiffure (7)</p> | <p>h. Tack a tail halfway in figure hung at a party (6)</p> <p>5a. Catching spike, rip seat (7) (<i>two words</i>)</p> <p>b. Dodger enthusiast's chief villain (6)</p> <p>c. Furry animal's pictures taken by people (6)</p> <p>d. Name of a girl in Buffalo—Laverne (4)</p> <p>e. Fixed hose to pump, perhaps (4)</p> <p>f. Sensor picks up one sound (5)</p> <p>g. Special railroad tie developed (5)</p> <p>h. <i>Time</i> article on movie rating returned with acknowledgment (7)</p> <p>6a. Behaves condescendingly about wavy line patterns (7)</p> <p>b. Flowers I planted in platforms (7)</p> <p>c. Hungarians in rags may rebel (7)</p> <p>d. Listened to river's sound (4)</p> <p>e. Therefore, monster returns (4)</p> <p>f. One left in children's shops (6)</p> <p>g. Roaming Norse man in Spain (5)</p> <p>h. Statistics kept on pitchers' ages (4)</p> |
|--|---|---|

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



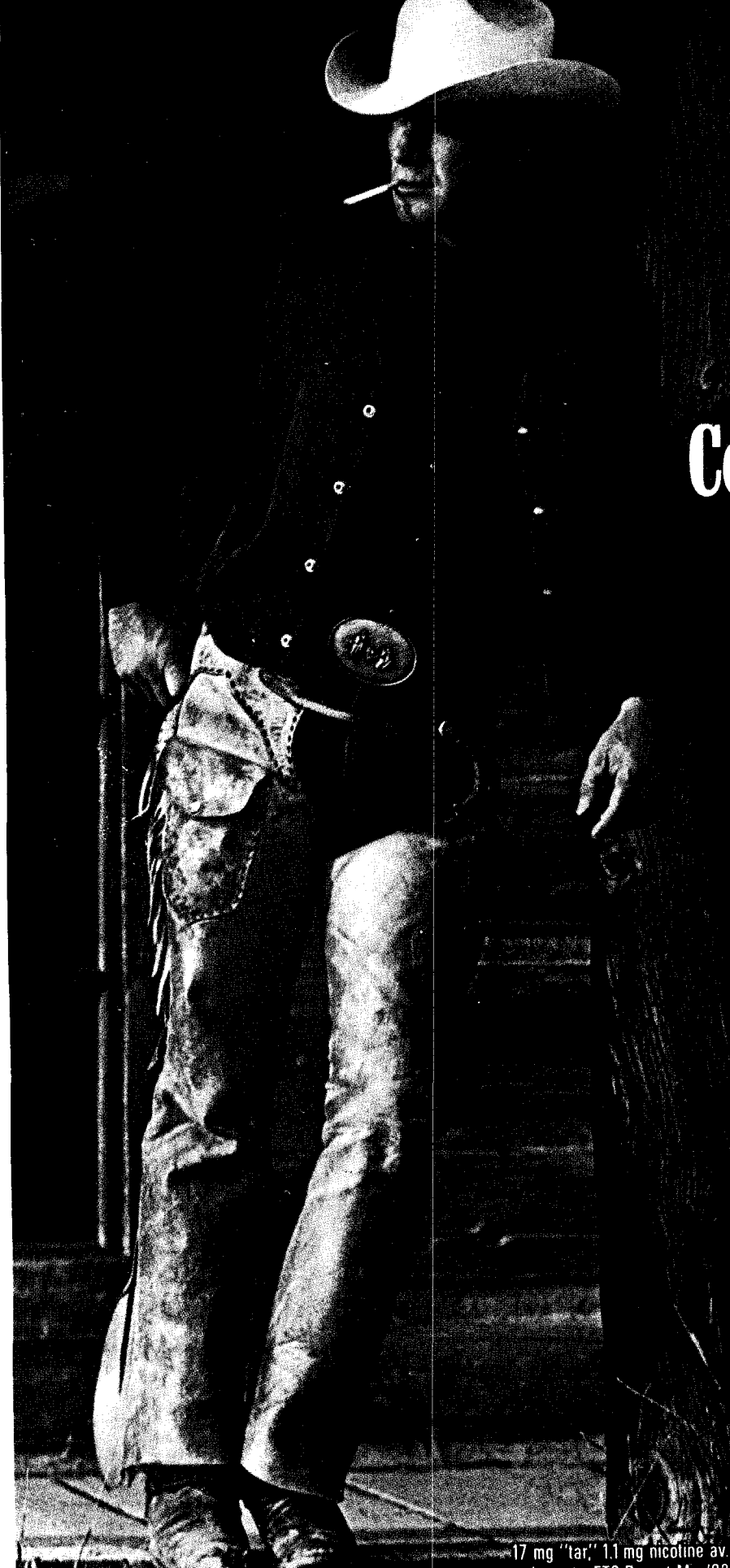
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